THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 16, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

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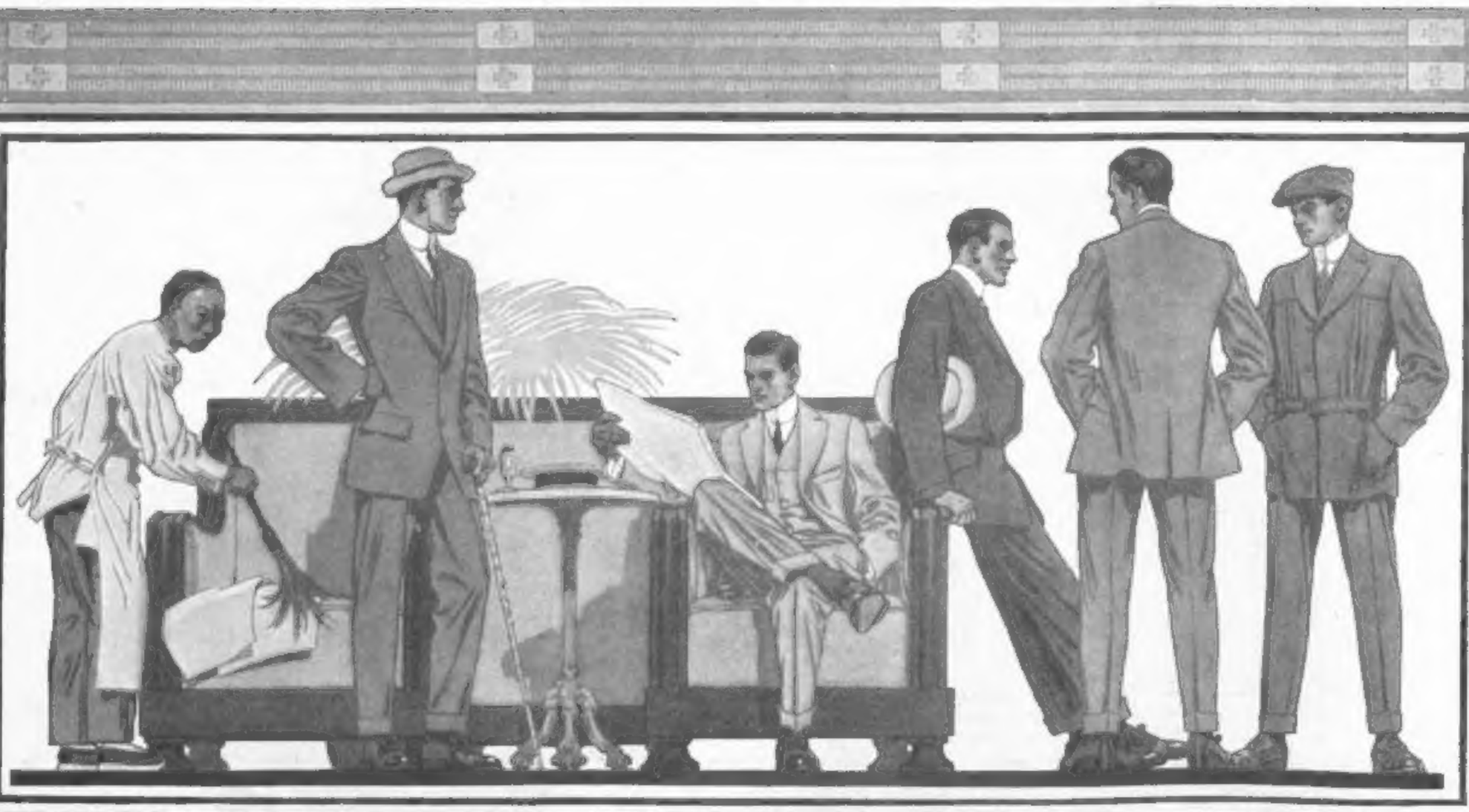

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Good Clothes Makers

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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

RAVENEL O'SULLIVAN sat sulkily in his wicker chair on the broad veranda of the reading room and stared with moody eyes across the dancing waters of the little bay. Two miles southeast of him stretched the Atlantic, and Ravenel wished that he were on it, traveling at about twenty-three knots straight across. A mile and a half in the opposite direction was a broad river mouth just now presenting a wide expanse of mudflats. Ravenel felt that his second choice might be the large and aggressive hotel beyond, whence came daily in boats many pretty girls who looked with awe upon the sacred precincts of the reading room and the colony that flanked it.

Although Ravenel had been but two days in the Chimney Corner, as the community called itself, he was quite ready to leave. His snug little yawl was all equipped for sea, and he needed but to provision her, go aboard and lay a course for the Lizard, if need be. The only obstacle was that he had no money, and such was his unpopularity with his father—as the result of certain expenses incurred during his last year at Harvard—that Ravenel felt it would be the height of bad diplomacy to express himself as anything but charmed with his present quiet and peaceful surroundings.

The Chimney Corner, that *sanctum sanctorum* of a chosen few of the most exclusive descendants of old Colonial families, was a summer resort far up in the corner of the Maine coast. It was pleasantly situated upon a peninsula of rock and moor, almost an island geographically, but more than an island socially. The colony was composed of about thirty families, and held as a limited stock company some hundreds of acres of dwarf pines girt about by low cliffs that sheltered hidden nooks of sandy beach.

The Chimney Corner resembled Heaven in its difficulty of access and, in the fact that, once in, no more questions were asked. One's mere presence within the carefully guarded domain was a credential of all the virtues. No member or member's guest was supposed to await a formal introduction before entering upon social intercourse with the other inmates. Ravenel had already been most kindly spoken to by several charming old ladies and two or three elderly gentlemen, but this circumstance had failed to cheer him. He wondered what his father, Major Irwin O'Sullivan, United States Army, retired, could possibly find in the place, and decided that the old gentleman must be in his dotage. Of course it was all right for his sister Clare; she was a young person with rather too much red blood in her veins, and needed just this sort of a cold-storage, blue-blooded atmosphere to keep her out of mischief. Major O'Sullivan had a nice bungalow of stone and stucco in which he and his daughter had spent a number of delightful seasons. But Ravenel was a stranger to the colony. His vacations had been spent either in Europe or on yachting cruises with friends and classmates. An almost ridiculous similarity of character and personality made it impossible for Ravenel and his father to inhabit the same house in peace, although each held the other in highest esteem—from a reasonable distance.

Upon this particular afternoon in July, Ravenel was sitting on the veranda in sulky solitude. He wanted a highball, and the steward had informed him that highballs were against the laws of Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine. Sarcastically Ravenel had asked the steward, who was elderly and wore a bald head, a smooth muzzle and flowing side-whiskers, whether he might be graciously permitted to smoke a profane cigarette. "There is no rule against it, sir," replied the steward, "but Mrs. Wilmerding doesn't like tobacco, sir." To this Ravenel had returned, quite forgetting his station: "Mrs. Wilmerding need not join me then," and lighted up. He did not enjoy his smoke, however, and started guiltily each time that he heard a step on the veranda. Ravenel had never met Mrs. Wilmerding, but he knew that his sister Clare was very fond of her, and Clare had told him that he owed his extrication from his last college scrape to Mrs. Wilmerding's appeal to the choleric major. This had resulted in Ravenel's deportation from Cambridge to the colony, which, by the way, the members spelled with a large "C."

Ravenel sat and wondered how long his period of probation was likely to last. Several members arrived, for it was nearing the hour for the daily debauch of afternoon tea. All had paused to speak to him, each imparting an information that Ravenel did not value and that was to the effect that "the most delightful feature of the Chimney Corner lies in its extreme exclusiveness," which fact was, from the young man's point of view, the principal drawback, as there were good boating, fishing, golf and tennis. One might also enjoy the bathing if one had the circulation of a seal.

A large portly man, who impressed Ravenel as liking the sound of his deep, resonant voice, appended to the stock phrase that "we are like one big family here." Ravenel concluded that it must be true, as a few minutes later an elderly maiden lady fluttered about him like a woodcock coming to earth, finally alighting to express the same sentiment, to which she added with impassioned utterance: "You are sure to adore the Chimney Corner. We are such a congenial community. All who are with us are of us——" and more, until she ceded her place to an absent-minded little man who had got quite past the spot where Ravenel was sitting before it occurred to him that he was neglecting a social duty. Then he paused, blinked, stroked his sandy Vandyke and chirped: "Good afternoon. I hope that you are enjoying the Chimney Corner. It is a delightful spot and grows with acquaintance. The greatest charm lies in its utter exclusiveness. We are like one big family here—h'm—all who are with us are of us." And with a jerky nod he passed on.

Ravenel's soul squirmed like an angleworm as it slides on to the

The Vessels in Question Had Begun to Attract the Attention of Other Eyes Besides Theirs

hook. Said he to himself: "If I live to get back to the house, I am going to take a drink of father's private stock for every time that I am told that rot between now and dinnertime."

Having promised his sister to meet her at the reading room for tea, he remained where he was and watched the colonists as they assembled. There were scarcely any whom he knew by name, as the day before he had taken Clare for a sail in the Gull and, the wind failing, they had got in late. Much to his surprise, Ravenel had found that this sister, whom he had always looked upon as a mere child, was almost as good a boat handler as himself. Clare was only eighteen, but all of her summers had been spent on the coast and she had suffered no lack of instruction in affairs nautical. Ravenel had suffered another shock in discovering that she painted and sketched far better than did he, her subjects being landscapes and marines, whereas his were figures. His ambition was to study art, for which pursuit he was admirably fitted, being the only son of a rich parent.

The Chimney Cornerites flocked in, singly or in groups, some with rackets or golf sticks, others carrying books, and two or three in wheelchairs propelled by elderly footmen. Ravenel's eyes, watching the arrivals, were presently caught by an extremely pretty woman with a full though willowy figure and an abundance of chestnut hair. She was exquisitely gowned in a dress of hand-woven linen, with a tunic of filet lace and a simple though effective hat of the same lace. She was alone, and Ravenel found time to admire her walk as she turned into the path leading to the veranda steps. As she came up he observed with deep appreciation that her eyes were of an almost startling blue, dark-lashed, and that her face held an expression of sweetness and the hint of authority.

"At last," said Ravenel to himself, "I have found something in the Chimney Corner that I like. What a figure—and how well interpreted by the gentleman who cuts her sails. She had better not let Mrs. Wilmerding catch her!"

His bold, admiring eyes fastened on the woman as she came up on to the veranda, when to his vast surprise she looked straight at him and smiled, then came forward without the slightest hesitation and held out her hand.

"You're Ravenel, aren't you?" she asked, with a smile that brought a dimple to the corner of her mouth.

Ravenel rose hastily, pawing for the hat that lay on the floor beside his chair.

"Eh—yes, I think so. You have—ah—rather made me forget. I'm unused to being treated so kindly."

She laughed. "I thought you must be Ravenel. You look so unlike Clare that I was sure you must be her brother. She told me to take care of you until she came."

"I—I hope she will not hurry," said Ravenel, beginning to recover himself.

"Now I know you're not an impostor. Your Irish blarney hasn't deserted you. Clare is bathing with Mrs. Stackpole and some others. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Ravenel—"that is, as much as Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine will permit."

The dimple deepened. "I can't answer for the State of Maine," said she, "but I'm sorry that Mrs. Wilmerding should interfere—because I'm Mrs. Wilmerding."

"I—I knew it all the time," said Ravenel.

"Indeed? How?"

"They told me that the Chimney Corner was a principality, so I was naturally on the lookout for the princess."

Mrs. Wilmerding slightly raised her eyebrows, and a crooked little smile gave her mouth a most inviting look. Her lips were habitually firm, but turned outward in the middle, showing a pretty margin that was rich in hemoglobin. The upper lip was inclined to quiver almost imperceptibly, but in a manner that many people had found demoralizing.

"The Chimney Corner is not a monarchy," said she; "it is the very essence of Republicanism, so you need not try to introduce court manners or you are liable to be banished."

"A few minutes ago," said Ravenel, "that was the height of my ambition; but now the idea frightens me. What must I do to make my position secure?"

"For one thing, you must not try to blarney the colony's official chaperone," said Mrs. Wilmerding with decision.

"You do yourself injustice," answered Ravenel. "So you are chaperone? You must have many anxious moments with all these giddy young things——" and he glanced at a chattering group of sexagenarians who were harmlessly drinking tea.

"I am no longer surprised," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "that your father wanted to put you to work. I'm afraid that I made a mistake in joining my voice to Clare's to persuade him to stick to the original idea of a diplomatic career." She glanced down the veranda. "Here comes Ada Stackpole. Clare tells me you have met her."

Ravenel looked up to see a very handsome blonde of perhaps twenty-five years of age, who was chatting with a group that had apparently just come from tennis. Her arms were bare, her shirtwaist loosened at the throat, and there was on her creamy skin such a dew as one sees upon that of an overheated child of three or four. She was rather above the average height, beautifully proportioned and of a pure Saxon type. Her eyes were of a cerulean blue and her hair had the luster of ripe yellow corn.

"Ah, yes," said Ravenel, "I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Stackpole in Montreal. Divorced, isn't she?"

"No, indeed," answered Mrs. Wilmerding quickly. "We have no divorced people in our colony. Mrs. Stackpole and her husband have agreed to live apart. He was quite impossible, I believe."

"How interesting—sad, I mean."

"Have you met many of our colony?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Quite a number. Everybody stops to say a kind word of welcome. I was beginning to feel quite tiresomely at home until you came along."

"We consider formal introductions quite superfluous," said Mrs. Wilmerding, ignoring his flippancy. "The same holds true of members' guests. Our members are expected to show the same discrimination in their invitations that they would in proposing persons for membership. You see, Ravenel—for I am going to call you that if you don't mind—the greatest charm of the Chimney Corner is its freedom from all discordant elements."

Thought Ravenel: "Here is where I get my first drink." Aloud he said: "How delightful."

"You are right, Mr. O'Sullivan," said a bland voice at his elbow, and Ravenel looked up to see a clergyman, who had apparently paused in passing for the purpose of saying a word of welcome. "The charm of this sweet haven of repose after the labor of our winter months lies in its absolute freedom from all uncongenial and worldly elements."

Said Ravenel to himself: "I shan't be swindled out of my second drink even if he has altered the text of the gospel." Aloud he answered: "So I have discovered, sir. You impress me as being all one big, loving family here. I might add that I have also been impressed with the idea that in this charming colony all who are with you are of you."

The reverend gentleman rubbed his hands. "I am delighted to see that you have so accurately grasped the spirit of the place," said he, and passed on, radiating peace on earth and good will to all such men as Providence and Mrs. Wilmerding admitted to the Chimney Corner.

"Don't you find it nice to have everybody stop and say a word of welcome?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Delightful. And there is such a charming unanimity of thought. Here comes an elderly gentleman and two ladies. I can see from their faces that they are going to stop and speak to me."

"Doctor Soper and two sisters, the Misses Soper."

The retired physician paused and gazed benignly over his spectacles, while his maiden sisters, who appeared slightly astigmatic, turned their heads at slightly different angles the better to observe the young man.

"This must be Mr. O'Sullivan," said Doctor Soper.

Ravenel admitted his identity, then paused, nervously eying a Miss Soper, on whose virginal face some great truth seemed struggling for expression. Ravenel, to help her out, remarked on the number of delightful features accruing to the Chimney Corner.

"But the most delightful of all, Mr. O'Sullivan," cried Miss Soper, when her sister cut in with—"is our seclusive social atmosphere."

Thought Ravenel: "Two small slugs in separate glasses. I must begin to duck."

"Quite true," admitted Doctor Soper. "We are an undivided clan here in the Chimney Corner."

"And a *soupçon*," thought Ravenel. "There won't be much left for the major if this keeps up."

"All who are with us are of us," murmured the Misses Soper, and with genial nods and smiles the trio passed on.

"It is really wonderful," said Ravenel, "how you manage to keep this place so socially aseptic. It must require a great deal of finesse at times."

Mrs. Wilmerding knit her pretty brows. "On one or two occasions we have had narrow escapes from admitting what might have proved a disturbing factor——" she began, when there came an interruption. A very young and ravishingly pretty girl came up the steps in three vigorous bounds and, pausing at the top, proceeded to do a sort of Highland Fling that was more characterized by a supple strength of limbs and body than by any conspicuous technic. The elderly gentlemen pricked up their ears and cocked their heads. The elderly ladies looked startled.

"Clare—behave yourself!" cried Mrs. Wilmerding's rich voice, half laughing, half chiding. The girl came to a "first position," and gave a soldierly salute that finished with a ringing slap on the solid anatomical structure beneath her short duck skirt.

"Can't help it—I'm friz!" she cried. "I've warmed about fifty gallons of sea water and my blood's all turned to glue. You don't mind if I do a proper little jig, just to warm up——" and the spectacular young person placed both hands on her hips while the twinkling ankles flew in and out. The clergyman adjusted his spectacles and smiled. There was nothing about the jig to offend the conventionalities, so Mrs. Wilmerding merely laughed. Clare, still jigging, let her deep violet eyes rove over the tea drinkers until they rested upon her brother Ravenel.

"Bless me, if there isn't Misther O'Sullivan!" said she, with a subtle mimicry of an Irish brogue. "And how ever did that mick get past the gate? I suppose that I should speak to our guest, Loretta, now should I not? And what do you think of the Chimbly Cor-rner, Misther O'Sullivan, and does it not remind you of Cambridge, barrin' only the place and the people in it? I'll tell you a secret, sor, though 'tis like enough some one has let it out. The most delightful fee-chure of the Chimbly Cor-rner lies in its utther see—I mean ex-cloo-siveness. We are like one big family here, barrin' only the fights. Now may I have some tay? I'd rather it were a cocktail, but they don't grow here, the climate is that raw——" and with a duck of her auburn hair she skipped into the reading room. The groups on the veranda drew breath again.

"Clare," said Ravenel to his companion, "is a great cross to father and myself."

"She is a wonder!" said Mrs. Wilmerding. "Sometimes she frightens me though. Do you know that she is painting extremely well?"

"She goes at everything with all her arms and legs and carries it through by sheer force of vitality. But sometimes she overcarries. It's a wonder you all stand her chaffing—that about the exclusiveness."

"We come in for a good deal of chaff," said Mrs. Wilmerding, "and some of that from outside is rather malicious. We are not infrequently called snobs and Pharisees, and last year we were accused of something far worse—bad faith."

"Impossible! Who was the viper?"

"Calvert Lanier—the playwright. Do you know him?"

"Only by reputation. What was the trouble?"

"It is a very disagreeable story. Mr. Lanier came in here last summer, cruising on his schooner yacht. Being a member of the New York Yacht Club, he took it for granted that he might land here at the reading room. Mr. Phelps, our president, met him and very tactfully explained that this was all private property, whereupon Mr. Lanier apologized very courteously and put to sea again. It appears, however, that he was charmed with the Chimney Corner, and on arriving at Marblehead he ran up to Boston and made application to my husband, whom he knew slightly, to be made a member. Mr. Wilmerding is secretary of the colony, and after making a few inquiries about Calvert Lanier he took him in quite on his own authority."

"But why not?" asked Ravenel. "Lanier comes from one of the best Virginia families, and from all I've ever heard of him he is a very high-class chap."

"Yes—but he is a playwright."

"But isn't that a respectable calling?" asked Ravenel. "There were Aristophanes and Shakspere and Racine and Victor Hugo and a few others who were well received. His plays and operettas are the cleanest I ever saw. I sat behind a girls' school at the last."

Mrs. Wilmerding looked rather disturbed. "That was all discussed," said she, "and Mr. Lanier might have been admitted but for Mrs. Stackpole. She was most vehemently opposed to him on the grounds of his profession, and pointed out that we might expect him to entertain players. Of course I saw the truth of this argument—so Lanier was refused."

"After being told by Mr. Wilmerding that it was all right? How did he take that?"

"With a very bad grace. The trouble was that, after being told by Mr. Wilmerding that he might consider himself as a member-elect, he picked out his plot on the map in Mr. Wilmerding's office, wrote a check for the amount, and at once went to an architect's office and made all the arrangements for his cottage. He then sailed for Europe and was in London when he received Mr. Wilmerding's letter telling him that it would be impossible to make him a member. Fortunately Mr. Wilmerding had not deposited the check, and the committee offered to defray all expenses in regard to the plans for the house, and so forth."

"How nice of them. What did Lanier say?"

The color deepened in Mrs. Wilmerding's face. "His reply was of a character to make us glad that we had refused to admit him. He said, among other things, that since he had been refused admittance to the Chimney Corner, we might expect to find him on the doorstep. I am sure I do not know what he meant by that. On his return from Europe Mr. Lanier came up here and demanded a personal interview with the committee. He made some very bitter accusations of bad faith and in fact quite routed the men, but Mrs. Stackpole and I stood fast and eventually triumphed."

"Did you see him?"

"No. Mr. Wilmerding was really ill over it. You know my husband is considerably my senior and a semi-invalid. Mrs. Stackpole also was terribly upset. I was surprised at her insistence, but I couldn't help but admire her determination."

Ravenel pursed up his lips and stared pensively out across the water toward the inlet, where a diminutive tug was struggling valiantly to tow in a huge empty barge

against the ebbing tide. The young man was reflecting on the story that had just been told him and his mental comments were not flattering to the colony. Mrs. Wilmerding, apparently to change a disagreeable subject, presently remarked:

"See that ridiculous little tug out there with that great barge."

The vessels in question had begun to attract the attention of other eyes besides theirs. The barge itself looked as if it might be the hulk of an old sailing ship, and from the way in which it sat upon the water one could see that it was practically empty. A number of square openings like the gun-ports of an old-fashioned frigate had been cut at intervals, and under them the sides of the old hull were pierced by round portholes. From the starboard cathead hung a huge rusty anchor with a wooden stock.

The towering hulk was black and dingy. An accommodation ladder was down amidships, and over forecastle and quarterdeck were rigged snugly triced awnings of a greenish blue. Two boats were swinging from the davits, and up forward there fluttered from a clothesline the family wash.

As the big hulk drew slowly abreast of the reading room it could be seen that there was a hammock swung under the after awning, from which presently there descended a man in blue clothes. Up forward another man in a black derby, shirtsleeves and side boots stood in a negligent attitude with one foot on the whelp of the old-fashioned windlass.

But that which caught and held the attention of the tea drinkers on the veranda of the reading room was a tarpaulin that hung over the port bow, partly hiding what appeared to be the name, which was painted in bold, white letters at least two feet in height. Of this only THE was visible.

"An odd-looking packet," said Mr. Phelps in his sonorous voice.

"A veritable Noah's Ark. And look at the name on her bow. Did you ever see such a sign? Theodore Roosevelt, perhaps—ha! ha! ha!"

"That windmill in the waist has a Scandinavian look," said Major O'Sullivan in his brisk military voice. "Thelma would be my guess."

"Or Theseus," ventured Professor Pringle, the colony's savant.

The panting little tug had hauled up almost abreast of the reading room at a distance of two or three hundred yards, when suddenly the ears of the watchers were startled by the clanging of the tug's engine-room telegraph bell, and immediately the churning under the stern ceased.

"Upon my word!" cried Mr. Phelps. "He can't have the impudence to anchor here directly in front of the reading room!"

The tug's propeller made several turns astern, thus slackening the towline, when a deckhand, who had been sitting on one of the towbitts, rose to his feet, handled the hawser, and looked toward the barge as if waiting to cast off.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Phelps, "they mean to anchor that thing right in front of our noses! What amazing cheek. I won't have it! Not a bit of it!" He stepped to the window. "Steward!" he called; "fetch me the megaphone. Hurry!"

The elderly servitor bustled out with the megaphone, which Mr. Phelps snatched from his hands. The honorable president was a large man, with a chest which he had amply developed as the result of its owner's enjoyment in the sound of his resonant voice. The breeze had dropped light, and across the still water Mr. Phelps' sonorous tones rolled forth with swelling cadence.

"Aboard the barge!" he thundered.

The hail could certainly have been distinctly heard on the opposite shore a mile away, but so far as one could see it failed to be audible to either barge or tug. Aboard the former the lank individual standing by the windlass did not so much as glance toward the shore, while the man in blue clothes, who was leaning against the high bulwarks, his back to the reading room, leisurely crossed the deck, climbed back into his hammock and began to turn the pages of a book.

Mr. Phelps' ruddy color deepened. He was a man who took vast satisfaction in the exercise of authority, and was unaccustomed to lift his fine voice in vain. Again he raised the megaphone, inflated his splendid lungs, and sent his voice rolling across the water with a hint of impatience in its note.

"Abo-o-o-ode the ba-a-a-arge!"

The hail is excellently formed phonetically for its carrying power, especially when "aboard" is pronounced "abode." Yet in spite of the magnificent note which thus amplified and threatening sent little shivers through more than one elderly spinster on the veranda of the reading room, it might have been the squeak of a bat for all of the effect produced upon the lumbering leviathan. Aboard the tug the deckhand was slowly throwing the turns of the hawser off the bittheads, and even at the distance it could be seen that his unwashed face wore a wide grin.

Mr. Phelps' hearty color deepened to a dangerous purple and the veins of his neck became congested. To the ladies on the veranda he suggested omnipotent Jove about to hurl thunderbolts, and they trembled. But the profane deckhand had cast off the towline, which he of the derby hat was hauling slowly through the port chock of the barge. Once again Mr. Phelps raised his megaphone.

"Abode the ba—a—a—rge!" he thundered, and this time with more success, for a whiskered face and a pair of square shoulders were thrust through the open window of the wheelhouse and a harsh, nasal voice answered in the usual conversational tone:

"Wa'al, what d'ye want? No call to holler so—nobody's deef."

"Take that hulk away from here!" commanded Mr. Phelps. "What does that fellow mean by anchoring right out in front of us?"

"Don't know of any law agin it," came the answering drawl. "D'yew?"

Mr. Phelps hesitated, then half lowered the megaphone. For the moment he was unable to think of a suitable reply. He looked at the barge. The tide was running strongly ebb, and the huge hulk, having lost its headway, began to drift slowly astern. The bearded man caught a turn with his hawser, then stepped to the windlass. For an instant he hesitated, as one who gauges the relative position of two points.

"Don't you dare to anchor here!" roared Mr. Phelps in his most impressive tones, losing his head at the sight of the man's evident intention. "This is private property!"

Not so much as a grin came from the man on the barge, though all faces aboard the tug were split in the horizontal line. The man with the black derby was seen to give a tug at a small line. Followed a rattle and a great splash as the big anchor struck the water. For a minute the chain cable clattered out through the hawser-pipe, then, judging apparently that he had sufficient scope, the crew of one stoppered his cable and walked to the rail, where he began to haul at the tarpaulin that obscured the name of the hulk. The man in the hammock appeared to be immersed in his book.

Exasperated beyond all bounds, Mr. Phelps crushed his thick mustache against the mouthpiece of the megaphone. Those watching trembled and the Misses Soper had recourse to their salts. It was evident to all that Mr. Phelps was on the point of becoming very angry. No such excitement had ever before penetrated to the exclusive domains of the Chimney Corner.

"Barge ahoy!" bawled Mr. Phelps. "These are private waters! You are forbidden to anchor here under penalty of the law!"

The man in the hammock read on unmoved. The eyes of the watchers turned from him to the disreputable person who was hauling up the tarpaulin. As the lower extremities of the letters that spelled the name appeared a peculiar hush fell upon the watchers. It was the strained silence of a vague foreboding, and in the tension Mr. Wilmerding's fingers fumbled so nervously with his pursing lips that he let fall his marine glasses, the clatter of which evoked an hysterical scream. At the same moment the last scrap of tarpaulin was jerked aside and there, in huge letters of glaring white, was painted:

THE BROKEN WORD

"The Very Last Idea That Could Have Entered My Head Was That of Accepting Any Material Entertainment From This Vindictive Individual"

II

COSTUMED as though for a lawn party, Mr. Calvert Lanier reclined against a heap of cushions in a large navy hammock and wrote. Or, to be more accurate, he read, for he was at work on the revising of his new comic opera, The Pearl of Panama.

For just a fortnight his big hulk had lain off the reading room, soaking up the best part of the view and outraging the colonists' dignity by its accusing legend, The Broken Word. The vessel had been allowed to swing head out to the flood tide, when a kedge anchor had been carried from the stern, so that the leviathan lay always broadside to the beach. At night a lantern was swung from the cathead over the name. Along the bulwarks presenting to the reading room, a pale green awning had been snugly triced, and behind this screen Mr. Lanier lived and moved and had his mysterious being. Every morning his employee went ashore in a motor-driven whaleboat, but of Mr. Lanier nobody had so much as caught a glimpse. Often, however, the muffled notes of a piano could be heard issuing from the depths of the hulk, these airs catchy or filled with a swinging rhythm which foretold a coming popularity, for Lanier was doing not only the libretto but also the music.

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CRAVEN

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ABOMINABLE pain; fever blotting all things indistinguishably in a hot haze; weariness unspeakable—these were less a memory to me than a hardly withdrawn presence, the painful condition of half-conscious being. I passed into the realization that I was still myself. In that interminable agony I had seemed many persons at once—a gang of galley slaves toiling pitilessly; a party of rescued miners, each mangled, blackened body of whom, as it came to the surface, was mine, whose pangs I suffered without ceasing to feel the pangs of those who had come before. In another phase of the fever, whether before or after I do not know, I believed that my own body was monstrously enlarged to contain the misery it endured, and that its swollen, misshapen immensity covered the bed on which I lay. Now I recognized myself. I had one man's normally formed body. I was Richard Trent, in the twenty-fourth year of my age, with the world before me and my way to make—and presently I should be well.

I opened my eyes and looked about the room. I did not know it. It was large and bare and still and airy. In spite of its bareness it looked subtly expensive—vastly more so than Mrs. Miller's back bedroom—with delicately toned walls, marble lavatory and gleaming brass bedstead. At a trim, white little table in the middle distance stood a white-clad nurse arranging bottles. "They brought me here after the smashup," I reflected. Obviously there had been a smashup. "There'll be a thundering bill to pay!" But I was too tired to wonder how it could possibly be paid. I shut my eyes. Utter weakness possessed me. I thought of my loneliness, of my dead mother. Delirious mists crept back upon me. I thought my mother sat beside me and laid her hand on my forehead, bidding me sleep. Whether I slept or not I do not know; but, a little while after, my mother was gone. I was dreaming another dream—a vague, yearning fantasy of woman's tenderness.

I looked up suddenly. A beautiful woman stood beside the bed, looking down at me, with passionate love in her eyes.

She wore a sort of loose housedress of soft, pale blue, with lace in the V of the neck, where it showed her full, white throat. Her wavy, bronze-brown hair crowned her like a queen. She was pale, with parted, rosy lips and shining eyes. And from her whole sweet, breathless countenance poured upon me the look that all men dream of in their sweetest, maddest dreams.

"Richard!" she cried softly. "You know me, don't you, Dicky? Oh, Dick!"

She dropped on her knees and hid her face against mine.

I thought she was an apparition. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done—as I did.

She drew her head back, curving her white throat adorably. Her vivid, exquisite face bloomed and sparkled. Such eyes I had not imagined! Blue and deep as Heaven, misty and radiant with tears and laughter and rapture.

"Dicky! Dicky! Dicky!" she breathed. "Speak to me, Dick!"

I tried to speak, I think. I moved my lips; she misunderstood—or did she? Her mouth met mine again.

It was wrong, of course. I should have said: "Pardon me, madam—I am not the person you evidently believe me to be."

Remember, if you are inclined to excuse me, that I was much too bewildered by sheer physical weakness to formulate even so simple a thought. Remember that I had not spoken rationally for nine weeks. And remember that I took her for some strangely gracious phantom from the grim world of shadows I had labored in so long.

Yet even then a doubt crossed me. My finger caught in the lace at her throat and the stuff turned appallingly real. I closed my eyes, my sole defense against all my weakness could not meet. When I opened them again I caught a last glimpse of her vanishing in a delicate swirl of blue drapery.

The white-robed nurse was bending over me. To my surprise I recognized her.

"Miss Podmore," I asked, "who or what in creation was here?"

My voice startled me; it sounded like a faint, husky echo of itself.

"Better not talk now," said Miss Podmore soothingly, and slipped a clinical thermometer under my tongue.

So it was an apparition! Of course it couldn't exist simultaneously with Miss Podmore, who was freckled and sandy-haired and of the indeterminate age that stays precisely the same for a decade or so. Also, the apparition had called me by my own name. That—and other things—seemed to clinch her visionary quality. Was I, perhaps, about to die—and visited by angel ministrants? Could I have deserved such a harbinger of eternal

"Speak to Me, Dick!"

blessedness? Or had I died already and reached celestial —— No—there was Miss Podmore. I gave it up and went to sleep.

Now in this narrative of mine the time sequence of these early memories is badly confused. I have no idea whether days, hours or weeks elapsed before that conversation with Miss Podmore which must have come next. Meanwhile I had thought much of my apparition. I lay with shut eyes and brooded warmly on her loveliness. Several times I saw her briefly. Once she appeared floating in a cloud a little above the foot of my bed. She held a branch of lilies in her hand and all round and behind her flocked a crowd of smiling cherubs whose white wings gleamed against her sky-blue robes. At another time she seemed, in quite mortal guise, to throw me a kiss from a distance.

On a morning when I felt wholly awake and sane Miss Podmore said:

"Why do you hold your right leg so still and wince when I touch it?"

"Why, it's broken—isn't it?" I asked, surprised.

Miss Podmore laughed in my face.

"It's perfectly sound!" she declared. "There isn't a bruise on it. Try to move it. Flex the knee."

I declined.

"It feels broken, anyway. It aches bad enough without moving."

Miss Podmore began gently to massage the limb in dispute. I should have remonstrated had I dared; but one in my position does not argue with the commanding nurse.

"Say, Miss Podmore," I asked between clinched teeth, "what have I been up against anyway?"

"Several things," she returned quietly. "But you're coming out nicely. You've got a great constitution."

"Why were the black fellows sitting on my chest?" I inquired seriously.

"That must have been the broken ribs. We had three."

"And they took my head off," I pursued reminiscently, "and played football with it—the red and black teams. Oh, I know that didn't happen—but what did?"

"You had concussion of the brain, and a good many bruises besides."

"Whew! Was it a wreck?"

"Yes. Nine weeks ago; and even then Doctor Worrall thinks you've done well."

The period of time she mentioned made no impression upon me, but the name did.

"Worrall? I don't know him. Why didn't they get Doctor Kane?"

She looked at me oddly and I saw I had made some kind of break.

"Doctor Worrall is considered the best physician in town," she said primly.

"The best physi——! Say, what burg is this anyway? Ain't I in Glencoe?"

She came and felt my forehead; she spoke calmingly and looked at me anxiously.

"No; you're a hundred miles from Glencoe. You are in Morristown. Better not ask any more questions now. I'm going to give you a sedative."

"One more question!" I begged. "Was that wreck a head-on collision?"

"I believe so. Try not to think about it now. It might raise the temperature."

I disobeyed. I tried with all my strength to think about the wreck—and altogether in vain. I could not recall it in the least. The last thing I remembered—and that with absolute, clear-cut distinctness—was taking a girl home from a dance at the armory. It was Enid White. I recollected bits of our talk—and that was doing well, for it was frothy stuff—sheer chaff and banter. I could see Enid's trim little figure standing on the porch, with the moon shining on the snow and in her brown-black eyes as she waved her muff in farewell. But what came next? Had I been going on a railroad journey? Of course it was possible that Stewart had sent me on some errand—given me a chance. What rotten luck to get smashed up if he had! But why couldn't I remember it? Where was Morristown? I had never heard of the place. I tested my memory on other things—my own earlier life. Scenes, persons, places and events reproduced themselves flawlessly, as I thought; but it all ended with the moonlight sparkling on the snow and in Enid's eyes. I had cared a good deal about Enid's eyes; in fact, I had considered myself quite miserable because I was much too poor to tell her so. What inconstancy lies in man! I had merely passed through an illness—and seen an apparition—and I cared no more. I wondered a little why my apparition had not been more like Enid.

Probably all this raised the temperature. At any rate, after a while I woke and saw Her! She knelt beside the bed, with her head drawn back in the attitude of that first meeting. She was lovelier than I remembered. We looked at each other—it seemed a long time—in a sort of still ecstasy.

"I'm going to be very good, Dicky," she murmured, "and quiet, and not make you delirious."

"But I want to be delirious," I whispered, "and keep on seeing you."

She laughed very tenderly.

"It isn't delirious to see me, Dick. I'm quite real."

"Of course you'd say that," I retorted, unbelieving, "because it's the sweetest thing you could say—and you'd always say the sweetest thing."

She laughed, crinkling up her eyes adorably. I saw the pearly shadows under them and the length of her brown lashes, darker than the clearly penciled brows.

"Are you sure you're not delirious now, Dick?" she asked as if it were a joke.

"I don't know. Better ask Miss Podmore. Of course, a professional opinion ——"

She didn't vanish when I mentioned Miss Podmore, as I feared the instant I said it. Instead, she laughed once more.

"Oh, it's so lovely, Dick, to hear you talk like yourself again!"

Her eyes did not cease to worship me.

"I wish you wouldn't look at me like that," I said. "I—my head isn't very strong; and I'm afraid I'll wake up."

"Your head isn't very strong, is it, Richard?"

She patted my cheek; but she followed the suggestion too strictly. She sat down in a big wicker chair near the window and began sewing—or perhaps it was embroidering—on some small piece of work which she kept crumpled up in her hands or on her lap.

I lay and watched her. Sometimes I tempted the miracle by shutting my eyes, but she was always there when I opened them. Strange ideas began to assail me. Our second interview had approximated the possible so much more nearly than the first. Suppose she were not an apparition after all! Suppose she were a perfect mortal maiden by some inconceivable freak of fate reserved for me! My heart beat so fast it half frightened me; my gaze clung to her avidly.

She flushed; she threw me strange little glances, conscious, divinely shy, telltale—if I could have understood!

"Why do you look at me so, Dick?" she asked guiltily.

"I don't know," I murmured back.

Suddenly she shook out her work and held it up. It was a little baby's shirt.

Completely bewildered, I stared at her. Her eyes, dark and wonderful above the tiny neckpiece, told me that it meant something supreme. But what?

With a sweet cry she fled to me, hiding her blushes and quick tears on my breast.

"Oh, Dicky, don't you see? Don't you understand?"

Her face hidden against mine, she whispered in my ear yet other words.

I understood at last.

A hideous crash—a ghastly wrench—tore the bottom out of things and dropped me to a lower level, sick and shaken, blinded with the dust of defeated thoughts, but

rational and whole in spirit. I knew her now for what she was—neither apparition nor maiden, but another man's wife! At the same time, as by a flash of baleful lightning, I saw the main outlines of the situation. I had been falsely identified after the wreck as the other fellow! I had been taken to his home; and his wife ——

Oh, the horror, the disgrace of my position! I felt sick with disgust. My sole desire in that first moment of revelation was to extricate myself from the horrid involution. I wanted to get out—to get away!

"Aren't you glad, Dicky?" she cried softly, lifting a sparkling face. "Why, how you tremble, Dick!"

"I'm thinking—of you!" I gasped.

This was not true. I was thinking very intensely of myself.

What a moment for explanations, apologies! Could I say to that tender, palpitating woman, in that instant so sacred to her—I, with her tears and kisses warm upon my cheek: "Excuse me, madam; I am not your husband!"

Yet I swear I meant to when I began.

"It's all my fault," I babbled—"my misfortune, I mean. It's all so dreadful for you—the shock of it, I mean ——"

"But that's all over now—it's so sweet of you to think of me, Richard! That's all over now! If you had died, Dick, I'm sure I—we," she corrected herself—"we should all have died together! But I never believed you would die, Dick. Never for one minute! Why, Dick, you're crying!"

The shamefully futile, unmanly tears flowed on. I felt so sorry for her, so sorry for myself.

She misunderstood. She wiped the tears away, with cooing words and caresses, with intimate, delicate, wifely sweetness—and I lay and swallowed my shame!

It is hard to explain the thing I said.

"I do love you!" I said. "Always remember, whatever happens, that I did love you from the first instant I saw you." I spoke the words with some insane notion of saving her dignity when she should learn who I was. They were no sooner uttered than they seemed the most revoltingly inexcusable I could have chosen.

"I've told you too suddenly, Dicky," she repented sweetly. "I oughtn't to have done it. I didn't think you'd care so much."

"Care!" I groaned. "Oh, good Lord!" I groped desperately for something to say. "God bless you!" I said. "God bless you anyway!"

After she left me I thought with shut eyes a long time. I do not believe that mental shocks have power to unsettle some types of brain. Mine, on the contrary, was cleared and stimulated. After all, the thing was plain enough. The man I resembled and whose Christian name I bore must have been killed or badly injured in the wreck. I seemed to recall that I had been considerably bruised about the face. That, doubtless, had helped the mistaken identification, and my delirium and folly had done the rest. There remained only to set myself right as speedily as I could.

Miss Podmore had lighted a softly-shaded lamp and settled herself beside it. I reflected that if I tried my story on her she would certainly tell me not to talk now, and threaten me with temperature. Besides, I was tired out. I decided to wait till morning and begin with the doctor.

Doctor Worrall I had not particularly noticed. Mine had been the simple policy of literally shutting my eyes to whatever did not please me, and the doctor had been one of those things. He was a young man, with bright, hard brown eyes, and a nose too big for his forehead. Miss Podmore, at my urgent request, propped me up with pillows; I felt better able to face my fellowman from that slight elevation.

The doctor went through his usual professional patter; I judged him a bad man to throw out of his routine. He pronounced me on the high-road to convalescence. I took the opening.

"And now, doctor, I want to ask you a few things. In the first place—it sounds like a shilling-shocker; but—where am I?"

He didn't look particularly surprised. I guessed Miss Podmore had prepared him.

"You are in your own home, Mr. Craven."

"My name isn't Craven and I haven't any home. I'm Richard Trent, of Glencoe. I'm working on the Herald there. You see, they picked up the wrong man after that wreck. I happen to look like him ——"

I went on to explain the case, encouraged by the doctor's look of absorbed attention.

"One moment," he interrupted. He leaned over to finger my head, inquiring with each pressure whether it gave me pain. He spoke to Miss Podmore about "abnormal symptoms" as if I had not been there.

After an outraged second I caught his drift.

"I know what you think! You think I'm crazy; but I can easily prove my identity. Why, Miss Podmore knows me—that is, she might remember me. Miss Podmore, don't you recall when you were in Glencoe looking after Judge Hendricks? I often saw you."

She looked at Doctor Worrall doubtfully.

"Speak out," he ordered. "He's strong enough to take it."

"I've worked in Glencoe," she said considerately, "off and on for a good many years, but I don't know any Judge Hendricks there."

"But—but ——" I stammered. "Surely you're the same woman! You haven't any twin sister, or cousin exactly like ——" This was so obviously in the shilling-shocker line that I stopped of my own accord.

The doctor took the word.

"It's like this, Mr. Craven. You've been hit on the head in such a manner that certain of the nerve centers in the brain have been paralyzed or destroyed. The association fibers on which memory depends are so involved that a portion of your memories has sunk below the threshold of consciousness—that is, become subconscious. The affected area is probably slight, as you are so nearly normal in most respects, and that gives us reason to hope the aberration may be merely temporary. We have cases in which aphasia, or complete loss of speech, takes place; or even primary conceptions ——"

I could endure no more.

"Rats! I haven't forgotten anything! I remember my whole life. Will you hear my story?"

He pulled out a little red leather-covered notebook and a pencil; this had the effect of unreasonably increasing my anger. I waited a minute to cool off. He was keeping his temper, while I was losing mine; and my case was sufficiently damaged already.

"I am the son of a Methodist minister. I was born in Harpersburg in the year—the year—I can't just recall the year now. No matter! There was quite a family of us—several children. We moved round from place to place the way preachers' families do. The other children died of scarlet fever—poor little tads! I had the fever too, but I didn't die; I was the tough one. My father died when I was—was—a young boy, you know—getting lanky and outgrowing things. Mother settled in Hartsville, took in sewing, and saved every penny of her allowance from the Conference to send me to college. I helped what I could—odd jobs and driving the grocer's wagon. I went to Painter College—surely you've heard of Painter College!" I drew a long breath; the tale was running better now without those unaccountable lapses. "You'll find my name in the catalogues there for the years—the years—I graduated in—I graduated with the class of ——"

I strained for the lost date till my forehead grew damp. It would not come. The doctor made a diversion.

"Never mind," he said gently. "What happened next?"

"Mother died. She lived just long enough to see my sheepskin she'd worked so hard for. Then I couldn't bear Hartsville any longer. I went to Glencoe because my college chum, Henry Milsom, lived there, and got a job on the Herald and—that's about all. Funny I can't think of those dates."

"You don't remember the date of your birth or of your graduation?" the doctor said.

"Not just this minute."

"How many brothers and sisters did you say you had?"

"There was Harold, and Wesley, and Louise, and Katie. I came between Wesley and Louise."

He looked at me keenly.

"How many does that make?"

I stared back blankly.

"I don't know."

"How old were you when your father died?"

"I don't know. Look here, doctor, maybe the figures were knocked out of my head with those association fibers; but I know who I am!"

"How did you come to be on the wrecked train?"

"I don't know! But I know I'm Richard Trent!"

The doctor put up his notebook.

"That's all right. I wouldn't worry about anything, Mr. Craven. You've evolved a rather complete secondary consciousness—a sort of 'control,' as the spiritualistic mediums say. Your lost memories will probably come back gradually—perhaps all at once. We must wait."

The man was cracked on brain. There was no persuading him I wasn't Craven gone nutty! A subterfuge to get an intelligent hearing occurred to me.

"Well, see here; you think I'm Craven, but you'll admit that I have a delusion I'm not. A man with a delusion the size of mine ought to have a consultation. Send for some of your brain specialists."

He pinched his lower lip thoughtfully.

"Under ordinary circumstances I should welcome counsel, but there is one consideration ——" He looked at me measuringly. "You are perhaps not yet aware of Mrs. Craven's condition?"

The blood rushed to my forehead; I could not meet his eyes.

"She believes you recognize her. She thinks you are quite yourself. After what she has gone through already, any additional shock or alarm would in all probability cost her life—and the child's."

In the pause of his cold, professional tones I heard her soft, earnest voice: "If you had died, Dick, we should all have died together!"

After a hushed minute I asked, with God knows what thoughts:

"Do you think Craven's dead?"

Doctor Worrall smiled.

"No; I think he's only a little out of his head. We must spare Mrs. Craven all we can. We must anticipate time a little. We mustn't let her suspect the extent of the aberration."

"Look here, doctor! I can't go on pretending to Mrs. Craven that I'm Craven! No fellow could. It's rotten!"

"Tut, tut! I assure you there isn't the least doubt in the world that you're Craven. There hasn't been the slightest question of your identity. Mrs. Craven positively recognized you. Now, just anticipate the return of ——"

"I won't! I'm not Craven and I won't go into any dirty masquerade!"

"Then it is my duty to inform you that you must choose between your idea of honor and Mrs. Craven's life—and her child's life." He added, "She hasn't spared herself for you."

There was no use talking any more! I dropped back among the pillows. My honor or her life! The maddening alternative beat back and forth in my brain all day. It drummed down all the other perplexities. I tell the truth in saying that what I utterly desired was my freedom. If I could have taken my

"Do You Mean to Tell Me You Had Another Wife When You Married Dora?"

bruised body, my obscure and penniless identity and gone out of Craven's luxurious home and evident assured position, away forever from Craven's adorable wife, without hurting any one but myself, I would have demanded bearers to take me to the charity ward of the nearest hospital that day. I had the infinitely galling sense of being bound hand and foot. And if I struggled and broke my bonds the wrench would come not on me but on the tender woman, the unborn child! All my manhood forbade what all my manhood urged. Toward her my feeling had quite changed that day. She was no longer the exquisite, tender efflorescence of womanhood my irresponsible fancy adored. She was the human being who unconsciously demanded of me the bitterest sacrifice man may make!

When she came to my room that afternoon I could not bear to see her. I feigned sleep. She hovered over the bed a moment.

"You're not asleep, Dick."

I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her own filled. "Poor boy! Is it so hard to bear as that?" I answered nothing. "I wish I could bear it for you!" she murmured.

"You can't. That's one good thing."

I was suffering at the moment from a nerve-rending headache. She seemed to see that without seeing what caused it.

"Let me sit here and smooth your forehead."

"No! Not today. Please! Thank you."

I could speak only those abrupt phrases, harshly uttered. Her tenderness was not hurt. She was only sympathetically acquiescent. She touched my hand with hers—a gesture of soft caressing—and went away.

By nightfall I had determined what to do. I summoned Miss Podmore.

"What was Mrs. Craven's maiden name?"

She looked at me quickly, but answered with her professional placidity:

"Dora Wolfe."

"Has she any near relatives in this town—or has Mr. Craven?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Craven's parents live here. Mr. Wolfe is said to be the richest man in Morristown."

"Will you send word to him that I want to see him privately at his earliest convenience tomorrow?"

She objected of course, but ultimately I convinced her that to allow the interview was better than to refuse it.

Shortly before Mr. Wolfe's arrival Dora drifted in to me where I sat among the pillows.

"Miss Podmore told me you wanted to see papa. Are you sure you're strong enough, Richard?"

I had gained a certain strength from my resolve. I could smile at her as I asked:

"Doesn't he like me?"

"Of course he likes you; but, you know, papa is a little unreasonable sometimes—and you're not strong enough to talk very long. Let me stay and do the talking. You're not worried about business, are you, Dick? It's all right. Mr. Jameson hasn't even come home."

"I am not worried about business," I answered, grinning at myself. "I only want to talk to your father a little."

A few moments later I saw Dora kissing a short, rather portly gentleman, with white hair and a florid face.

"Delighted to see you looking natural again, Richard," he said, shaking hands with me.

I could have told, without Dora's hint, that the relations between Mr. Wolfe and his son-in-law had not been altogether cordial. His large blue eyes were very cold, his face full, his mouth hidden beneath his neat mustache and short, pointed white beard. He was not an easy man to talk to. When I found myself alone with him I had a sense of helplessness at the magnitude of misunderstanding between us. Nevertheless, I plunged at it.

"Mr. Wolfe, I have an explanation to make to you that will surprise and shock and grieve you. I am not your son-in-law."

He turned upon me sharply, his hard blue eyes staring, the brows above them drawn into a black frown.

"What!" he cried harshly.

"I am not your daughter's husband."

The blood surged into Mr. Wolfe's face till the veins stood out on his temples.

"You scoundrel!" he gasped. "Do you mean to tell me you had another wife when you married Dora?"

I kept my temper. I explained the strange and cruel mistake that had put me in Craven's place. I told him my history in much greater detail than I had told it to the doctor. He listened with half-averted face, pulling at his pointed white beard. At the end he turned a solemnly unbelieving face upon me.

"The Lord forgive you, Richard! I always opposed your marrying Dora and this shows how right I was." He glared at me a moment and his exasperation seemed to grow. "You lie there," he cried, "and tell me this cock-and-bull story!"

I swallowed hard.

I Cried a Long Time in the Firelight

"You may not believe it," I urged, "but, for your own sake—for your daughter's sake—put it to the proof! Write to Glencoe! Write to Stewart of the Herald. Write to Henry Milsom. Write to Judge Hendricks."

"Doctor Worrall prepared me for some mental estrangement, but I didn't expect this! You say you're not Richard Craven! Why, I brought you home from that wreck myself. You had on the clothes I'd seen you wear a hundred times. I took your papers out of your pockets and looked them over myself—your papers! Craven's papers! I took off your watch with Dora's picture in the cover. And you lie there and tell me ——"

"I can't explain it," I panted; "but will you write to those people?"

"To convince you, I will!" he said unexpectedly. He took out a fountain pen and wrote carefully the addresses I gave him.

"If you have any sense of decency left, Richard, any compassion, you'll not mention this illusion to Dora. Poor child!"

His voice husked; I saw that he loved Dora.

"Can't you see that it's only for your daughter's sake ——" I cried.

We glared at each other in mutual angry helplessness, and he left me.

The proof of my identity began to seem more complicated than I had thought. How could I have been wearing Craven's clothes? But it was not that which worried me. It was my immediate problem of conduct.

I learned from Miss Podmore that Craven had no relatives that she knew of; nor had Mrs. Craven, besides her parents. Craven's business partner—it appeared he was half-owner of a large shoe store—had gone to Florida for the winter. I battered Miss Podmore with questions. She puzzled me. She cordially assisted me to "recall" every incident of Craven's life she knew of; but whenever I began to talk of Glencoe she treated me in the most exasperating way—as a nervous patient to be soothed at all costs. Yet I convinced myself that she did not in the least remember me, nor any incident of our slight acquaintance.

I was thrust back upon the core of my problem. There was no one else to whom I could make my explanation—to whom I imperatively owed it—but Dora herself. Mr. Wolfe wrote me a note in which anxiety almost conquered stiffness, entreating me to conceal from Dora my "mental perversion." The doctor took occasion to assure me again that if I told Mrs. Craven of my "delusion" I made myself, in all human probability, answerable for her life. And yet —— Are there not some matters of more moment than life itself?

I was alone with her. I was sitting up in bed; and she sat at the foot of the bed in her loose blue dress with the open throat, fair and rose-cheeked and softly smiling. I was cold with pity and horror of the thing I was to do. I meant to do it with a straight, clean stroke, and spare her preparations.

I do not know what light, happy talk of hers I stopped with the words, hoarsely uttered:

"I must tell you something now—something terrible—something you have not thought of!"

If she had flinched! If she had suspected! But she leaned toward me, serious, sympathetic—full of sweet, safe security.

"I —— You ——" I could not do it! I sought for some phrase that should rouse her suspicion, pierce her security—found one, shut my eyes and thrust it at her like a dagger. "You loved your husband!"

I opened my eyes—would she be pale and trembling, her face drawn with prevision of the truth? Her face was close to mine, rosy and laughing. The stroke had missed. Her eyes, darker in color than I had ever seen them, were wonderful with tender mockery.

"So that's it!" she breathed. "You are jealous, Richard—of your son!"

I gasped. Then I rallied and rushed at the opening.

"You care a great deal about—the child. You could live for its sake—without your husband?"

That stroke went home. She whitened to the lips. She caught at her heart, panting.

"Dick—do you mean—you're—not so well?"

"No, no, no!" I cried. "Don't look like that! I'm all right. Let me call Miss Podmore."

She lay back against the bottom rail of the bed, her eyes closed, her breast heaving, one hand pressed tight against her side. I babbled frantic reassurances, undoing what I had so painfully done.

Presently she sat up, still pale, smiling faintly.

"I'm all right now. You—frightened me. I'm not very strong, you know. Go on now, Dick. I won't be foolish again. Tell me what you wanted to say. Of course I know you've had something on your mind. Is it what you wanted to tell papa?" And as I still sat stupidly silent: "You needn't be a bit afraid. I'm perfectly brave now. I don't mind anything in the world so long as I have you."

"It's only," I said after a while, "that I'm a coward and a sneak! It's only that I've no more right—that I'm no more worthy of you than —— It's only that I'm a —— Oh, God knows what I am!"

"But there really is something," she urged. "Tell me what troubles you, dearest dear."

"Just that—that I'm not fit ——"

"I feel that way, too, sometimes," she sighed. "But—you love me, don't you, Richard?"

"Oh, I do love you, Dora! God knows I do! I love you enough to die for you."

"Love me enough to live for me!" she whispered.

"I will. I will live for you alone!"

I yielded to her arms. I drew her into mine. I folded swift, guilty kisses down upon her lips. Something in my soul said: "Men may judge me afterward—as they must!"

So, definitely and consciously, I accepted my ignominy. And I was wildly happy in the hour after it.

II

I REMEMBERED at length that, within two weeks at most, Mr. Wolfe must hear of me from Glencoe. I had a pang of passionate regret that I had made him write. Afterward those Glencoe letters seemed the one tie that bound me to honorable men. I determined to steer my course by them. I would impersonate Craven—I had found that I could do it with brilliant success—until the Glencoe letters should fix my true identity. Then I would put myself in Mr. Wolfe's hands. If he should desire, for his daughter's sake, that I continue the deception until her health should be reëstablished, then I would do so. Would a father wish that?

Since everything hung now on the letters, I dropped other efforts to prove myself me. I did not write to my friend Henry Milsom, or to Stewart, my employer, as I had intended. Having embarked on my career of merciful deception, why complicate it with unnecessary truth? I had, moreover, to reckon on a sick man's lethargy, increased by the constant nervous strain of playing my part with Dora. I merely waited, with daily increasing dread, for Mr. Wolfe's denunciation of my imposture!

One morning, while this suspense was at its height, I awoke after an evening of intense worry over Mr. Wolfe's probable attitude and a night of confused, blissful dreaming—I awoke, I say, with a strange sense of unfamiliarity with myself. The thought crossed my half-dreaming mind: Suppose I were really Craven after all! Suppose the history and personality of Richard Trent were, as they all said, a dream in Craven's mind! I saw my hand lying on the bedspread, and it struck me suddenly as a smaller, slighter, more refined hand than the hand of Richard Trent. I remembered that I had not seen my own countenance since I awoke in Craven's likeness. What if —— I lay still several minutes recalling Richard Trent's features as vividly as I could. Then I sat up in bed and asked Miss Podmore for a looking-glass. The face that looked at me out of the mirror was pallid and gaunt, worn and worried and strained; but, allowing for the obvious effect of my recent experience, it was unmistakably my own. I remembered that Richard Trent had a small brown mole just under the left collarbone; and, grinning at myself in the glass, I looked for the birthmark. It was there.

Some three weeks after I had committed myself to the rôle of Craven, on a certain evening Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe were announced. When I recovered from my sickening

sense that the crash had come sufficiently to be aware of what was happening, a dainty, charming little lady, very like Dora, was bending over me, lamenting that her bronchitis had kept her from visiting me before. I perceived that Mr. Wolfe had not told her of my "delusion." She turned to Dora, and while they were petting and cooing over one another Mr. Wolfe sat down beside me. He talked constrainedly on indifferent topics, where I fear I made but a poor and bewildered showing.

It was not until the adieus were being said that I gathered courage to blurt out:

"Heard anything from Glencoe lately, Mr. Wolfe?"

He cast a swift look of anxiety at Dora, who was carefully adjusting her mother's furs, and a long look of displeasure at me.

"I had hoped, Richard," he said sternly, "that we had heard the last of Glencoe!"

I puzzled over that for many days. Had he not written—in spite of his promise? Could my friends have failed to answer? Or had the answer failed to convince my putative father-in-law? Or was he, indeed, convinced, but tacitly acquiescent in the fraud for Dora's sake?

I dared not ask. The thing I was doing had taken possession of me. My soul was no longer my own. Whether it belonged now to God or devil, only God or devil knew!

Meanwhile I was convalescing—with weary delays and dragging weakness. Agitations like these are not favorable for swift recoveries. I spent most of my days now in the big wicker chair, wrapped in blankets, while Dora fussed about me with pillows and footstools, pleasing herself in a thousand dainty little ministrations. It seems incredible that I could have deceived Dora, even for a few days, in so intimate and tender a relation as I could not withhold myself from drifting into. Several things besides her unassailable faith conspired with me.

Chief of these was my mental condition. It was evident that, aside from the "delusion," my mental life was not altogether normal. Numbers and their significance had gone from me. Whenever an arithmetical conception challenged me my mind was blank, though it responded at once to any other association. To illustrate: I could instantly recognize the saying, "Two and two are four," as a familiar catchword connoting absolute certainty; but for apprehending it as a mathematical proposition I was on a par with a month-old infant. Three suggested the Trinity to me, seven a branched candlestick, twelve the apostles, and thirteen an unlucky dinner table. I had to reacquire all abstract conceptions of numbers; and though, after a time, they came swiftly, they brought with them no previous associations—as numbers. Imagine how this confused my thoughts! It baffled painfully my speculations on what must have happened to me. I could not calculate how many days or weeks had elapsed since I left Enid on that moonlit porch, because the implements of such calculations were lacking to me. It was winter then: it was winter still. I knew no more.

This condition, of course, was known to Dora; and whatever I "forgot" explained itself to her as a phase of the same phenomenon. I "forgot" the less because of Miss Podmore's diligence. Acting, I think, under the doctor's orders to jog my memory gently, she talked continually about Craven in Dora's absence—always as if I were he and might be expected to do my own recollecting in a moment. I got a very fair impression of the man whose place in the world I had usurped.

Craven had come to Morristown about ten years before, a shy and quiet youth of some nineteen years. He found employment in the shoe store of Mr. Jameson, where by strict attention to business—for which he showed a decided knack—by quick intelligence, pleasant manners and exemplary habits, he rose at length to a partnership—the latter stages of his rise being materially assisted by his successful courtship of the town's heiress. Socially he was uncommunicative, but not unfriendly. Beginning without friends, money or influence he gradually won the confidence and esteem of such people as thought about him at all. His life held but one high light. Taking his modest part in the social activities of the church he had quietly joined, he met and loved Dora Wolfe. He loved her—but this I gathered from another informant—at first with a dumb, hopeless adoration that touched her gentleness more than the louder admiration of others. I learned as little of Craven's courtship as I could; but it was a long one, alternating between timid hope and brave despair, culminating at last, despite Mr. Wolfe's disapproval, in marriage about a year before the accident. There was nothing in all Craven's record to censure—nothing to excuse the hatred of him that leaped in my breast.

But where was Craven now? Lying in some unmarked grave which my few friends believed to hold the mortal husk of Richard Trent? That seemed likeliest as I grew able to comprehend the time that had elapsed. The newspaper account of the wreck, which I had read, mentioned the bodies of three unidentified men; but later, Miss Podmore told me, all had been identified. Room for error there! Surely if Craven were alive—no matter how broken, disfigured, helpless—he would have sent for his wife long ere this; but suppose he were living without mind or memory, knocked into forgetfulness of his former self? Then, again, darker conjectures occupied me. I could not doubt that I had been found wearing Craven's clothes—nor could I conceive how that could have been, save by Craven's act. Had the inoffensive quietude of his life hidden some evil secret which claimed him at last? Had he noted my personal resemblance to himself and made or seized an opportunity to dress my supposedly lifeless body in his own garments, hoping so to conceal his trail? And had some unforeseen accident thus far covered up the loss of the money or the trace of the woman? The woman? I would look at Dora's confident serenity and remember—No; it could not be that! In spite of all my thinking, Craven might be living and guiltless. He might knock at the door tonight! In some moods I almost wished he would. That was when something in my soul cried out to be delivered at any cost—at any cost!—from the poisoned ecstasies, the rapture-shot agonies, of my relationship with Dora.

I loved her. The more I writhed beneath my horrible position, the more I loved her; and the more I loved her, the deeper pierced the twin barbs—remorse for the shameful thing I was doing; mad jealousy of Craven, living or dead. There were moments when I loved her with a pure and exquisite happiness; other moments when I loved her with a Heaven-defying passion—and black hours of torment when I expiated those!

I was not always in passionate extremes, however. Sometimes, by dint of my own pretense and the unwavering belief of every one about me, I half forgot for days together that I was not really Craven. Then some sudden turn would drive the barbed truth home and my wild moods would puzzle Dora.

She was a creature of the quickest delicacy, the tenderest act. My fits of shame, remorse, passion, jealousy, disgust and rage, smothered and disguised as they had to be, often bewildered and sometimes hurt her, but never failed of her respect, her indulgence—of some subtle feminine comprehension of the heart.

One conversation of ours, typical of many, somehow stays in my memory as a turning-point.

"The plum-blossoms are out," remarked Dora from her little rocking-chair by the window, where she sat sewing. "I think I shall have you out on the porch tomorrow if it stays warm. Miss Podmore says you ought to be able to walk out a little before she goes."

"Life without Miss Podmore!" I ejaculated. "And Jameson comes back Friday!" I went on quite in the spirit of my part. "I'll have to have a long talk with him about business. Nice hand I am for business when I've only got to six times seven are forty-two!" I was relearning the multiplication tables with incredible labor. Never shall I forget the bewilderment that assailed me in the one interview I had attempted with the firm's bookkeeper.

"You're learning beautifully, Dick," returned Dora with earnest ardor. "And you know the store's all right. Mr. Hughes is so capable. And papa keeps an eye on things."

"This fuss of mine has cost an awful lot of money," I mused. "I'll pay that back anyway!"

"What in the world do you mean, Richard?" Dora puzzled. "Do you know, Dick, you're so different since the accident? An entirely different phase of your character shows. You're more—boyish!"

"Is that an objection?" I asked with an anxiety I pretended was mocking. "Do you like me better the other way?" ("Thief! Sneak! Cad!" I said to myself.) "Because, if you do, I can get knocked on the head again."

She ignored the question.

"You're even different," she went on, weaving her needle delicately into her work, "in the way you—care for me."

"How?" I asked.

She looked up smiling.

"How can I tell? Just different!"

I was silent, setting my teeth. Had I not vowed I would not be led that way?

She looked out thoughtfully over the lawn. I searched for dandelions in its greenness as if my life depended on finding them. When, involuntarily, I looked back at her she was biting her lip. Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

I held out my arms to her.

Presently she lifted her head a little way, eying me earnestly.

"Why are you afraid of my kisses, Dick?"

"Am I?"

At length she whispered, with her face very close to mine:

"Aren't you a little bit glad—about the baby?"

So our closest moments always ended. Always the dead hand thrust between!

This time I answered:

"I am glad of anything you are glad of, Dora. I'm nothing but just yours. I belong to you as no man ever belonged to a woman before."

Such half-truths that told nothing I threw as wretched sops to my conscience.

It was that night I dedicated myself to the finding of Craven. As soon as I should regain my strength and might leave Dora I would set myself upon his trail. I would search out every clew; I would have the graves opened! Under the earth or upon it, I would find him! If he were living—and something in me refused to believe him dead—I would drag him to Dora's feet and blot myself out of her life. I felt a fierce joy in that imagined expiation!

As I grew stronger and began to see and talk with people, Craven's social and business associates, I lost the fear I had that some one would surely detect the imposture. My mental condition excited sympathetic interest, but no surprise, no suspicion. What grew upon me was the social hopelessness of my ever righting myself. How many barred and locked doors lay between me and honor! By what miracle should I accomplish the substitution of Craven for myself as secretly as had been the substitution of myself for Craven? Lacking this, what storm of scandalous tongues would break upon Dora? Who would believe that I had behaved as decently as I had? In choosing ignominy for myself, had I not chosen it for Dora too? Then—not for the first time—the devil, clad as an angel of light, would whisper: "Why not—go on? Why make more misery?"

I hung on doggedly to my resolution. I threw myself into persistent efforts to master Craven's business, so that people wondered to see a man still pallid and tottering with weakness, and with so hampering a mental disability, working so desperately. Nothing of Craven's, I vowed, should suffer through my stewardship.

On a certain Sunday afternoon in the late spring Dora and I walked over to the handsome house of the Wolfes. It was not the first time we had gone there together, but I thought it might be the last. As I grew stronger, Dora grew weaker; the anxieties she had suffered were telling upon her. Often I feared in anguish of mind that I myself—what must seem to her my inexplicable perversities—were secretly undermining her strength. On this day, however, we were both in a happy mood; and in a like calm contentment Dora's parents greeted us.

After half an hour of chat, Mr. Wolfe surprised me by saying: "Will you step into the study a moment, Richard? I want to show you something."

(Continued on Page 57)

I Told Dora the Whole Story of Richard Trent

The Suffrage in Millerstown

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

"Will You Promise Not to Vote for Steiner, Pop?"

THERE are few women in Millerstown who take naps or who lie down in the daytime. It is safe to say that no woman, unless she was seriously ill, ever lay down for a whole afternoon; it is absolutely certain that none but Lizzie Kerr ever spent a whole afternoon—and that in November—reclining upon an outside cellar door.

It was not a position which Lizzie chose for herself. In the first place, she had no time for this extraordinary proceeding. When one has a husband and seven children, the youngest less than a year old, and when one is the only woman on a farm where there are fourteen cows, twenty pigs and a few hundred chickens, that need constant attention, one should be busy every moment. In the second place, Lizzie found the position exceedingly uncomfortable. Lizzie was very large and she was accustomed to rest upon a feather bed—not a hard board. Besides, it is apt to be a little cool on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November; and besides, it is neither dignified nor decent to slam a cellar door upon one's husband and then lie down upon the door.

Of all this Lizzie was thoroughly aware. Her hands were clenched; she answered the muffled voice from beneath her with a voice utterly unlike her own; at the sound of her baby screaming in his cradle in the kitchen she put her hands over her ears; at thought of her bread-sponge running over the bowl and her pies burning in the oven, she groaned. She did not cry, however, though she looked like a tender-hearted person to whom tears came easily. Occasionally she lifted herself into a half-sitting posture, but almost immediately lay down again, feeling it safer to distribute her weight over as many of the flimsy boards as possible. She meant to save Alpheus from committing a great wrong, but she did not wish to crush him to death.

The baby screamed himself to sleep, and woke and screamed again; a stranger, passing in a buggy, asked whether she was ill, and, receiving her lying answer that she liked to sit on the cellar door, looked at her as though she were a lunatic; the prisoner commanded, argued, cajoled, pleaded—she grew colder and colder, stiffer and stiffer. However, for the sake of the morals of Millerstown, for the sake of her husband rushing to ruin, for the sake of her poor children threatened with destruction by the demon rum, Lizzie Kerr continued to embrace her martyrdom. Once she tried to sing Cold Water is the Children's Friend, but she did not get beyond the first line.

An hour ago she had been standing by her kitchen table working her bread, an entirely suitable and becoming occupation for the mother of seven, and Alpheus had faced her as he drew on his husking mittens. Alpheus was a little, energetic man, for whom his wife had great admiration. He was smart; his brothers looked up to him for counsel; the men at the store listened to him with respect; he read the newspapers learnedly and recounted marvelous tales of extraordinary things—of French people making a Christmas dinner on camel's meat, of women demanding the ballot and battering policemen and being battered in turn by them, of evil men blowing up bridges with dynamite. He could argue with the preacher; he could read both English and German. Until yesterday she had been proud to be his wife. She was richer than he—the farm was hers, inherited from her father; but she had been proud to marry so smart a man. Until yesterday she had been content to know no law but his will; until yesterday she had concerned herself with nothing outside her natural sphere. Now, interfering where she had no business, rushing into a situation of which she knew nothing, governed by ridiculous prejudice and feminine ignorance, she had made a fool of herself.

"I was yesterday in the store, pop," she had faltered when she could fill her lungs with enough breath to speak.

"Yes—well?" answered Alpheus. "What then?" He stared at Lizzie suddenly with some alarm; he had never seen her look like that. "Do you feel bad, mom? Do you have it somewhere?"

Lizzie leaned upon the bread-sponge which rose in great billows about her round arms. With her rosy cheeks and her bright smile, Lizzie was an attractive person—a person to whose company it was good to return after a day's work; but now Lizzie did not smile.

"They talked about the election, pop. They said that Moser was temperance, pop, and Steiner was for the taverns. I said you wouldn't vote for Steiner for the world; and then I came home—and he was sitting here and talking, pop. I ——"

Alpheus was annoyed and disgusted.

"Pooh!" he said as he started for the door.

Lizzie was before him, however. She moved with more agility than one would have expected in a person of her size. Bits of dough clung to her fingers; her face was scarlet.

"You are a church member; you have all these boys to bring up. How will you bring up these boys if there is a saloon in every house, pop? How ——"

Alpheus was more agile than Lizzie; he dodged past her and closed the door. Then, walking briskly across the meadow to the cornfield, he laughed. Women were good for some things, of course; but they had no minds. Lizzie had no mind or she would realize that the temperance question had absolutely nothing to do with this election. Steiner might occasionally take a drink—that was none of the world's business. He was the candidate of Alpheus' party; he had great respect for Alpheus and the influence Alpheus had over his brothers and several illiterate voters; he would bring them good roads and prosperity. It was foreordained that Alpheus should vote for him. Lizzie was crazy!

Contented with himself, amused at his wife, Alpheus worked on. Presently he began to pity Lizzie. He decided that he would explain things to her that evening. He was really very fond of her.

After a long time Lizzie roused herself from the apathy in which she worked to go to the cellar for the baby's milk. The cellar was across the yard; under its slanting door was a steep flight of steps; below, in the cool dampness, stood a dozen brimming crocks of milk.

"I ought to make butter," said Lizzie as she drearily contemplated them. "I am behind with everything. Nothing will ever be right with me again. Oh, my soul!"

Then slowly Lizzie climbed the steps and heated the milk and filled the baby's bottle. Her tears dropped upon him as he lay sound asleep in his cradle. She was disgraced in the eyes of her friends; she was disappointed in the idol of her soul.

It seemed three hours—it was really but one—before Alpheus returned from the cornfield. It was not yet two o'clock and the polls did not close until six; but he said to himself that his brothers might wish to vote early or Steiner might not think him sufficiently concerned. He came whistling across the meadow. At sight of the open cellar door he turned his steps toward it.

"Mom," he called into the depths, "I am going now to town."

There was no answer; Alpheus went toward the kitchen.

"Did you know you left your cellar door open, mom?" he asked.

Lizzie was standing by the table, where he had left her. Whether the cellar door was open or closed made no difference to her.

"Pop," she began, trembling; at which Alpheus remembered.

"When I come home I will talk to you," he said indulgently. Then he patted Lizzie on the shoulder.

Lizzie began to plead.

"Ach! pop, don't vote for Steiner—please, pop!"

"Of course I will vote for Steiner!"

"When you have little children, pop? What if they come in the tavern, pop?"

"*Geh mir aweck!*—Get out!"—mocked Alpheus. "You make me laugh!"

"He takes drinks, pop. And the people in town, they said ——"

"I don't care what they said." Alpheus finished washing his hands at the sink. "Where is my other coat?"

"Ach! but, pop, you can talk with me a little about it, I guess. I am dumb—but I am not so dumb, pop. I ——"

Alpheus slid rapidly into his coat. Then he applied the brush and comb which lay on the little rack by the door. Then Alpheus could not resist a foolish but overwhelming temptation.

"I must be there early," he said importantly. "I always mark the tickets for a couple o' fellows."

"What!" cried Lizzie. Sometimes Alpheus read to her accounts of election frauds and subsequent investigations. In her confusion, it seemed that he, too, was about to commit fraud. The foundation of Lizzie's world was shaken.

"Goodby," said Alpheus cheerfully.

The baby in the cradle began to cry. Alpheus turned back to his wife.

"Shall I fetch you a little milk?" he asked as tenderly as though he spoke to the baby.

Unable to answer, Lizzie started to follow him. She meant to tell him that she had brought the milk and that the baby had the bottle; but her voice choked. She was shocked; she was hurt; she was—though she did not suspect it—furiously angry at Alpheus' superior airs. When she reached the door he had vanished down the cellar steps and she followed across the yard.

Then, suddenly a great, new, overwhelming emotion filled Lizzie Kerr's soul. Never in her life had she done a violent thing. She had disciplined setting hens; she had spanked her children; but it had been done after deliberation, it had been done with dignity. This was done without consideration, without forethought. She leaned over and lifted the slanting cellar door and closed it upon the little man within. Then, partly from pure weakness, Lizzie Kerr, mother of seven, of great size, lay down upon the door.

The first frantic sound that rose from within added the reproaches of a tender heart to Lizzie's already overwhelming emotions.

"Mom!" called Alpheus. "Mom! Somebody is shutting me in the cellar! Lock yourself in the kitchen, mom, and then lock yourself in the upstairs, mom! And holler like sixty!" His first thought was for her. It was with bursting heart that Lizzie answered.

"I am shutting you up, Alpheus. It is Lizzie. Nothing is after me. I am sitting on the door."

"What!" screamed Alpheus shrilly.

"I must talk to you about this, pop, before it goes any farther." Lizzie's voice became more clear. She did not weep—her tears seemed to be forever dry. She prayed for eloquence; she thought of the people in the Bible who had been given tongues of fire. "You see, pop, it is this way: The people say that Steiner has parties and that the people drink. It is not raspberry vinegar, pop, or yeast beer—it is real beer in bottles from the tavern, pop. They sometimes have some of this cha'pagne-water. Suppose these poor little children should get some, pop! Suppose little Lizzie should stay out late in the night, pop; and suppose little Alpheus should come home yelling and hollering, pop! Suppose ——"

The cellar door quivered.

"Get up!" ordered Alpheus. He spoke as he might have spoken to his horse or his dog. Lizzie had never heard that tone addressed to her. Her cheeks flushed, but still she spoke gently.

"Will you promise to vote for Moser, pop?"

"Get up!" commanded Alpheus again.

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner, pop?"

"Get up!" ordered Alpheus, more furiously.

"Will you promise not to vote for anybody, pop? Will you stay here with me? Will you ——"

"Get up!" said Alpheus in a terrible tone.

For a few minutes there was silence. The door shook slightly again; but Alpheus, though strong, was short—he could get no purchase on the door. Then motion, as well as sound, ceased. Indeed, actual physical paralysis was no more numbing than the sensations that filled the breast of Alpheus. Had the barn fallen upon him and bade him lie still, he could have been no more amazed. Presently silence was succeeded by a more furious burst of anger. He would vote for whom he chose; now he was absolutely determined to vote for Steiner—nothing would keep him from it! If she had not acted the fool he might have listened to her; but he was the boss - nobody could make him do what he didn't want to do.

Poor Lizzie did not answer. Indeed, she did not hear half he said, for another sound penetrated to her ears and filled her with dismay. Presently, when he paused for breath, Alpheus heard it also.

"Your baby is crying!" he shouted. "Go to it!"

Lizzie was wringing her hands. The baby should have gone to sleep at once and slept for hours. He had a bottle and he was comfortably fixed. Had he broken the bottle and cut himself? Was something after him—the cat, perhaps? Had ——

"Your baby is starving!" said Alpheus. "Shall a mother sit on a cellar door while her baby is dying?"

"He is not starving," said Lizzie. "He has his bottle; and, anyhow, he could go without a little while and not starve. He ——"

"Then something is after him," declared Alpheus. "He will die; he ——"

"He will not die while he is yelling like that," said Lizzie hoarsely. Oh, if she only had him in her arms! "That is a mad yell, pop. He is only cross. Oh, say you will not vote for Steiner!"

"I will vote for Steiner!" shouted Alpheus. He remembered suddenly Peter and George, depending upon his advice, and the incompetents expecting him to mark their tickets. He shook the door. "Let me out! Get up!"

"No," said Lizzie. "No, pop, I cannot."

Fortunately the day was only cool and not cold; fortunately the sun shone directly upon Lizzie's bed; fortunately no one passed but the one stranger; fortunately it did not occur to Alpheus to pretend a fall down the cellar steps, or to remain silent and simulate death, or to take any other means of adding to Lizzie's agony of mind.

He told her he was cold; she advised him to get as close to the cellar door as he could and reminded him that he had a means of escape. He recalled to her her promise to obey; she put him in remembrance of her long years of obedience and suggested the Higher Power, to whom one owed a higher obedience. She quoted Bible verses at length; she reminded him of moral truths and precepts that have little to do with elections. In some strange, unconscious way, Lizzie had allied herself with those unaccountable lunatics known as reformers. Alpheus was certain now that she was crazy. He reproached her with her presumption in setting forth her opinions; and then another dam broke in the long-checked current of Lizzie's mental processes.

"The farm is mine!" said she. "I do half the work. I guess I can have some say, Alpheus."

She had not called him Alpheus for years. It was as though she chose to ignore all the relations of duty and affection that bound them together. Alpheus remembered the smashed windows of London, the dismay of London's mighty men.

"Lizzie," said he weakly, "what will my children think when they see me penned in the cellar?"

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?"

"No!" roared Alpheus. "Get up!"

Thus the long afternoon passed. The baby ceased crying and slept, and waked and cried again, the boards under the baby's mother grew harder, the air colder; but Lizzie still lay upon the cellar door.

At length, now, with infinite patience, Alpheus explained to her the political situation. Steiner had nothing to do with the taverns. *(Continued on Page 77)*

The Inner Secrets of a Manufacturer's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

I BEGAN my manufacturing career in a room twelve feet square, doing all the work with my own hands. That year I netted less than five hundred dollars, although I worked ten and twelve hours a day. I was in business for myself, but I wasn't much of a success."

The manufacturer who voiced this utterance is today the chief owner of an immense plant that makes a line of wood and metal goods used in the equipment of factories, stores and offices. He has acquired a large fortune, and in the following narrative he gives concrete instances of the principles that caused his business to grow.

"At the end of that first year," he went on, "I hired a young fellow named Sam Green to work for me. Sam and I were about the same age and had been employed together in a furniture factory. I knew him to be a good cabinetmaker and was willing to trust him with the careful work required in making the office device I had originated. Sam—which of course is not his real name—justified my expectations.

"For a year we two worked side by side and, although I labored no harder than I had done during my year alone, my net profits rose above a thousand dollars, notwithstanding the fact that I paid Sam about eight hundred dollars.

"My additional profit, it is evident, came from the labor of my workman. In contemplating this fact I discovered, ultimately, a fundamental secret that has helped me more than anything else toward success. Aside from the goods, the most vital problem in manufacturing, as well as in business generally, is to pick out profitable workers. The professional man may attain a high degree of success through his own efforts chiefly; the business man cannot by any possibility do so. He is either kept afloat by his employees or dragged under by them.

"I have heard it said that seventy varieties of fungi resemble mushrooms very closely. I know at least a thousand varieties of men who resemble the man who will pay you a profit as an employee. You've got to know the genuine mushrooms from the toadstools and puffballs.

"Sam Green was the real thing, but I regret to say that I didn't fully realize it at that time. My failure to do so cost me a great deal of money during the twenty years that followed—literally millions of dollars. I'm going to tell you a little about Sam Green, but first I want to make my fundamental proposition clearer.

"Sam Didn't Come Home for Six Months"

"Suppose I had not hired Sam Green or any other man to work for me, but had gone on working alone at the bench for thirty years. I might have earned an aggregate profit, say, of fifteen thousand dollars. Plenty of men earn no more than that. But as a manufacturer or merchant I'd have been a failure. It needn't take much argument, then, to convince you that the huge plant my company owns today represents the aggregate profit returned by thousands of workmen during many years. They were not all Sam Greens; if they had been I'd have been richer than John D. or Carnegie. Most of them, however, were profitable to me, otherwise the factory wouldn't be there. I don't care whether you employ one man or ten thousand, the principle is the same.

"But suppose that instead of hiring Sam Green that second year I had hired an incompetent workman, who had turned out such poor product that the claims against me exceeded the profits; or suppose that my markets hadn't justified the expense of a man's wage. In either event my business would have failed right there.

"I have frequently seen this sort of thing done by concerns of all sizes—merchants as well as manufacturers. I have watched young men struggling to get started in business, when I knew they were doomed to failure because they had no conception of the underlying truth that workers must return a profit. The study and development of your workers are the things that will make your business grow.

"Though I partly realized this truth even during my second year in business, I got away from it for a while, not having any concrete mechanism for applying it. You often find business men with splendid theories floating over their heads just out of reach. That was the trouble with me. I knew that workmen ought to pay a profit, but I didn't know how to measure up the individual profits from my employees. Because I hadn't studied men, the difficulties I encountered turned my hair gray at twenty-five.

"My troubles did not come immediately. My third year in business was marked by such a surprising demand for my goods that I not only employed several workmen, but increased my shop area and installed costly machinery. The fourth year was even better, and again I branched out, adding largely to my equipment. Sam Green was now my foreman. He was a queer, quiet sort of chap, who always seemed to have something on

his mind that he wasn't telling folks about. Nevertheless he kept the shop on strict discipline and the product up to perfection of workmanship.

"Meanwhile I had made a contract with a firm of wholesale distributors whereby I agreed to turn over to them my entire product for a term of years. They were to do all the selling and I was relieved of the necessity of having a sales department. This I considered a fine bit of management. I was young, remember.

"But when I was on the crest of the wave, as I thought, something happened. It was the very thing that ought not to have happened, and yet I see the same thing occurring all round me today. It was Sam Green who did it. There are plenty of Sam Greens everywhere. The thing Sam did was to quit me.

"I now had thirty-odd workmen and was netting six or eight thousand dollars a year—just a neat little manufacturing business, clean, compact, running like grease. As a group my workers were profitable to me; as individuals I wasn't always able to say. In fact, I had got so far away from my fundamental theorem that I had come to look on my working force as a group—a dangerous thing to do.

"Had I studied the men as individuals, I should have seen that Sam Green was worth more to me than most of the others put together. Had I studied Sam in particular, I should have found out what he was thinking about during all those years. Then I'd have been willing to pay him more than twenty dollars, instead of telling him on several occasions that I could get plenty of competent foremen for twenty a week.

"Well, Sam Green had been holding out a lot of ideas on me, and now he started a little factory of his own and began making a device that was a vast improvement over mine.

"When I was a boy I attended a Sunday School and belonged to a class of ten boys taught by Miss Jones. One Sunday my class contributed forty-six cents to the collection, and the superintendent made a nice little speech in which he threw metaphors at us boys as a group. Now it happened that Bobbie Brown and I had held out our nickels and hadn't dropped anything into the box; we meant to buy peanuts or candy next day. Willie Hawkshaw, who had a rich aunt, had dropped in a quarter. Willie was the genuine mushroom, but the man who ran the Sunday School didn't know it. If there had been a list of the individual contributors Bobbie and I would have shown up as toadstools."

What I Learned From a Man Called Green

"IT WAS the same proposition with Sam Green. I hadn't been wise enough to detach him from the group; I hadn't seen that he was a Willie Hawkshaw with a quarter to drop into the collection box. So Sam got away from me, while a lot of puffballs stayed on my payroll. There was old Hank Slosser, for instance, and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike. I might have seen that they were holding out their nickels and taking their share of the credit for my neat little business.

"Well, I was pretty mad for a while. Sam's disloyalty seemed beyond belief. I've known a lot of business men who've thought that twenty dollars a week ought to buy an employee body, brain and soul.

"But now that confounded ex-foreman of mine—that twenty-dollar-a-week chap—played his game like a general. He went straight to the wholesale concern that had the exclusive contract on my product. 'See here,' said he to these agents: 'I've got an article of my own that is fifty per cent better than the stuff my former boss is making. I've been studying that stuff a long time and figuring out ways to improve it. Here's the result. I want you to handle it for me. We've got that other stuff bottled up tight. Under your contract it's got to be sold through you, and you can just go along easy with it and give my goods the right-of-way. A few customers will buy his old contrivance, no doubt, but most of them will want mine. I'll make very favorable terms with you and we'll skim the cream off the trade. See?' And that was what they did."

"There Was a Young Chap Who'd Overheard Scraps of Conversation Between Booker and Myself"

The Equipment That Counts

"OF COURSE I went to law—I was just young enough to do that. I hired the lawyer who had drawn the contract in the first place, and told him to go into court and prove that those selling-agents had no right to take Sam Green's goods, but were under legal obligations to handle mine exclusively or else cancel the contract and let me sell my goods to the public myself.

"For two years my lawyer quoted precedents to the courts. For every day he spent in the courthouse I paid him a hundred dollars, and for contemplating the contract in the privacy of his office he got fifty dollars a day. But two of the courts ruled against me, deciding that as long as I manufactured the particular office device in question I must market it through this distributing firm. Nor could I force that firm to push the sale of my device exclusively.

"Then one night I took the contract home with me and sat down under a strong light. If I'd done that in the first place I'd have saved four thousand dollars in cash and two wasted years. I hadn't any legs to stand on—I could see it myself. The contract was a one-sided affair, and I was bottled up good and tight by Sam Green and my selling-agents.

"I woke up. I called off the litigation. It had been the most asinine thing I'd ever done; for even if I'd got loose from the selling-agents, my product was inferior to Green's and would have been difficult to sell. Here's a bit of advice in passing, and I'd like to have it put in a paragraph by itself:

"If you're a manufacturer, don't get into a bottle and let a distributing firm put the cork in. If I were a young man today, starting in any line of business or working on a salary, I wouldn't sit on the neck of a flask for fear I'd slip in. I wouldn't put my goods in a single channel of markets, lest that channel run dry; nor would I place any value on a contract that bound an employer to me for a specified term. Such contracts are delusions. The really live man doesn't need them; he stands without leaning.

"It was when I woke up that I got back to first principles. I remembered my old theorem that every workman ought to pay a profit. If it hadn't been for that primal principle to fall back on I believe I should have quit in despair.

"I now had only ten workmen in the shop. I was heavily in debt; creditors were pressing; much of my equipment was idle because my distributors weren't selling enough of my goods to keep it busy.

"I don't mean to burden these observations with technical procedures, but anybody can see that a machine-tool standing idle is returning its owner a daily loss. It is costing that owner interest on his investment, taxes, insurance, depreciation, rent, office expense, and so on. Likewise, a store counter or shelf that is not being used to its normal capacity in selling goods is surely returning a loss. If this truth were better appreciated in business there would not be so many failures. Half the ruinous losses come from facilities that are burning up expense without giving back a profit.

"The same thing is true in private life. Out at my house I use steam heat. One winter I had a janitor who didn't understand firing. He shoveled coal vigorously at frequent intervals, but he couldn't get steam enough to keep the house warm. A big volume of fire burning slowly will make steam, but you can burn up all the coal in the bin without getting a pound on your gauge simply by feeding in the fuel in small quantities and letting it burn fiercely in the bottom of your heater. This janitor burned thirty-five tons that winter, but my expensive heating plant returned me a loss. The next winter a new janitor kept the house warm on twenty tons. At last the heating equipment returned a profit.

"Night Is a Good Time to Get Down to Fundamentals"

"So now I broadened my theorem. I said to myself: 'All this idle equipment is costing me as much as a whole batch of idle men drawing pay. There's only one difference—I'd know just how much of my money the idle men were getting, while I don't know how much the loafing equipment is costing.'

"The first problem in cutting down expenses is to find out what those expenses are; that's plain enough to any manufacturer, merchant or householder. Yet show me a hundred manufacturers, merchants and householders and I'll show you ninety-five who can't give you their itemized expenses. I know concerns that have a strong policy for keeping expense down, but because they haven't located the leaks the policy itself is a tragic joke. As long as you regard expense as a group of undetermined items you will keep a lot of items that correspond exactly to the idle or incompetent men on your payroll."

Why Not Analyze Your Operating Costs?

"HAVING perceived that a lot of expense devils had me by the hand and were dragging me down to perdition, I determined to look each one of those devils in the face separately and not merely face the whole bunch of them. In other words, I analyzed my operating costs. Unless you've got an extraordinary cinch on your markets you've got to do this if you hope for much success. And if you're working for wages you've got to analyze your operating costs just the same, if you want to save money. Householders as well as business men are swamped by operating costs. Until they know just how much they pay for food, clothes, fuel, luxuries, and so on, and just how much they ought to pay for each item, they can't cut expense intelligently or find ways to make one dollar do the work of two dollars.

"However, I want to tell you something else that happened—something tremendously big and important—so I'll not go into detail as to operating costs. I need only say that any man who wants to get at his costs and expenses may avail himself of technical procedures that will do the thing for him with mathematical accuracy.

"While I was engaged in anatomizing the cost of my idle equipment and finding out how much profit or loss each workman was returning me, I called in my foreman—the man who had succeeded Green.

"'Booker,' I said to him, 'we've got to do one of three things: First, quit; second, sell or scrap all our idle equipment and shrink the business to conform with our limited markets; third, cut loose absolutely from our original product, get hold of something else to manufacture, and reach out for markets that we can swing independently. Do you know of any goods we can make profitably with our present equipment?'

"Booker didn't. He wasn't a man of ideas, like Green. Twenty dollars a week was more than he was worth to me. But there was a young chap out in the shop, named Fisher, who'd overheard scraps of conversation between Booker and myself. Now he came to me. 'I've got some ideas,' he said rather modestly, 'and I'd like to give you the benefit if there is anything in it for me. I can go over to Green's factory any day and get a job, and if you don't care to take up my ideas I'd like to see Green about them.

He's been after me several times. You see he knows me pretty well; we worked together here quite a while.'

"Now I knew well enough that I hadn't managed Green right, or I might have been making his goods myself instead of fighting him. I didn't intend to be caught the same way twice. I could see that this young chap had ideas up his sleeve, and I needed ideas more than anything else. I was saturated with legal lore and worn to a frazzle with precedents. Precedents make a lot of money for the lawyers, and sometimes are all right in business; but what we fellows need more is original wisdom.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do, Fisher,' said I mighty quick: 'If you've got any ideas really worth while, I'll fix up some deal with you whereby you'll get a fair percentage of the profit I make from them. Don't take any ideas over to Green; remember that I'll treat you right every time.'

"You can't always tell from the size of a toad how far he can hop. Fisher had worked for me several years when I discovered him, and Green I hadn't discovered at all until too late. Neither of these men had been giving me much profit but both had the capacity for doing so. All that were lacking was a little intelligence on my part and the incentive on theirs.

"Fisher had ideas for a whole line of office furniture and special equipment, and some of the things he invented put Green's product in the shade, so it was a case of turn about. Of course Green came back at me with a batch of new products of his own; but at all events I had found goods that didn't have to be sold through the gentlemen who had bottled me so long and kept me out of the running. I organized a sales department and Sam Green did the same. He, too, saw the folly of tying up his markets in one channel.

"Fisher was the first of my workers who really returned me big profits, but since then I've made a specialty of spotting the exceptionally valuable men and leading them on. Once I got the hang of the thing, it didn't take me long to fire old Hank Slosser and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike. Booker went with them. But Fisher got a rolltop desk, though he didn't sit at it much of the time.

"I won't stand for any bogus mushrooms. But don't misunderstand me—it's not the last pound of flesh that I'm after. I ask no man to work himself to death for me. It's skill and brains that I want, not slavery. I offer the gospel of hope to every worker who comes into my plant.

"Some men find their niches in life without being directed; most men don't. One of my assistant superintendents is a fair example. Twenty years ago he entered my factory as a raw foreign boy. We saw his inherent ability along a certain branch of our work; so we picked him out of the wrong niche and put him into the right one. We gave him special training both in the factory and at a technical night school, and, by giving him the incentive to stay, made sure that he wouldn't get away from us."

Critical Days

"NOW this man, if left to himself, probably would have remained a laborer at a dollar and a half a day. At that wage he would have returned me perhaps a profit of twenty cents a day. At present he returns me a profit of several thousand dollars a year through his daily work and the inventions we have helped him to originate. Besides, he is earning a man's wages himself and is getting a royalty on his patents. It is a fascinating game to lead men up like this, and it pays. Once in a while we strike a bonanza lead.

"I can put my finger on manufacturers and merchants who don't do this. To them twenty dollars a week as a wage looks as big as a house. They'd let the most skillful man go rather than pay him twenty-two, and they never see in the five-dollar apprentice today the five-thousand-dollar executive ten years hence. Yet these are the concerns that have the Slim Mikes. They are running poor-farms without knowing it. It doesn't make any difference how much you pay a man so long as he returns you a profit on that wage.

"I had passed the first crisis in my career and wasn't really looking for another, when, a year or two later, a financial disturbance swept over the country, forcing my plant to shut down absolutely. The buying public had no money to put into my goods. This is not equivalent to saying that the public had no money to spend. I wish to emphasize the distinction.

"Of course it was easy to cut out the bulk of the payroll, but quite impossible to stop paying rent, interest, depreciation on machinery, and so on. Once more the idle equipment! And now came the advantage of our itemized knowledge of operating costs. Although our own product was dead for the time being, we were able to get a lot of contract work by offering to do it at just what it cost us. It was not a question of making a profit, merely a problem of keeping even. We made a lot of patent picture-frames, a big batch of thermometer standards, a novelty line, anything we could get to do. The quantity of contract stuff we turned out during that panic was astonishing. There seemed to be plenty of money that was ready to take advantage of the cost-prices we offered. This fact set me thinking, and not very long afterward something came of it.

"I have known a lot of manufacturers and merchants to throw up their hands and quit because temporary hard times drove their particular products into a hole. Their equipment kept handing them a staggering loss every day, and they couldn't think of any way to keep busy. The solution of this trouble is not so difficult as it seems to the man who contemplates jumping into the river. It is sometimes easier to commit suicide than to think up a plan by which to live.

"Since that first panic I have made it a policy to have a batch of understudy products. It is amazing what you can do with understudies in an emergency. You may sneer at baked beans as a steady diet, but when you are lost in the woods with nothing else to eat a few cans may keep you from starving.

"As I have shown you, narrow markets may mean ruin; and when you combine narrow markets with a narrow product you place yourself directly at the mercy of every passing gale. I know a manufacturing concern that makes a very heavy steel product as its main line, but for an understudy product has a line of light metal goods that go to wholly different markets. During the last financial disturbance the main product was cut off absolutely; but at such times the world does not stop running. This concern's foundry and machine shops were kept sufficiently busy on the secondary product to pay the fixed expense on the whole plant. The far-seeing manufacturer is working out the game on this basis.

"The shrewd merchant, too, works along this plan. Yet only the other day I met a drygoods man over at the club who complained that his store was costing him so much to operate that he was running behind. Business, he said, was rotten. 'Why don't you get some understudy products?' I asked him, and he looked at me in amazement. He'd only heard of understudies at the theaters.

"But in order to follow out the understudy product principle a merchant must pave the way with sound financing. The financing of a business is one of the fundamentals, and before I tell you about drygoods understudies I want to revert to Sam Green. The problem of financing brought me to another crisis.

"Sam Green's company and my own had grown away from mere office fixtures as a product and had taken up a line of factory equipment that had broad possibilities. I don't wish to make public the exact nature of this line—but that's of small consequence. The principle is the main consideration, and the principle is the same, no matter what you make or what you sell.

"Sam was fighting me with an army of salesmen, directed by captains and majors and colonels stationed here and there about the country. He had a fine selling organization—better than mine, I admit. I've never been quite so strong on selling as I have been on manufacturing, while Sam reversed the proposition. I believed, and still do believe, that selling should always be secondary to the manufacturer. This statement may seem strange to you; but you'll see in a few minutes that there's more danger of overdoing the selling end of the business than there is of devoting undue attention to your goods. However, I had a fair sales organization myself and we kept after Sam rather hard, so we had him by the coattail most of the time."

Sam Green Becomes Dangerous

"THE capital stock of my company at that time was two hundred thousand dollars. We had put up a number of additions to the factory and established several branch plants. All this required a great deal of money, so we increased the capital twice within three years—first to three hundred thousand and then to half a million dollars.

"Meanwhile my plants accumulated an extraordinary quantity of raw material and half-finished stock. Like most concerns, we borrowed from the banks for buying purposes, and sometimes our obligations were very large. It was at one of these times that we suddenly experienced difficulty in meeting our loans. This was due to strategic selling maneuvers on the part of Sam Green. By landing some big and publicly conspicuous contracts that we'd both been fighting for, he not only cut a lot of profitable business from under us but gained a prestige that meant serious future damage. It looked as if salesmanship after all were the chief factor in the game Sam and I were playing.

"It was a fact that a hungry period dawned on our horizon. We were out in the woods without even canned beans enough to go round. All our plants were stocked up with stuff we could not sell and our bank loans were falling due. We had overdone the financing; and the understudy product idea, though all right of itself, was not powerful enough to offset our stress.

"We held an emergency meeting of directors, and most of them clamored for another issue of stock. 'Make it seven hundred thousand dollars,' one of my associates urged. 'That will clear up our obligations and ease off the strain. We're big enough anyway to carry even a million dollars in capital. If we're going to fight Sam Green we've got to have dead loads of money.'

"Now I hadn't slept much the night previous. Night is a good time to get down to fundamentals, when you've got the whole world to yourself and there's nobody to disturb you except the milkman. So I told the directors that it wasn't more money we needed, but less money. We were intoxicated with money. There are more business malpractices committed in the name of capital than there are crimes that get into court. My concern was something like a wagon that's overloaded. The wagon may be able to hold the load and the mules can pull it as long as the road is good; but when it gets into the mud it sticks there. It needs less weight on the load and more in the mules. My company, in other words, had too much money tied up in real estate, equipment and material; it didn't have enough cash or quick assets—the mules that pull a business.

"You'll find this situation very common in all classes of business houses and in the homes of the men who work for those houses. Most men have heaps of quick liabilities, but their quick assets are almost nil. That's why so many fellows are always behind the game, paying the highest prices for the poorest groceries, and so on. It's the worst sort of financing. Quick assets and quick liabilities ought at least to even up; this is a test the banks often put on a man.

"I therefore proposed that we sell the branch factory real estate, concentrate our manufacturing on a more

(Continued on Page 53)

"It Didn't Take Me Long to Fire Old Hank Slosser and Pete Jorgan and Slim Mike"

THE CITIZEN IN COURT

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

AS ONE may at any time be compelled to resort to the courts in order to settle a controversy, he ought to know what tribunals are open to him and something of their jurisdiction. In the United States there are two distinct departments of justice—one maintained by the Government at Washington and called Federal courts; and the other maintained by each state as an independent sovereign and generally known as state courts. The jurisdictions of these tribunals are entirely distinct. Formerly the Federal courts maintained within the borders of a state were divided into the District Court and the Circuit Court of the United States. The former had jurisdiction over proceedings in bankruptcy and crimes against the Federal Government, such as counterfeiting, revenue infractions, and the like; the latter had jurisdiction over civil controversies between citizens of different states, aliens, and matters involving what are called "Federal questions."

A recent act of Congress, which went into effect on the first day of January, 1912, does away with the United States Circuit Courts and gives the District Courts the entire jurisdiction with respect to all cases or other proceedings heretofore cared for by the Circuit Courts.

The state also maintains a complete system of judicial tribunals for the trial of all crimes and controversies, from courts of first instance to a Supreme Court of Appeals. It will therefore be seen that there are here two distinct sets of tribunals sitting within the same geographical territory, but having no relation to each other. By far the largest volume of business in the courts of the United States is that arising from controversies between citizens of different states. If the amount involved aggregates the sum of two thousand dollars, exclusive of interest and costs, and the parties to the controversy are citizens of different states, the suit can be brought in the court of the United States. Thus it often happens that one has the option of selecting the tribunal in which his controversy shall be tried.

The Rights of Every Man

THE involved interests of our commercial relations between the states are such that a great deal of litigation may be brought into the courts of the United States or into the state courts—as the parties may elect. There is thought to be an advantage to the non-resident in having his controversy in the Federal courts, since he escapes local influence and prejudice; and his case may be carried upon an appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, instead of the state court of last resort. This appellate court is intermediate between the lower Federal courts and the Supreme Court of the United States, and its decisions are final, except in certain particular cases.

Controversies over great industrial enterprises—railroads and the like—are almost always brought in the Federal courts; and receiverships, and so on, involving such properties are usually instituted there. It should be borne in mind, however, that when the parties have made a selection of the court in which they will try their controversy they must adhere to it. If they begin in the state courts they must permit the state courts to settle the matter. They cannot change from one jurisdiction to the other—except that a citizen of a state cannot force a citizen of another state to try his cause in a state court if the amount in controversy is more than two thousand dollars, merely by bringing the suit, in the first instance, in the state court. The defendant can always remove it to the Federal court. If he does not remove it, however, and submits to the jurisdiction of the state court, he must remain there.

It is always important to remember that the rights of the citizen, guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, cannot be taken from him by the decision of a state court. He can always go to the court of the United States finally to settle his rights, under the Constitution or a treaty or an act of Congress.

Details cannot be given here of the complete jurisdiction of these courts or the methods of procedure; but these general suggestions ought to be known to everybody, because there is a good deal of confusion in the mind of the average man with respect to the courts of the United States and those of the state, and his rights and privileges in relation to them.

When one comes first into the courts he discovers an iron rule that gives him some concern—namely, that he is presumed to know the law, and that ignorance of it is never accepted as a defense. Lord Coke said that the law was the "refinement of reason." There will doubtless be found, in these days of hasty legislation, persons to take issue with his lordship upon that point; but, be that as it may, it is true there are certain aspects of the law which the reason or conscience of the average man is not likely to anticipate. Many of these things, of course, he has learned; but unless he had so learned them he would perhaps, upon his own reason, not have arrived at the conclusion of the law.

For instance, if one owed him a debt or had done him an injury he would naturally believe that his right to recover would remain until it was satisfied; but this is not the case. There are always statutes of limitation, differing in different states, providing a certain time within which one must bring his suit. Sometimes this period is very short; and the right of many a person to recover against a railroad company, or the like, for personal injury has been barred by statutes of limitation of which he was not aware.

Again, one would naturally think the intent with which one commits an act would determine whether or not it was a crime; but this is not always true. A man may carry a deadly weapon with the perfectly justifiable intent to defend his life from some vicious animal or the like; and yet for that act he may subject himself to a penal sentence and his justification would not even be heard as evidence in his behalf.

A school-teacher might undertake to make a system of medals for his school by the use of plaster-of-Paris moulds made over a coin; but if these moulds, bearing the impression of the coin which he used as a model, were found in his possession he would be subject to arrest by the Federal authorities, and could be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a number of years; nor would his explanation of his perfectly innocent intention be of any value to him. On the other hand, it is no crime against the laws of the United States to pass worthless Confederate money, though the Treasury Department has again and again pointed out how certain issues of it deceive the people.

Under the Protection of "False Pretenses"

THE laws of certain states are equally strange to the average man; for example, one who had obtained an estate in land for life would naturally believe that he could use anything in, on or under it for the purpose of support. The surface of the land might be absolutely barren, but it might contain great undeveloped coal deposits, or the like, of enormous value; and yet, in a certain jurisdiction, the person with the life estate could never touch this enormous wealth under the surface. He might die of starvation, but he would be compelled to pass on the riches under his feet to his successor.

The elements of certain crimes, also, the average man would not be likely to anticipate. He has the general idea that all wrongs are crimes, and he goes about his affairs under the impression that he is protected from the rogue by the penalties of the criminal law. This is a profound error. He may be wronged in a great number of ways in such a manner that the act is not a crime for which the rogue could be punished in a criminal tribunal; in fact, almost every crime—including murder—can be committed in such a way that, though the criminal be known and held in custody, the law is powerless to punish him. This is an amazing statement, but it is nevertheless true. Thus a rogue, in certain jurisdictions, may obtain anything

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Business—and the Other Thing

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

Ostable Outfitters Don't Rig 'Em That Way

MY PARTNER in the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store, Jim Henry Jacobs, come back from Boston with his head full of ideas and his pockets full of notions and handbills. He'd been to what the advertisements called the Industrial Exhibition in Mechanics' Buildin' up there, and had fetched back every last thing he could get for nothin' and some few that he bought cheap. He had a sample trap that, accordin' to the circular, would catch all the able-bodied rats in a township the fust night and make all the crippled and bedridden ones grieve themselves to death of disappointment because they couldn't get into it afore closin' hours. And he had the Gunners' Pocket Companion, which was a foldin' hatchet and butcher knife, with a corkscrew in the handle; and samples of "cereal coffee" that didn't taste like either cereal or coffee; and safety razors that were warranted not to cut—and wouldn't; and—and I don't know what all. These was side issues, however, as you might say. What he was really enthusiastic over was the Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screen. If he'd been a mosquito he couldn't have been more anxious about them screens.

"They're the greatest ever, Skipper!" he says to me, enthusiastic. "Fit any window; can't rust—and a child of twelve can put 'em up."

"That part don't count," says I. "Nowadays if a child of twelve ain't halfway through Harvard his folks send for the doctor. I may be a hayseed, but I read the magazines."

He went right along, never payin' no attention, and praisin' up them screens as if he was nominatin' 'em for office. Finally he made proclamation that he'd applied—in the store name, of course—for the Ostable County agency for 'em.

"But why?" says I. "We've got an adjustable screen agency now. And they're good screens too. No mosquito can get through them—unless it takes to usin' a can-opener, which wouldn't surprise me a whole lot."

"I know they are good screens," says he; "but there's nothin' new or novel about 'em. And, I tell you, Cap'n Zeb, it's novelty that catches the coin. We want to get the contract for screenin' that new hotel at West Ostable. It'll be ready in a couple of months and there's two hundred rooms in it. Let's say there are two windows to a room; that's four hundred screens—besides doors and all the rest. That hotel will need screens, won't it?"

"Need 'em!" says I. "In West Ostable! In among all them salt meadows and cedar swamps! It'll need screens and nettin's and insect powder and 'intment—even though nobody but the hard-of-hearin' boarders'll be able to sleep on account of the hummin'. Need screens! That hotel! My soul and body!"

Well, then, we must get the contract—that's all. And with the Adjustable Aluminum to start with, and he, Jim Henry, to do the talkin', we would get it. He'd applied for the county agency and the Adjustable folks had about decided to give it to him. They'd write and let us know pretty soon.

A week went by and we didn't hear a word. Then, on the followin' Monday but one, come a letter. Jim Henry was openin' the mail and I heard him rip loose a brisk remark.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"Matter!" he snarls. "Why, the miserable four-flushers have turned me down—that's all. Read that!"

I took the letter he handed me. It was typewrote on a big sheet of paper, with a printed head, readin': "Ormstein & Meyer, Hardware and Tools. Manufacturers of Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screens." And this is what it said:

MR. J. H. JACOBS,

OSTABLE GROCERY, DRYGOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES AND FANCY GOODS STORE, OSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Sir:—Regarding your application for Ostable County ag'y Eureka Adjustable Aluminum Window Screens, would say that we have decided to give ag'y to party named Geo. Lentz, who will give entire time to it instead making it a side issue as per your conversation with our Mr. Meyer. Regretting that we cannot do business together in this regard, but trusting for a continuance of your valued patronage, we remain

Yours truly,

ORMSTEIN & MEYER.

Dic. M—L. G.

"Now what do you think of that?" snaps Jim Henry, mad as he could stick. "What do you think of that!"

"Well," says I, slow, "I think that, speakin' as a man in the crosstrees, it looks as if you and me wouldn't furnish screens for the West Ostable Hotel."

He half shut his eyes and stared at me hard.

"Oh!" says he. "That's what you think, hey?"

"Why, yes," I says. "Don't you?"

"No!" he sings out, so loud that 'Dolph Cahoon, our new clerk, who'd been half asleep in the lee of the gingham and calico dressgoods counter, jumped up and stepped on the store cat. The cat beat it for port down the back stairs, whoopin' comments, and 'Dolph begun measurin' calico as if he was wound up for eight days.

"No!" says Jacobs again, soon as the cat's opinion of 'Dolph had faded away into the cellar—"No!" he says. "I don't think it at all. We may not sell Eureka Adjustables to that hotel, but we'll sell screens to it—and don't you forget that. I'll make it my business to get that contract if I don't do anything else. I'm no quitter, if you are!"

"Nary quit!" says I. "I'll stand by to pull whatever rope I can; but it does seem to me that this agent, whoever he is, will have an eye on that hotel. And, accordin' to your accounts, he's got better goods than we have."

"Maybe. But if he's a better salesman than I am he'll have to go some to prove it. I'll beat him, by fair means or foul, just to get even. That's a promise, Skipper, and I call you to witness it."

"Wonder who this Geo. Lentz is," says I. "'Tain't a Cape name, that's sure."

"I don't care who he is. I only wish he'd have the nerve to come into this store—that's all. He'd go out on the fly—I tell you that! And that's another promise." Maybe 'twas; but, if so ——. However, I'm a little mite ahead of myself; fust come fust served, as the youngest boy said when the father undertook to thrash the whole family. The fust thing that happened after our talk and the Eureka folks' letter was Jim Henry's goin' over to West Ostable to see Parkinson, the hotel man. He went in the new runabout automobile that he'd just bought and was gone pretty nigh all day. When he got back he was hopeful—I could see that.

"Well," says he, "I've laid the cornerstone. I've talked the Nonesuch"—that was the brand of screen we carried—"to beat the cars; and we'll have a show to get in a bid, at any rate. It'll be six weeks more afore the contract's given out, and meantime yours truly will be on the job. If our old college chum, G. Lentz, Esquire, don't hustle he'll be left at the post."

"What sort of a chap is this Parkinson man?" I asked.

"Oh, he's all right; big and fat and good-natured. A good feller, I should say. Likes automobilin', too, and thinks my car is a winner."

"Married, is he?" says I.

"No; he's a widower. That's a good thing too."

"Why? What's that got to do with it?"

"A whole lot. If he was married I'd have to take Mrs. P. along on our auto rides; and—let alone the fact that there wouldn't be room—she'd want to talk scenery instead of screens. Women and business don't mix."

This was a Tuesday. And when, on Thursday afternoon, I walked into the store, after havin' had dinner at the Poquit House, I found 'Dolph Cahoon—our new clerk I told you about—leanin' graceful and easy over the candy counter and talkin' with a young woman I'd never seen afore. I didn't look at her very close, but I got a sort of general observation as I walked aft to the post-office department; and, sifted down, that observation left me with remembrances of a blue serge jacket and skirt, cut clipper fashion and fittin' as if they was built for the craft that was in 'em; a little blue hat—a real hat; not a velvet tar barrel upside down—with a little white gull's wing on it; brown eyes and brown hair, and a white shirtwaist. I didn't stop to hail, you understand; but I judged that the stranger's home port wa'n't Ostable or any of the Cape towns. Ostable outfitters don't rig 'em that way.

I come in the side door, and 'Dolph or his customer didn't notice me. The young woman was lookin' into the showcase; and, as for 'Dolph, he wouldn't have noticed the President of the United States just then. He was twirlin' his red mustache with the hand that had the rock-crystal ring on the finger of it, and his talk was a sort of sugared purr—at least, that's the highest description of it that I can get at.

I set down in my chair at the postmaster's desk and begun to turn over some papers. Mary Blaisdell had gone to dinner and Jim Henry was away in his auto; so I was all alone. I turned over the papers, but I couldn't get my mind on 'em—the talk outside was too prevailin', so to speak.

"She's a Peach! Ain't She, Cap'n Zeb?"

'Dolph was doin' the heft of it. The young woman's answers was short and not too interested. 'Dolph was remarkin' about the weather and what a dull winter we'd had, and how glad he'd be when spring really set in and the summer folks begun to come—and so on.

"Really," says he, and though I couldn't see him I'd have bet that the mustache and ring was doin' business—"Really," he says, "there's a dreadful lack of cultivated society in this town, Miss—er ——"

He held up here, waitin', I judged, for the young woman to give her name. However, she didn't; so he purred ahead.

"There's so few folks," he says, "for a young feller like me—used to the city—to associate with. This is a jay place all right. I'm only here temporary. I shall go back to Brockton in the fall, I guess."

I guessed he'd go sooner; but I kept still.

"Are you goin' to remain here for some time?" he asked.

"Possibly," says the girl.

"I'm 'fraid you'll find it pretty dull, won't you?"

"Perhaps."

"I should be glad to introduce you to the folks that are worth knowin'. Are you fond of dancin'? There's a subscription ball at the town hall tonight."

This was what a lawyer'd call a leadin' question, seemed to me; but the answer didn't seem to lead to anything warmer than the North Pole. The young woman said, "Indeed?" and that was all; 'twould have been enough for anybody but 'Dolph.

"I'm perfectly dippy about waltzin'," he says. "By the way, won't you have some confectionery? These chocolates are pretty fair."

I riz to my feet. I don't mind bein' a philanthropist once in a while, but I like to do my philanthropin' fust-hand. And them chocolates sold for sixty cents a pound!

I had my hand on the doorknob. Just as I turned it I heard the young woman say, crisp and cold as a fresh cucumber:

"Pardon me, but will your employer be in soon? If not I'll call again—when he is in."

"You won't have to," says I, steppin' out of the post-office room and walkin' over toward the candy counter. "One of him's in now. 'Dolph, you can put them chocolates back in the case. Oh, yes—and you might associate yourself with the broom and waltz out and sweep the front platform. It's been needin' your cultivated society bad for the last two days."

The rest of that clerk's face turned as red as his mustache, and the way he slammed the chocolate box into the showcase was a caution! Then I turned to the young woman, who was as sober as a deacon except for her eyes, which were snappin' with fun, and says I:

"You wanted to see me, I believe, miss. My name's Zebulon Snow and I'm one of the partners in this jay place. What can I do for you?"

She waited until 'Dolph and the broom had moved out to the platform. Then she turned to me and she says:

"Captain Snow," she says, "I understand that your firm here is intendin' puttin' in a bid for the window screens at the new hotel at West Ostable. Is that so?"

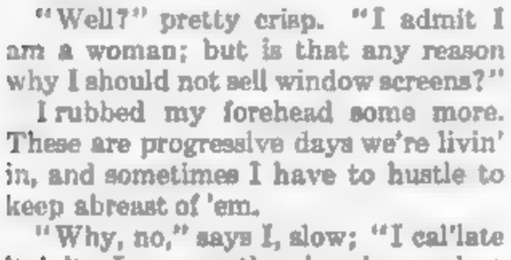
I was consider'ble surprised, but I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't tell the truth.

"Why, yes, ma'am," says I; "we are figgerin' on the job. Are you interested in that hotel? If you are I'd be glad to show you samples of the Nonesuch screen. We cal'late that it's a mighty slick article."

She smiled, pretty as a picture.

"I am interested in the hotel," she says; "and in screens, though not exactly in the way you mean, perhaps. Here is my card."

She took a little leather wallet out of her jacket pocket and handed me a card. I took it. 'Twas printed neat as could be; but it wa'n't the neatness of the printin' that set me all aback, with my canvas flappin'—'twas what that printin' said:



"What?—What!—Hey?" says I.

"Yes," says she.

"Agent for the Eureka Adjusta——You!"

"Why, yes; of course. The Eureka people wrote you that they had given me the agency, didn't they?"

I rubbed my forehead.

"They wrote my partner and me," I stammered, "that they'd given it to—to a feller named George—that is ——"

"Not George—Georgianna. Oh, I see! They abbreviated the name and so you thought —— Of course you did. How odd!"

She laughed. I'd have laughed too, maybe, if I'd had sense enough to think of it; but I hadn't, just then.

"You the agent!" says I. "A—a woman!"

"Yes."

"But—but a woman!"

"Well?" pretty crisp. "I admit I am a woman; but is that any reason why I should not sell window screens?"

I rubbed my forehead some more. These are progressive days we're livin' in, and sometimes I have to hustle to keep abreast of 'em.

"Why, no," says I, slow; "I cal'late 'tain't. I suppose there's no law against a woman's sellin' screens or anything else if she wants to; but I can't see ——"

"Why she should want to? Perhaps not. However, we needn't go into that just now. The fact is I do want to and intend to. I have secured a boardin' place here in Ostable and shall make the town my headquarters. This is a small community and one naturally prefers to be friendly with all the people in it. So, after thinkin' the matter over, I decided that it was best to begin with a clear understandin'. Do you follow me?"

"I—I guess so. Heave ahead; I'll do my best to keep you in sight. If the weather gets too thick I'll sound the foghorn. Go on."

"I am naturally desirous of securin' the hotel screen contract. So, I understand, are you. I have seen Mr. Parkinson, the hotel man, and he tells me that your firm and mine will probably be the only bidders. Now that makes us rivals; but it need not necessarily make us enemies. My proposition is this: You will submit your bid and I will submit mine. The party submittin' the lowest bid—quality of product considered—will win. I propose that we let it go in that way. We might, of course, do a great many other things—might attempt to bring influence to bear; might—well, might cultivate Mr. Parkinson's acquaintance, and—and so on. You might do that—so might I, I suppose; but, for my part, I prefer to make this a fair, honorable business rivalry, in which the best man—er ——"

"Or woman," I couldn't help puttin' in.

"In which the best bid wins. I have already demonstrated the Eureka for Mr. Parkinson's benefit and left a sample with him. He tells me that you have done the same with the Nonesuch. I will agree to let the matter rest there, submittin' our respective bids when the time comes and abidin' by the result. Now what do you say?"

'Twas pretty hard to say anything. I wanted to laugh; but I couldn't to that. If there ever was anybody in dead earnest 'twas this partic'lar young woman. And she wa'n't the kind to laugh at, either. She might be in a queer sort of business for a female—but she was nobody's fool.

"Well," she asks again, "what do you say?"

I shook my head. "I can't say anything very definite just this minute," I told her. "I've got a partner, and naturally I can't do much without consultin' him; but I will say this, though"—noticin' that she looked pretty disappointed—"I'll say that, fur's I'm concerned, I'm agreeable."

His Machine Hadn't Been Goin' Slow Afore. Now It Fairly Jumped Off the Ground and Flew

She smiled and, as I cal'late I've said afore, her smile was wuth lookin' at.

"Thank you so much, Cap'n Snow," she says. "Then we shall be friends, shan't we? Except in business, I mean."

"I hope so—sartin," says I. "Now it ain't none of my affairs, of course, but I am curious. How did you ever happen to take the agency for—for window screens?"

That made her serious right off. She might smile at other things, but not at her trade; that was life and death for sure.

"I took it," she says, "for several reasons. My mother died recently and I was left alone. My means were not sufficient to support me. I have done office work, typewritin', and so on, for some years; but I felt that the opportunities in the positions I held were limited and I determined to take up sellin'—that is where the larger returns are. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes—sartin."

"Yes. I knew Mr. Meyer slightly in a business way. I took the Eureka screen and sold it on commission about Boston for a time. Then I applied for the Ostable County agency and got it—that's all."

"I see," says I. "Yes, yes. Well, I must say that, for a girl, you ——"

She interrupted me quick.

"I don't see that my bein' a girl has anything to do with it," she says. "And in this agreement of ours, if it is made, I don't wish the difference of sex considered at all. This is a business proposition and sex has nothin' to do with it. Is that plain?"

"Yes," says I, considerin', "it's plain; but I ain't sure that ——"

"I am," she interrupts—"and you must be. I wish to be treated in this matter exactly as if I were a man. I wish I were one!"

"I doubt if you'd get most men to agree with you in that wish," I says. "However, never mind. I'll do my best to get Mr. Jacobs, my partner, to say 'Yes' to your proposal. And I hope you'll do fust-rate, even if we are what you call rivals. Drop in any time, Miss Georg—Georgianna, I mean."

We shook hands and she went away. I went as fur as the platform with her. When I turned to go in again I noticed 'Dolph Cahoon starin' after her, with his eyes and mouth open.

"Gosh!" says he, grinnin'. "By gosh! She's a peach! Ain't she, Cap'n Zeb?"

"Maybe so," says I, pretty short; "but I don't recollect that we hired you as a judge of fruit. Has that broom took root in the dirt on this platform? Or what is the matter?"

Jacobs come in late that afternoon.

"Say," says he, "there was a sample of the Eureka screen in Parkinson's office when I was there just now. He wouldn't say who left it or anything about it. When I asked he grinned and winked—that's all. Confound his fat head! Do you know where it came from?"

"I can guess," I says; and then I told him the whole yarn. He was as surprised as I was to find out that Geo. Lentz was a female; but it only made him madder than ever—if such a thing's possible.

"Wants to be treated like a man, does she?" he says. "All right; we'll treat her like one. She may be Georgianna, but she'll get just what was comin' to George."

"Then you won't agree to puttin' in the bids and lettin' it go at that?"

"I'll agree to get that screen contract, all right!" says he, emphatic.

I was kind of sorry for Miss Lentz; but Jim Henry was my partner, so there wa'n't nothin' more to be said. We didn't mention the subject again for two days. However, I did hear from the Eureka agent durin' that time. 'Twas 'Dolph that I got my news of her from. I was tellin' Mary Blaisdell about her and Cahoon happened to be standin' by.

"So she boards here in Ostable," says Mary. "I wonder where."

Afore I could answer, 'Dolph spoke up. "She's stoppin' at Maria Berry's, down on the Neck Road," he says.

"How did you know?" I asked.

He looked sort of silly. "Oh, I found out," says he, and walked off.

The very next evenin', as I was strollin' along the sidewalk, smokin' my good-night pipe, I happened to see somebody turn the corner from the Neck Road and hurry by me. I thought his gait and build were pretty familiar, so I turned and followed. When he got abreast the lighted windows of the billiard saloon I recognized him. 'Twas 'Dolph, all togged out in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds.

"Humph!" says I to myself. "So that's how you knew, hey? Been callin' on her, have you? Well, she may not hanker for my sympathy, but she has it just the same. I swan, I thought she had better taste. I'm surprised!"

The followin' mornin', however, I was more surprised still. I had an errand that made me late at the store. When I came in who should I see talkin' together but Jim Henry Jacobs and a young woman—the young woman was Miss Georgianna Lentz. They ought to have been quarrelin', 'cordin' to all reasonable expectations; but they wa'n't. Fact is, they seemed as friendly as could be.

Georgianna sighted me fust.

"Good mornin', Cap'n Snow," says she. "Mr. Jacobs and I have made each other's acquaintance, you see."

"Yes," says I, doubtful. "I see you have. I cal'late you think it's kind of unreasonable, our not ——"

Jim Henry cut in ahead of me quick as a flash.

"Miss Lentz and I have been goin' over the matter of screens for Parkinson's hotel," he says. "I tell her that her proposition suits us down to the ground."

Over I went on my beam-ends again. All I could think of to say was: "Hey?"—and I said that pretty feeble.

"It is very nice of you to do this," says Georgianna. "It makes it so much easier for me. Of course, when I decided to make business my lifework I realized that I might be called upon to do disagreeable things like—like wire-pullin', and so on, which some business people do; but honorable rivalry is so much better, isn't it?"

"Sure!" says Jacobs, prompt. "Yes, indeed."

"So it is all settled," she went on. "Our bids are to go in on the same day; and meantime neither of us is to call on Mr. Parkinson or to meet him—in a business way, I mean."

I nodded, bein' still too upset to talk; but Jim Henry spoke quick and prompt.

"What do you mean," he asks—"in a business way?"

"Why," says she—and it seemed to me that she reddened a little—"I mean that—well, if we should meet him by accident we wouldn't talk about screens or the hotel contract. Of course one can't help meetin' people

sometimes. For instance, I happened to meet Mr. Parkinson yesterday. He had driven over and happened to be in the vicinity of the house where I board. I was goin' out for a walk, and he stopped his horse and spoke."

"Oh," says I, "he did, hey?" Jim Henry didn't say nothin'.

"Yes," she says; "but I didn't talk about the contract. Though our agreement wasn't actually made then, I hoped that it would be. Good mornin'; I must be goin'."

She started for the door, but she turned to say one more thing.

"Of course," she says, decided, "it is understood that you haven't agreed to my proposal simply because I am a girl. If that was the case I shouldn't permit it. I insist upon bein' treated exactly as if I were a man. You must promise that—both of you."

"Sure! Sure! That's understood," says Jacobs.

I said "Sure!" too, but my tone wa'n't quite so sartin. She went out, Jim Henry goin' with her as fur as the door. I follered him.

"Say," says I, "next time you turn a back somerset like this I'd like to know about it in advance. I've got a weak heart."

He didn't answer me at all. He was starin' down the road, just as 'Dolph had stared when the Eureka agent called the fust time.

"Say, Jim ——" says I. He didn't turn or move; didn't seem to hear me. I touched him on the shoulder and he jumped and come about.

"Eh—what?" he says.

"Nothin'," says I, "only I want to know why—that's all."

"Why?" says he. "Oh!—you mean what made me change my mind? Well, I just thought it over and decided we might as well agree. Agreein' don't do any harm, you know. Hey, Skipper? Ha-ha!"

He slapped me on the shoulder and laughed. The laugh seemed too big for the joke and sounded a little mite forced, I thought.

"Yes, yes! Ha-ha!" says I. "But your changin' from lion to lamb so sudden ——"

"What are you talkin' about? I've got a right to change my mind, ain't I?"

"Sartin sure. But you was so set on gettin' that contract"

"Well, I ain't said I wasn't goin' to get it, have I? We're goin' to put in a bid, ain't we? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin' at all; but your breakfast don't seem to have set extry well! However, it takes two to make a row; and I'm peaceful, myself. What do you think of the rival entry? Kind of a nice-appearin' girl—don't you think so?"

He whirled round and looked at me as if he thought I was crazy.

"Nice-appearin'!" he says. "Nice-ap—— Why, she's ——"

Then he pulled up short and headed for the back room.

Nothin' of much importance happened for a while after that. And yet there was somethin'—two or three somethin's—that had a bearin' on the case. One was the change in 'Dolph Cahoon. For a few days after that night I met him on the road he was as gay and chipper as a blackbird in a pear tree—happy even when I made him work, which was surprisin' enough. And then, all to once, he turned glum and ugly. Wouldn't speak and seemed to be broodin' over his troubles all day long. I had my suspicions; and so, one time when him and me was alone, I hove over a little mite of bait just to see if he'd rise up and bite it.

"Seen anything of that Lentz girl lately?" I asked, casual.

"Naw," says he, "and I don't want to, neither! She's a bird, she is! Too stuck up to speak to common folks. Everybody's gettin' on to her—you bet! She won't make many friends in this town."

I grinned to myself. Thinks I: "I guess, young man, Georgianna's handed you your walkin' papers. You won't go down the Neck Road any more!"

And yet, an evenin' or so after that, I see somebody go down that road. I didn't see him plain, but I'd have almost taken my oath 'twas Jim Henry Jacobs. It couldn't be, of course—and yet ——

Well, two days later, I took back the "yet." I happened to be standin' at the side door of the store, lookin' across the fields, when I saw an auto with two people in it sailin' along the crossroad from the east'ard. 'Twas a runabout auto—and I looked and looked! Then I called to 'Dolph.

"'Dolph," says I, "come here! Whose automobile's that? If I didn't know Mr. Jacobs was off takin' orders in Denboro I should say 'twas his."

'Dolph looked.

"Humph!" says he—"'tis his. He's drivin' it himself. But who's that with him? What? Well, by gosh, if it ain't that stuck-up Georgianna Lentz!"

"Get out!" says I. "The softness of your heart has struck to your head. It's likely he'd be takin' her to ride, ain't it!"

And then Jacobs looked up and sighted us standin' in the doorway. His machine hadn't been goin' slow afore—now it fairly jumped off the ground and flew. In a minute there was nothin' but a dustcloud in the offing.

He came in about noon. I didn't say nothin', but I guess my face was enough. He looked at me, turned away—and then turned back again.

"Well," he says, loud and cheerful, "you saw us, didn't you? I was goin' to tell you, anyway, soon as I got the chance."

"Oh," says I, "I want to know."

"Sure, I was. Of course you see through the game."

"The game?"

"Why, yes, yes! The game I'm playin'—the game that's goin' to get us that screen contract! Oh, I wasn't born yesterday. I knew a thing or two. This—er—Lentz girl and you and me have agreed not to go near Parkinson till the contract's given out; but Parkinson ain't promised not to go near her! He's been over there two or three times lately, and that won't do. He's a widower, and ——"

"A widower!" I put in. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothin'—nothin'. Just a joke—that's all. But I realized right away that she and he mustn't be together or he'll make her talk screens in spite of herself, and that'll be dangerous for us. So, says I to myself, 'Jim Henry,' says I, 'it's up to you. You must keep her out of his way.' That's why I've been goin' to see her once in a while and—and takin' her to ride, and—and so on. See? Oh, I'm wise! You trust your old doctor of sick businesses."

He'd been talkin' a blue streak. Seemed almost as if he was afraid I'd say somethin' afore he could say it all. Now he stopped to get his breath and I put in a word.

"So," says I, slow, "that's why you're doin' it, hey? But ain't that —— You know you promised to treat her just as if she was a man!"

"Well, ain't I?" he snaps—hotter than was needful, I thought. "If she was a man I'd make it my business to keep her in sight, wouldn't I? Well, then!"

He stalked off. I follered him; and as I done so I noticed 'Dolph Cahoon duck behind the calico counter. I judged he'd heard every word.

The finishin' work on the hotel hustled along and inside of a month we got word that 'twas time to put in our bid. Jacobs and I figured and figured till we got the price down to the last cent we thought it could stand, and then we sent our proposition over to Parkinson by mail.

"Wonder if Miss Georgianna's sent hers in," I says, casual.

"Oh, yes," says Jim, prompt; "she is goin' to mail it this mornin'."

I didn't ask him how he knew. His chasin' round and keepin' watch on a girl who was as fair-minded and square as she was had always seemed too much like spyin' to please me, and I cal'lated he knew how I felt—at any rate he'd scarcely spoke her name since the day when I saw 'em autoin' together. But now I did say that, so long as the bids was in, it wouldn't be necessary for him to keep his eye on her any longer.

He looked at me kind of queer. "Umph!" he says; "maybe not!" And he walked away to attend to a customer.

That afternoon he took his car and went off on his reg'lar order trip to Denboro and Bayport—and round. 'Dolph Cahoon and I was alone in the front part of the store. 'Dolph seemed to be in mighty good spirits—for him—and kept chucklin' to himself in a way I couldn't understand. At last he says, lookin' back to be sure that Mary Blaisdell, in the post-office department, couldn't hear:

"Cap'n Zeb," he says, "what would you give the feller that got the screen contract for you?"

"Give him?" I says. "What feller do you mean—Parkinson? I wouldn't give him a cent! I ain't a briber and I don't think he's a grafter."

"I don't mean Parkinson," he says, chucklin'. "But suppose somebody else had been workin' for you on the quiet, what would you give him?"

I looked him over.

"Look here, 'Dolph," says I; "I never try to guess a riddle till I hear the whole of it. What are you drivin' at?"

He grinned. "I know who's goin' to get that contract," he says.

"You do. Who is it?"

"The Ostable Store's goin' to get it. Your bid's a little mite the lowest. Parkinson told me so last night."

"Parkinson told you!" I sung out. "How did you happen to see Parkinson?"

He winked.

"Oh, I saw him!" says he. "I've seen him a good many times lately. I made it my business to see him. He was pretty stuck on the Eureka till I got after him and I cal'late he'd have contracted for Eurekas, bid or no bid. But I put in my licks; I've drove over to West Ostable four nights and two Sundays in the last fortni't. And didn't I preach Nonesuch to him! He-he! You bet I did! And last night he said he was goin' to give us the job. Oh, I fixed that stuck-up Georgianna Lentz! I got even with her. He-he-he!"

I never was madder in my life. I took two steps toward him with my fists doubled up. "You whelp!" says I—and then I stopped short. The Lentz girl herself was walkin' in at the front door.

"Good mornin', Cap'n Snow," she says, holdin' out her hand. She paid no more attention to 'Dolph than if he'd been a graven image. "Good mornin'," says she. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

I was past carin' about the weather.

"Miss Georgianna," says I, "I'm glad you come in. I've got somethin' to tell you. I've got to beg your pardon for somethin'—that ain't my fault or Mr. Jacobs' either. You and my partner and me had an agreement not to go nigh Parkinson or try to influence him in any way. Well, unbeknown to me, that agreement's been broke."

She stared at me, too astonished to speak.

"It's been broke," says I. "That—that critter there," pointin' to 'Dolph, "has been sneakin' ——"

'Dolph's face had been gettin' redder and redder. I cal'late he thought I'd praise him for his doin's; and when he found I wouldn't, but was goin' to give the thing away, he blew up like a leaky biler.

"I ain't been sneakin'!" he yelled. "And I ain't broke no

(Continued on Page 64)

All I Could Think of to Say Was "Hey?"—and I Said That Pretty Feeble

A Message From Edison to the Man Who Pays the Bills

By Roger W. Babson

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT JOHNSON

KNOWING that Thomas A. Edison has some very firm ideas relative to the reasons for the present high cost of living, I recently visited him in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey. "Mr. Edison," I asked, "have you a message that I can give to the American people through the columns of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST relative to the high cost of living?" He replied: "Yes; I can give you a message, but whether or not the people will take any stock in it is another question. You see the popular thing today is to curse the manufacturers; and our Government, courts and public speakers believe that the producer is at the bottom of our troubles. Now you all are barking up the wrong tree when you lay the present troubles to the producer. If you will carefully collect statistics you will find that the trouble begins at some point between the time when the goods leave the shipping room and when they arrive at the consumer's home.

"If you will take the twelve leading articles that the workingman buys today—such as meats, flour, furniture, crockery, clothing, coal and the like—and will note the difference between the cost of these goods when they leave the manufacturer and when they reach the consumer, you will find it self-evident where the trouble lies. Take the article of furniture, which allows a profit of 100 per cent to the retail dealer, or of foodstuffs—especially vegetable foods—where the profit at some point must be 1000 per cent, and you will see that the difficulty lies, not with the method of manufacture but rather with the method of distribution. The item of coal is the most flagrant illustration. The very best bituminous coal sells in the ground for about three cents a ton, and when it is brought to the surface the coal operator receives only about eighty cents a ton; but when it reaches your town and mine we are obliged to pay several dollars a ton."

This statement of Mr. Edison reminded me of one that Senator Burton made in Washington a while ago. "Innumerable examples may be given of the very considerable difference between the original cost to the manufacturer and the final charge to the consumer," said the Senator. "Some weeks since, figures were carefully prepared in regard to the manufacture and sale of an article of clothing now in very general use. The manufacturer charged $24.90 a dozen. Each dozen included different sizes. The retailer charged from $4 to $10 a garment. The total sales averaged about $6.50 for each, or a total of $78 to the consumer as against $24.90 to the manufacturer. The retailer is not to be blamed. The pressure of population in cities, the greater demands of modern life resulting in higher rents and higher cost for services rendered to him, make it essential that he should charge more for his goods."

Leaks Between Producer and Consumer

"AN ENTIRE revolution in methods of distribution is imminent. The consumer will be brought nearer to the producer. Great warehouses will be substituted for small and scattered shops, especially in the case of staple articles where confidence in the seller and exceptional skill are not essential features. The possible economy of large-scale production and the undertaking by one organization of the various processes, even from the raw material through manufacture and distribution to the consumer, have been demonstrated by some of the great corporations of the country. However much we may decry this tendency, we may be reasonably certain that it will be adopted."

"Of course," said Mr. Edison, "there is a reason for this abnormal leak between the consumer and the producer; and examination shows conclusively the main source of this leak, which is that there are five times as many retailers in every city as there should be. Impossible as it may seem, it nevertheless is true that the more grocery stores in a town of a given population, the higher prices the people in that town are obliged to pay for their groceries, and the same is true of drugs, drygoods and every other commodity. Of course too few stores may cause congestion, monopoly and high prices; but a normal minimum number of stores permits minimum prices, and any additional stores above this required minimum ultimately cause increased prices in any community. Moreover, this is not a foolish Socialistic doctrine, but it is a fact, and can be demonstrated by pencil and paper. Everything passes through too many hands. There are too many useless middlemen."

I then inquired how this state of affairs could be remedied, to which he replied: "It can be remedied only through educating the people and telling them of the real facts. Such papers as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hold the future of this country in their hands, and it is only by continually preaching a correct doctrine that ultimate good can be accomplished. Legislation is of little use. You know the theory that 'the resultant acts of all legislation cannot be above the average intelligence of the most ignorant legislators.' No; our legislators will never legislate against lawyers and other non-producers, for the majority of them are non-producers themselves.

"Why, on Broadway there are about three hundred men's furnishing stores which should be closed up. Just the rental alone amounts to a fabulous sum, and when to the rent is added the wages of the clerks, bookkeepers and other employees, the waste is simply enormous. Now who pays for this waste? I will tell you who pays for it—you and I pay for it, and the best evidence of this is that on Sixth Avenue we can purchase the same necktie for 25 per cent less than we can buy it for on portions of Broadway; and if the truth could be known, the Sixth Avenue man is probably making 100 per cent as it is. Moreover, you and I are getting off easily. Really it is the poor people who are forced to carry the load. We get our coal for $6 or $7 a ton, but they are obliged to pay $15 or $20. We get our potatoes for 60 cents a bushel, while they are compelled to pay $3 to $5 a bushel for them; and so it is all along the line."

Thereupon I asked Mr. Edison whether a system of coöperative stores, such as exists in England, would not solve this problem. But he shook his head and said: "No; they do not seem to be on a real economic basis. It seems to me that the man who makes a success in a coöperative store would be apt to start in business for himself, with the result that the coöperative stores would in the end be run by men possessing but little real ability. No; I seriously doubt if the coöperative store is the true solution of the problem. The problem must finally be solved through the entire elimination of the middleman, and by the manufacturer and producer coming in direct touch with consumers through the advertising columns of standard publications, aided by a Government parcels-post and warehousing system."

At this point Mr. Edison and I talked relative to the standardizing of goods, which must play a very important part in this great industrial revolution through which we are to pass.

In closing this part of the discussion, Mr. Edison, who certainly seems to have the interest of the workingman very much at heart, said: "Mr. Babson, when I talk this subject over with most men and emphasize, as I do, the necessity of eliminating the middleman, they seem to feel that the saving would not be sufficient to pay for the first hardship caused by such an economic revolution. I therefore wish to impress upon the public that the advantage is twofold: for when the storekeeper quits his job on Broadway he not only ceases to be a parasite on the community and brings about a reduction in the cost of distribution, but in order to live he is forced to the farm or into the factory and made to produce, and thus performs a double service. Furthermore, in reducing the cost of living the workingman is not interested in saving a very large sum, but rather simply desires to keep his expenses within his receipts. You have no idea what a difference of ten cents means to many a laboring man; and this is most forcibly impressed upon me as I see my own men walk four or five miles along the railroad tracks through snow and rain in order to save ten cents a day."

Selling Goods Below Cost

"THESE are the men whom I believe to be worthy of help, and if our charitable organizations would give more thought to reducing the cost of living in order to help such worthy men as these, and less to charity balls and the dispensing of Christmas dinners, the poor would be very much better off. You remember Dickens' statement, which ran somewhat like this: 'Income 20 shillings; outgo 20 shillings 6 pence—result misery. Income 20 shillings 6 pence; outgo 20 shillings—result happiness.'"

After paying his compliments to the middleman, as above outlined, Mr. Edison launched forth on a subject that is very near his heart and in which many economists believe him to be absolutely right, although the doctrine is far from popular. Mr. Edison believes that there is one piece of legislation which, if intelligently enacted, would do much toward reducing the cost of living—I refer to Mr. Edison's plan of preventing manufacturers from selling goods below cost plus a fair profit. Now this could be accomplished in two ways: either by compelling manufacturers to sell goods in all parts of the country at the same prices at the same time, or else by allowing manufacturers of a given article to unite in selling goods at cost plus a reasonable interest on the money, the price being based on expert accountants' figures for the last previous five-year period. Eliminating the effect of increased gold production and the middleman, Mr. Edison claims that the three principal causes of the rise in the cost of living are as follows: First, the elimination of competition in

manufacturing; second, the destruction of our natural resources; and third, adulteration in its varied forms. On each of these points Mr. Edison gave me a message that I can pass on to my readers, showing how sane legislation forbidding the sale of goods below cost will greatly aid in providing normal competition, in conservating our resources and preventing adulteration.

As to the effect of such legislation on the encouraging of competition, he continued: "Our so-called trusts are not harmful because they are big. There is no economic harm in great corporations because they are great; in fact, from an economic point of view, the great corporation should be of distinct advantage to the consumer, enabling goods to be manufactured and distributed at a lower cost than could be possible through small corporations. Rather the curse of the large corporation is its ability to sell goods below cost in a certain locality for a certain length of time, in order to stamp out competition in that locality; and then after said competition has been crushed, its ability to raise the prices in that locality and lower them again in some other. In other words, the Standard Oil Company could never have attained a position where it could abnormally raise its prices had it been forbidden to sell below cost.

"Although ruinous competition is in reality as costly in manufacturing as in distribution, yet a limited amount of competition is justifiable and advantageous. The independent manufacturer, however, does not fear the raising but rather the lowering of prices on the part of the great trusts. If the Government should forbid the sale of goods below cost there is a sufficient number of small independent producers in every commodity to keep the cost of that commodity down to a minimum. Of course under such a law it would be necessary to reorganize a great many of our trusts, and much of the water of which their capital is made up would necessarily be squeezed out; but such drastic legislation would enable the independent manufacturer to get a hold, and so long as real, fair competition exists commodity prices will be at a minimum. On the other hand, the present system of allowing the trusts sometimes to sell below cost to crush out competition prevents any independent producer from getting a start. Moreover, you and I who live in some other community are obliged to furnish the trusts with the ammunition with which they are destroying this independent producer, who is our only salvation.

"The secret of restraining corporate greed," proceeded Mr. Edison, "is to hold the big corporations in check by forbidding the sale of goods below the cost of production plus a fair rate of interest. This will keep enough little fellows in the business to hold prices down to a normal low level. When this is accomplished all production and distribution are reduced to the question of quality; then the corporation that produces the best goods and distributes them in the most economical manner is the corporation that will win out. It is only under this method that the cost of living can be truly reduced."

I then asked why such legislation as he suggested would conserve our natural resources. In response his bright eyes flashed when he replied: "Well, take coal, for example. Today thousands of independent operators throughout this country are running our great coal beds simply to keep themselves from bankruptcy. Owing to the sharp competition among coal operators and the fact that the Government forbids all pooling and combinations, there has been a great decline in the price of coal at the mines. Of course you and I have not received much of the benefit of this reduction, because as fast as the operators have reduced the price the railroads have increased the freight rate; but, as you will note from a careful study of the coal situation, the only way that the average independent mine operator can today make a cent a ton profit is by mining his best coal in the most reckless and destructive manner. For every year that our coal mines are allowed to be operated in this prodigal manner the coal supply of our country is being reduced at an increased rate of 100 per cent faster than is necessary. If, however, the coal operators should be forbidden to sell below cost plus a fair rate of interest, they would cease mining their easiest coal and instead would use a proper scientific method, which should greatly lengthen the life of the mines. Therefore, to prevent the robbing of mines the United States Government should have laws regulating the mining of coal. There should also be laws restricting the cutting of timber and other wasteful methods which manufacturers are today compelled to employ owing to forced competition.

In this connection I wish to say a word of praise relative to the agitation in favor of the conservation of our resources which has been going on for the past few years. The destruction of our natural resources is a great national problem, a problem that should be grasped and solved at the earliest possible moment; and, personally, I am absolutely sure that the simple solution lies in enacting a law preventing the sale of goods below cost plus a reasonable rate of interest—of course under Government regulation."

I next sought for a statement relative to how such legislation will prevent adulteration; in fact, I suggested that adulteration had been greatly done away with during the past few years. Again his eyes flashed as he quickly replied:

"It is true that there has been a decline in the adulteration of food products, but in order to have adulteration it is not necessary to adulterate food. It is true that they do not adulterate sugar any longer because they cannot purchase for use in the adulteration a white material that is cheaper than sugar; but they adulterate salt with chalk and then charge more for it because it won't stick! But when you refer to food adulteration you touch upon only a very small part of the subject. You do not eat Portland cement; but you can adulterate it with ashes and a number of other things!"

At this point Mr. Edison told a story which, although it has no real bearing on the point in question, is rather amusing. It is a story of a milkman who, being charged with putting water in the milk that he sold, was brought before a judge. The maximum fine for such an offense was $50. The judge, however, instead of fining him $50 fined him only $45. After the case was over one of the attorneys asked the old judge why it was that he fined the milkman only $45. In reply the judge said that as near as he could learn this man's milk was only nine-tenths water, and that he was saving the $50 fine for a man who sells as milk something entirely water. Mr. Edison thus demonstrated to me very clearly that the enactment of a simple law forbidding the sale of goods below cost plus a fair rate of interest will do more toward the elimination of adulteration than all the other statutes that Congress could pass in a generation. *(Concluded on Page 54)*

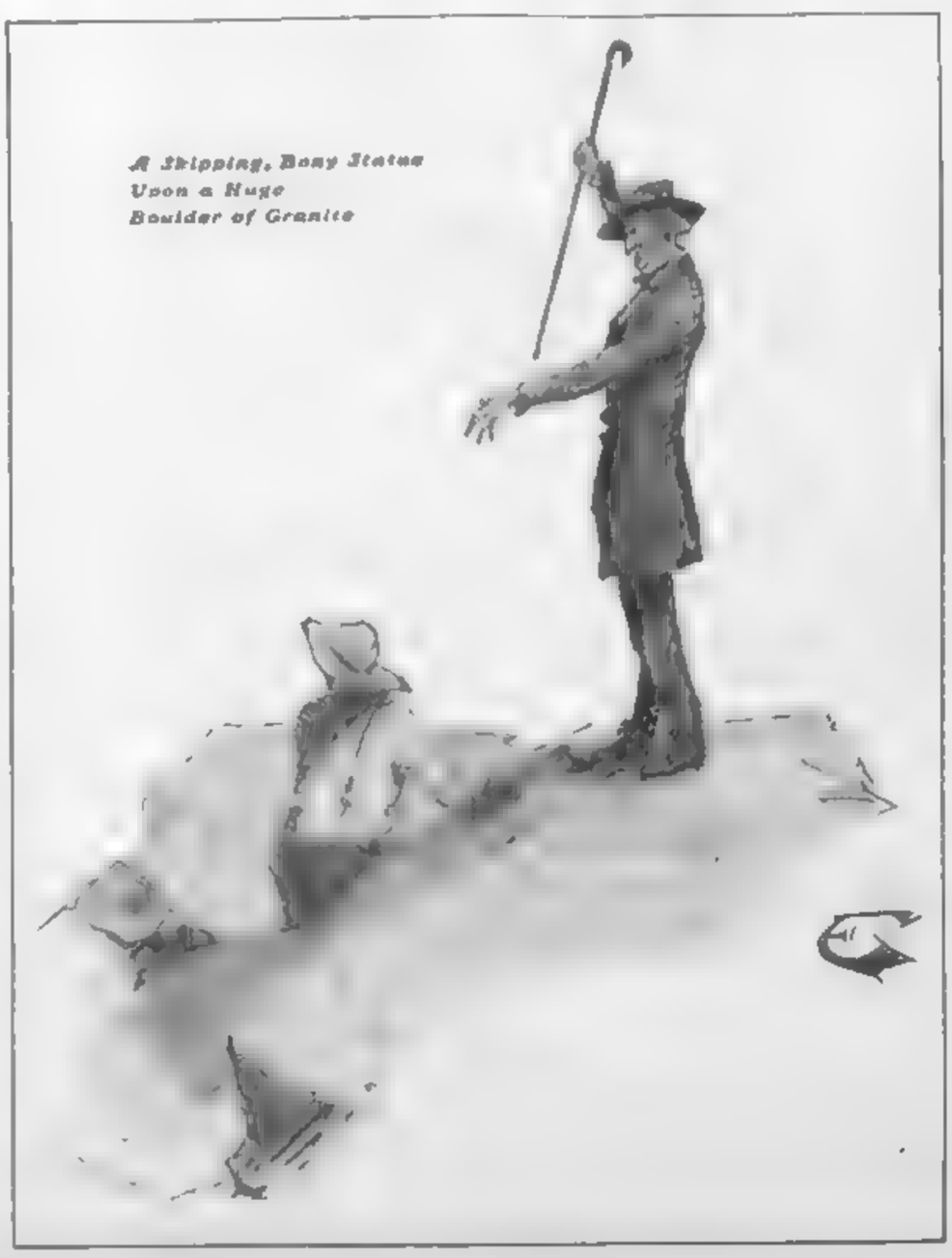
THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

XIII

I AM OBLIGED to employ the historical method in this chapter. And by historical I mean that method by which the greater and most important portion of the people concerned are left out of the narrative, and a few men and women become the lay figures of it, clothes-horses upon which the writer hangs only those deeds that reflect the high light of achievement. This is as much a matter of regret to me as it can possibly be to the reader. For we have all observed what a decimating thing, humanly speaking, history is. It reduces every hero down merely to his deeds. A sentence is devoted to his personality and fourteen chapters to what he accomplished. This is why the average person with a natural mental palate finds history so uninteresting. The authors of it so rarely condescend to tell the shape of the victorious general's nose or whether he wore a mustache or was clean shaven. The fault of not putting in more personal portraiture is illustrated by the tenacity with which we cling to it when the least little anecdote of it is included. Has any one who has read the biography of Cromwell ever forgotten that he had a mole on his nose? And no one will deny that the history of the French people is particularly interesting because the French personality is so closely related to comedy and melodrama that even the historians have been unable entirely to expurgate the heroism of its antics and tears. But how much easier it would be to remember all the details of the battle of Waterloo if some of the staccato comments of the French soldiers smeared with mire and blood on that day had found their way into the narrative, or if some historian with real bowels had revealed the fact that the Duke of Wellington was slightly bowlegged and that he was inordinately fond of raw onions. This would have introduced the little mortal deviation from the absurdly perfect that differentiates the man from the mere hero, and it would have insured that little line of caricature without which no human achievement exists or can be set down veraciously. This is why the heroes of history sustain the same relation to the living men they really were that a machine-turned vase sustains to one molded by hand. The former may be had for fifteen cents each, but the latter, thumb-dented by the mind of an artist, is of enormous value.



A Skipping, Bony Statue Upon a Huge Boulder of Granite

Still there is some excuse for the historian. It is the same I make for this chapter. There are not enough historians in the world to write the life of even one man, and a volume of a thousand pages would be required to dramatize the life of Ruckersville during the three months that followed the tearing down of the old Joe Rucker mansion, the opening of a stone quarry upon the ground where it stood, the hauling off of the great beams and timbers to be used in that other mysterious building that Jim Bone was erecting on the north of the square. The whole town was in a state of hysteria. When you have been in a Rip Van Winkle trance for forty years you are apt to awaken with a start at the sound of hammer and saw and incessant clinking of stone masons in your very midst. It was as if Bone had poked a long stick into an old hornet's nest and ruthlessly waggled it to and fro. The streets swarmed with excited citizens who buzzed and darted about from one group to another. That which had created even a greater sensation than the new building was the hasty opening of the stone quarry. It appeared that the founder of Ruckersville had chosen a valuable granite foundation upon which to build and had blasted his wine cellar out of the solid rock. And it was a fact that some of the stones that went into the Bone building in the square were soaked and stained with this ancient grape juice. But the people of the town were not so much impressed with the opening of a new industry that insured employment to every idle negro who could blast or strike a chisel as they were with the sacrilege involved. It was as if Bone had broken into the underground mausoleum of Ruckersville and was dragging up the very foundation of its traditions. Even the tombstones in the adjacent churchyard appeared to lean over upon

their elbows, aghast. As a matter of fact, many of them had been leaning for a quarter of a century; but the din of the hammers in the quarry, the sudden blasts, the outrageous Casey Jones chorus of the negroes singing in rhythm with the strokes, gave an expression and a meaning to these tumbling monuments, as if the dead beneath had been disturbed and were turning over in their sleep and rumpling their headstones. A sort of indignation meeting was held in the church one Sabbath evening after services, where it was decided to move the cemetery beyond earshot of Bone's devilish activities.

The captain, who was far from being a religious man, was the spokesman who laid the situation before this meeting. And it was an hour bordering upon triumph in the church when circumstances united his heart and interests with those of the good people. There was a gentle stir in the evening congregation, like the rustle of its spiritual feathers, when the pastor, Brother Clark, at the close of the last hymn arose and, instead of pronouncing the benediction, said:

"Brethren and sisters, we have with us tonight Captain Alexander Rucker-Martin, who wishes to say a few words upon a subject very near our hearts."

Brother Clark then stepped back, turned two long, mournful coat-tails to the congregation for a moment, faced about, parted them, and let himself down in his chair at the rear of the pulpit with the air of a man who is sitting down upon the Holy Scriptures and feels utterly unworthy of the privilege. His long white face bore that clean-shaven, chastened expression peculiar to ministers who feel and preach that they are pilgrims and sojourners in this world, which is not good enough for them or any other Christian man.

Immediately the captain arose from somewhere out of the bosom of the congregation, side-stepped his way past a dozen knees, reached the aisle and went down it with his head up, his white shirt swelling out in front like the breast of a pouter pigeon. His mustache bristled; his little white peg goatee worked with the emotion of his chin muscles. He wheeled when he reached the chancel rail like an old military relic on parade, sighted along the gunbarrel of his memories with a fiercely focused expression, and began:

"My friends, it is well known to you that I have not been as good a Christian soldier as I have been just a soldier."

He paused with the air of a veteran addressing the home militia.

"A cankering wound does not fit a man for the millennium so much as it preserves him in the memories of the battle-rimmed past. But"—he drew himself up like a sentry about to challenge his death angel—"I have a duty to the dead. They were my comrades. I am an old stalk left wind-blown but still standing upon a deserted field. I am here tonight in the midst of graves." He waved his hand toward the open windows through which every tombstone glistened, and with the swing of his feeble arm the church vanished, the scalloped rows of men and women before him were instantly outside wandering in their thoughts from one quiet mound to another. "In these graves for forty years men sleep who stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the fog rising from twenty-five thousand Yankee guns in the valley below Missionary Ridge. They outnumbered us nearly a hundred to one. But we stood like a crown of terrible thorns upon that great hill till nearly every man fell. You remember how most of us were brought back home to you, dead and dying, to be buried around this church where we were christened and learned our a, b, ab's in faith. There has not been one hour of my life since when I have not felt out of place above ground." He went on with a sob. "It's a sort of disgrace to survive such men in such a battle, and never till now have I been reconciled, never till now have I understood the strange dispensation of Providence that left me so outraged among the inglorious living. But within these last weeks I have discovered my own faith in the Great Commander. My friends, I am the sentry left to guard the sacred sleep of my comrades. And I am here tonight to call your attention to the unholy clamor by which their repose is disturbed and to propose that we break camp and withdraw beyond the din that has been raised over there!" He pointed indignantly at the quarry, shining white and dishevele like an immense looted sepulcher among the trees upon the knoll on the outside of the churchyard. "I not only propose, I demand that we remove the ashes of our ancestors and our heroes to such a distance from the irreverent new activities of this town as shall insure their repose. The living owe but one debt to the dead, that they shall rest in peace!" exclaimed the old man with a flourish and a passion that implied that the dead may also suffer from a helpless insomnia. He wheeled and marched back to his seat with the air of a veteran who has fired his last shot and is willing to die by the issue.

This was the beginning of an agitation that resulted in the resolution of the citizens of Ruckersville to purchase a cemetery beyond the edge of the town and to remove the ashes of its former citizens to a safe distance from the increasing noise of Jim Bone's enterprises.

"I Myself Have Promised to Furnish an Epitaph in Verse for Each"

But when the captain himself skipped from one block of granite to another round the quarry the next day to where Bone was watching the tamping of a charge of dynamite, and informed him of this decision, he received another shock.

"It's a good idea," commented that worthy without even lifting his eyes to observe the effect of his opinion upon the captain. "The people of this town have been drinking water that seeps and drains through dead men's bones till they have caught the contagion of being dead, to say nothing of the fever we get from it. If you agree I'll buy the church and ground as soon as you move your tombstones and ashes, and I'll pay you enough for it to build another church farther from the quarry—not that I expect to operate it yet on Sundays," he added with whimsical impudence.

The captain balanced himself like a skipping, bony statue upon a huge boulder of granite, waved his cane futilely in the air, batted his eyes with snapping rage, all in vain. Mr. Bone continued to stare down at the man who was gently manipulating the fuse connected with the charge of dynamite.

"And what will you do with the church?" the captain sputtered at last, no longer able to restrain his curiosity.

"Haven't decided yet," replied Bone; "convert it into a factory of some kind. Thinking some of backbands or horse-collars."

"Damme, sir! Would you take the house of God for such vulgar purposes?" exclaimed the captain.

"If anything belongs to the Lord, everything does—this quarry as much as that church. And it's as much a service to man to give him the means of a livelihood in this world as it is to give him the gospel for another. Turn about is fair play. He's had preaching out of that old church for nearly a hundred years. He's been taxed to build it, keep it in repair and support it; now let it shelter an enterprise where he can earn a living."

The captain stood like a man who felt the devil's horns near him, but could not see them. He was silent, reaching this way and that mentally for the forked tail of the argument with the honorable intention of pinching it. But before the captain could get his spiritual fingernails in the right place, Bone took the cigar he was smoking out of his mouth and turned upon the captain a countenance so conscientious with a new and blasphemous kind of morality that the captain almost caught his breath as he listened.

"Understand me," Bone went on; "I begrudge no man his faith; but we are come to the time when we must practice it more and merely sing about it less. That makes hypocrites. It's obliged to make hypocrites. It don't amount to anything, giving all your goods to feed the poor or swapping lies about the heathen; it just impoverishes you and makes you the victim of a sing-song piety. If God made all the stars He's a terrible busy, enterprising God. He's got 'em started and goin' so that the heavenly bodies go on baking and cooling seven days in the week. You needn't tell me the Creator rests on Sunday. It's just a figure of speech. He's stoked His fire so that the oven of the universe goes on baking little biscuit planets clean through the Sabbath. And there's no astronomer that records that any of His shining works pull off their little vaporous shirt-tails on Sunday, put on fresh ones and go to divine worship. The only worship you can see any sign of in the heavens is the obedience to the law of life and growth and death and resurrection again into life, and so on. Nothing religious, bound to God, ought to be idle. That's the trouble here in Ruckersville. You count too much on just redeeming grace and on your missionary collections and church dues. You just know the hymns and Scriptures; you never have noticed the actual ways of God, as you call Him, nor the example He sets along the lines of healthy industry. I'm no preacher, but I'll be danged if I don't believe I'm fixing to be a practical theologian; and if it can be done, I aim to redeem this town."

It is a strange coincidence that the longest, most self-revelatory speech made by the hero so far should be recorded in a chapter devoted merely to the tabulation of certain incidents. And I am myself at a loss to account for it. He entered these pages as a griping lover, and nothing was farther from my mind or expectation than that he should develop the other Doctor Jekyll of his character. But every man has the personality of many different individuals in him. Fortunately most of them die undeveloped; otherwise, every thief would also be an honest man, and every honest man a thief. When God created man He made the ancestor and son of all paradoxes. Jim Bone, for example, might have remained to the end of this tale merely the lover of Sylvia Story and the unattainable masculine ideal of every other unmarried woman in Ruckersville, if he had not attended revival services in the church and caught an unbiased vision of the situation by construing the piety of Ruckersville into an explanation of its dogmatic respectability, its cowardly inertia and pathetically sincere hypocrisies, and then compared all to the life and courage and freedom of the world out of which he had drifted into its eddies. It was a gamble whether the comparison resulted in any action upon his part—heads, he'd kiss Sylvia Story and leave; tails, he'd remain and work out a new solution to the problem in that place where the arithmetic of life had so long been closed. Tails it was, and he was simply giving a vocative demonstration to the captain of what was to him as new a train of ideas as it could possibly be to any man in Ruckersville.

There was once an incorrigible youth who was fitting himself for the gallows with a thoroughness often observed in the wicked and rarely seen in the good. On a certain morning some one gave him a rose. It was not the kindness that impressed him. It was the rose. He was fascinated by the charm of the flower. The creative energies of his mind were stirred. From that day till his death, during a long and harmless life, he engaged in the ambition to develop and grow more and more perfect roses. Something like this had happened to Jim Bone. He was suddenly thrilled and stirred by the determination to breathe the breath of industry, enterprise, commerce, and more animal joy into the dry bones of Ruckersville. It was miraculous, far more miraculous than an ordinary conversion, or than many miracles described under this name in the Scriptures. Mr. Bone was now multiplied into at least three distinct characters: first, the man he had been, which was now fading into something merely biographical; second, the lover of Sylvia; third, the leading citizen of Ruckersville.

XIV

THE conversation that Bone had with Captain Martin at the quarry, taken in connection with Bone's now obvious wealth, led to some queer incidents.

He had opened an office on the square, where he was to be found every morning consulting with his foremen, issuing orders, paying moneys and answering a lot of flaming letter-headed mail. He was barely settled in these quarters before he discovered that every house, every foot of land, every horse, cow and stick of timber in Rucker County was for sale. And for all of these Mr. Bone was asked an extortionate price. Captain Martin came in two days after the conversation reported in the previous chapter, laid his cane across the top of the financier's desk, tipped his heels upon the back of it so that they faced Bone's heels on the other side, and revealed to the said Bone that he could have the Martin mansion for his horse-collar factory if he cared to pay the price. He explained that it was much more adaptable for such purposes than the church. He named an extravagant figure for the same and glared.

"Captain," said Jim, "I'll take that up with you later. Meanwhile, may I count upon your support, I mean your moral support, in this town?"

"You can!" exclaimed the captain, jerking his heels down, clicking them together as he stood up and offered his hand.

Mr. Bone knew the amenities of such a situation as well as if he were already candidate for Congress. He reached down, opened the little invisible side door of his desk, drew forth a bottle with an honorable seal upon it and passed it to his guest.

On another day, not long after this, Colonel Fanning-Rucker appeared. Fanning was in a predicament, although you would never have inferred it from the appearance he made. He was impressively well groomed, and he had what women call easy manners and what men call "slick." This was really his trouble. He was a promoter in a territory much too small for his powers. This was how he

had cramped himself and was now reduced to the necessity of attempting to unload on Mr. Jim Bone. There was a pristine simplicity about the rascality of Fanning's financial operations that caused Bone's face to glisten with a light that the colonel mistook for being complimentary. It seems that he had charge of an estate belonging to a rich old woman. And he had invested this in mortgages more to his own advantage than to that of his client. Personally I have no doubt that the fortunes of many rich men are begun with the insurance money of dead husbands that widows so naïvely trust to any man who tenderly offers to make an investment for them. The trouble with young Fanning was that the old lady had taken a notion that she wanted some of her notes paid. He was embarrassed temporarily, he explained, and he was offering the whole bundle of mortgages, which she had also intrusted to him, as collateral for the thousand dollars she so foolishly and persistently demanded.

He was encouraged to indulge in a frankness in explaining the situation to Mr. Bone that he was destined to regret as long as he lived. It was all perfectly legal. He had power of attorney, which gave him the right to act as he saw fit in the matter. The mistake he made was in selecting Bone for such a transaction. It is a queer circumstance, but it is a fact, that a man so immoral that he is careless of the honor of any woman may at the same time be so moral otherwise that he is incapable of cheating one; and that another man of almost puritanical ideals will drain any widow or orphan of her last cent without a qualm of conscience. This was the psychological phenomenon illustrated by Jim Bone and Fanning-Rucker. The former could not be trusted to resist a pretty woman's good looks, and the latter could not be trusted with her pocketbook. Between the two it is easy to account for all the female tragedies in life. If we escape the one we are always in danger of falling into the ruthless hands of the other.

On this occasion Fanning was standing by Bone's desk with the papers spread upon it, passing an expository finger from one to the other. It seemed that he expected the thrifty old widow, who was now awaiting her third stroke of paralysis, would die before she demanded the payment of another note. That was a gamble, of course, but he took the risk, he said, smiling grimly down at Bone. At this moment the latter arose, side-stepped with much the same expression he had worn the day he dealt with the bull in Clark Story's pasture, caught Fanning by the shoulder from behind, planted the entire length of a booted foot upon the small of his back with such force and moral emphasis that the attorney shot through the open door like the flying and disheveled figure of a young Adonis. He landed upon his knees on the sidewalk, accompanied the next instant by the fluttering pages of his mortgages. This was a new and astonishing experience in the life of Fanning-Rucker, and the celerity of his mental activity in such a crisis was a credit to his faculties. He leaped to his feet with the gallant air of a charming man who confesses to the observer that he has stumbled, dusted the knees of his trousers delicately, gathered up his papers and stepped briskly away in the direction of his own office, without confessing the facts by feeling of the small of his back, which was aching frightfully, and without incriminating himself to his astonished fellow citizens by even a glance backward at the furious figure of Jim Bone.

There is one superlatively dramatic moment in the life of every scamp—the one when for the first time he recognizes himself for what he is in the eyes of another. You may infer his caliber then from the manner with which he accepts the revelation. If he resents the imputation there is still a shallow hope of better things in him; but if he accepts it with the quick-covering modesty of one whose nakedness has been suddenly revealed he is incorrigible. This was the exact conduct of Fanning-Rucker. He looked up and down the street, laughed both ways so innocently that Magnis, who had seen his singular exit on one side, and Elbert White, who had observed it from the distance of Bilfire's saloon, both instantly concluded that they were mistaken in their first sensational impressions.

The incident of the old lady's money is closed, so far as this story is concerned. I have set it down merely to indicate the temper of Mr. Bone. But it does not reveal his real policy in dealing with the citizens of Ruckersville in general, which was conciliatory and, as a rule, delightfully ingratiating, although his patience was often taxed, especially by that class of women in it who had funds of one sort or another to raise and, after the manner of their kind, had the philanthropic instinct highly developed, vicariously speaking. Most women are natural-born mendicants. Their talent for begging has been developed by their long dependence upon man, the money changer. For ten thousand years they have got what they wanted, not by earning it but by asking for it. This does not mean that they have been idle, but their labor has been domestic, maternal, poetic rather than remunerative. No man pays his wife for her services. If he is generous he may be extravagant in his gifts to her, and if he is stingy he may be niggardly, but there is not yet any question of the *quid pro quo* of justice between them. She practices asking and he practices giving—with a kiss or a frown, according to his nature and circumstances. This is why every civilized community is afflicted with that artless and insistent class of successful beggars, respectable and prominent women who prance in and out of business offices or even waylay mankind on street corners with useless tickets for sale at extortionate prices, or with tags for some benevolent object which they coyly pin upon your coat collar for a dime each. The poor creatures desire to do some good in the world; and they have no income of their own, above that needed for Easter and Christmas things, with which to accomplish it. Therefore they beg the necessary funds for charity from other women's husbands and brothers and fathers. It is funny and it is often exasperating.

It Was a Fact That Bone Had Advanced Old Clark Story a Thousand Dollars Upon the Cobalt Expectations in His Cow Pasture

Jim Bone soon discovered that Ruckersville was full of benevolences conducted by women and supported by these involuntary subscriptions. And his growing popularity in the town was largely due to the genial liberality with which he met the female demands upon him for the support of their various enterprises. The Daughters of the Confederacy, for example, took a notion that it would be "nice" to have fresh granite headstones for their soldiers' graves when these should be made up in the new cemetery. It seemed a providential suggestion to them that Mr. Bone should furnish these from his quarry. It was Mildred Percey who waited upon him for this donation. And it was upon this occasion that his masculine diffidence was aroused into a modest suspicion as to the state of Mildred's heart. One sultry Indian summer afternoon she appeared in his dingy office like a full-blown, dewy-lipped rose. She wore a white organdy with a narrow ribbon girdle that looked like the string that tied a fragrant bouquet. He received her in his shirt-sleeves, which was a mistake she observed and forgave with the tender blue skies of her eyes as she leaned gently forward over his desk and laid the matter before him. She had come, she said, to give him the opportunity of rendering a cherished service to the community. She explained that at first there had been some feeling in the town about the opening of a stone quarry in such a place, the intimation being that a proper consideration would have suggested his doing it farther from the sacred center of the residence portion.

"But," replied the offender naïvely, "that is the one place where the granite formation lies in this section."

"I know," she answered as if she were determined to forgive the transgression; "and we all feel better about it now, since it seems quite providential that we can get our tombstones for the soldiers without sending off for them."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Bone, in a perfect agony of benevolence beneath the sweetly bending blue of her eyes. "How many will you need?"

"About fifty, I think. And you would only have the expense of getting them out and having the names and inscriptions cut on them. I myself have promised to furnish an epitaph in verse for each."

"The deuce you have!" was his inward comment, but the meanest miser alive could not have resisted the poetic tremor of Mildred's chin at this moment, nor dampened the brow of her muse with a financial consideration.

"Er—an epitaph is bound to be short, I suppose?" was the nearest he dared come to expressing his anxiety.

"Not more than three or four lines," she thought.

"You couldn't make 'em just two?" he inquired, after a rapid mental calculation of how much it would cost him to have two hundred lines of original verse cut upon granite, not including the names of the dead heroes.

"I do not feel that I could do them justice in less than four lines. You see, they were very brave!"

"That's so!" agreed Jim, as if the idea had taken hold of his convictions and impressed him deeply for the first time.

"Then we may depend upon you for the tombstones?" murmured Mildred, revealing two little pin-point dimples in her chin and hinting with the corners of her mouth at the reward of a smile.

But with his eyes fixed narrowly upon these blandishments Jim had fallen into what is called a "brown study," and made no reply. This was embarrassing. One dimple, then the other, vanished from the surface of Mildred's chin like little stars falling from the opal of a day breaking sky. The corners of her mouth let go the intended smile and drooped. A mist like April rain suffused her eyes and the blue showed through like hopeless prayers.

Mr. Bone gasped, leaped to his feet, horrified at the impending danger. To be the Jove that

(Continued on Page 76)

BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT

By GEORGE W. PERKINS

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

AT ONE stage in the world's progress people believed that the world was flat; yet the discovery by Columbus was no more revolutionary in its practical effects than man's subjugation of steam and electricity.

At another stage in the world's progress people believed that a person could not be in two places at one and the same time; yet only a few days ago the following incident occurred: Half a dozen men in New York, who were trying to get together on a business trade, met at dinner to discuss their trade. During the course of the dinner one of them was called to the telephone in the next room. He was gone a few moments and then returned to the dinner. In about an hour he was called to the telephone again. On returning and being "jollied" by his companions about his telephone calls, he said:

"The first call I had was from Chicago about a trade I have on out West. I told my associate to consult another associate in Denver and another in St. Paul by telephone, and call me up here and give me their views. The second call advised me that the Chicago man had talked to Denver and St. Paul—that those men were agreeable to the trade, which is also agreeable to me; and the transaction has been closed."

It is a man's mind and not his body that does business. Electricity has given wings to the human mind and made it almost omnipresent, for here is an instance where a man's mind was actually doing business in New York, Chicago, Denver and St. Paul at substantially the same time—and all this was done while he and half a dozen other men were having dinner together and discussing another trade after business hours in New York.

What did our forefathers know of any such methods of trading? And yet this is but one striking illustration out of a countless number that take place every day, all showing how enormously the potential power of the individual—*for good or for evil*—has been increased through the improvement in transportation and intercommunication of matter and mind. The long-distance telephone alone has wrought as great a revolution in business methods as any revolution at arms ever wrought in a country's political methods.

When Father Was a Boy

SPEAKING of improved intercommunication, the following incident was related to me within the past few days by Mr. I. F. Mack, of Sandusky, Ohio. When he was a boy—in the fifties—his family lived on a farm in Wisconsin. His father decided to send him to school at Oberlin, Ohio. He left his home in Wisconsin by stagecoach; and it took him three full days and two nights to get to Chicago, a distance of a little over one hundred miles. His fare cost him six dollars and fifty cents. On reaching Chicago, he called on a broker to exchange his Wisconsin bankbills for the bills of the State Bank of Ohio. Before the broker could tell on what basis he could make the exchange he had to consult the last issue of Thompson's Banknote Reporter. He examined each bill and then gave the boy in exchange for his hundred dollars of Wisconsin notes ninety-three dollars of the currency of the State Bank of Ohio; and the boy figured that this transaction cost him seven dollars.

This was on Friday afternoon; and the boy asked about the trains going east from Chicago. The broker told him to get his trunk on a dray at the stage office and go with the drayman to the railroad station, so as to be ready to start the next morning—Saturday—at six o'clock, when the train would leave for Toledo, Ohio. At the station the baggageman took the trunk and chalked it with the number of the Toledo station. There were no baggage checks in those days; you simply took your chances. There were four different conductors on the line between Chicago and Toledo, because there were four different corporations or railroads between the two cities. The passenger did not have to change cars, but he had to change conductors and pay each one—about as people do on the trolley lines in New England now. At noon the train stopped thirty minutes for dinner. About five o'clock in the evening the train was nearing Toledo and the conductor went through the train and informed the passengers that the next stop was Toledo, from which place there would be no train until Monday morning; so the boy had to stay in Toledo two nights and a day at some expense before he could go farther—and he had been all day in traveling to Toledo from Chicago!

On Monday morning he took the train at Toledo for Cleveland, Ohio, and found that there were three different railroad companies, independent lines, between Toledo and Cleveland! The train ran about fifteen miles an hour and the boy's trunk was rechalked at Toledo. The cost of transportation for himself from Chicago was more than double what it is now; and, instead of six and one-half hours, it took two days, with a stopover of two nights and a day in Toledo because Sunday intervened.

Changes Since the Fifties

TODAY that same boy, now a man, can board a train in Chicago and reach Cleveland in six hours and a half! He has a check in his pocket for his trunk and there is no possible chance of his losing anything, for the railroad company would have to find that trunk or pay for it and its contents. No time is lost en route and a man rides like a prince! Why? Because those little railroad companies, six or seven in all, between Chicago and Cleveland, were consolidated into one corporation; and, including those from Cleveland to Buffalo, three or four more, they are now represented by the Lake Shore Railroad Company, with its various branches, all under one management, with a fare reduced to two cents a mile.

It has been claimed that some men made money improperly in effecting this consolidation, and it is a matter of actual record that riot and bloodshed took place at certain points when the various consolidations were being arranged, thus showing that selfish, improper methods as well as public opposition were factors in consolidations in those days as well as now. Yet, if some genius who thinks he would do a great service to his country could now introduce a bill into Congress for the purpose of restoring the transportation conditions of 1855, does any sane man think this genius could get a single intelligent vote in the United States for such a proposition?

The foregoing story recalls the fact that in the fifties we had state banks that had no affiliations with other states or the outside world. They were purely local affairs, issuing their own currency, with its local value. In those days we had little local lines of railroad, with the inadequate and poor service that has been described.

The first important broad control undertaken by the Federal Government in business affairs was in connection with our banking system, with the result that now we have national banks all over the land under the complete regulation and control of our Federal Government. No one would go back to the old days of Thompson's Banknote Reporter. Why did the Federal Government undertake this control? Because of the abuses, the failures, the mistakes in the old system; because of the necessity for giving the people a broader and more secure form of conducting their banking business. The aim of the Government was not to break up our banking system into smaller, more competitive units, but to eradicate evils and dangers then existing in the banking business, to preserve to the people the good that existed and to move forward to a broader, bigger, better banking system, which we now have in the form of national banks doing an interstate business, the currency of each bank good at its par everywhere; and these institutions have grown in size under national supervision and control until a bank with one hundred million dollars of deposits is no longer an uncommon thing.

Why the Government Stepped In

HAVING succeeded so well with this form of Federal regulation in the great financial department of our business fabric, what was more natural than that the Government should next consider the Federal regulation and control of the next greatest business undertaking in the country—namely, our railroads? This has finally been undertaken on such a large and important scale, and so completely have the railroads come under Federal regulation and control, that one has to jog his memory nowadays to recall the fact that most of our railroads are, after all, still chartered by individual states. This control bids fair to be as satisfactory to the people as the Federal control of their banks has become—for those who were at one time in favor of this system and those who were at one time opposed to it are alike coming to realize its many benefits; because, though there are certain phases of it still in an experimental stage, enough that is worth while has been accomplished to show that Federal railroad control has decided advantages.

Why did the Government undertake this control of the railroads? Broadly speaking, for the same reasons that it undertook the control of the banks: because of the abuses and the mistakes in the old system; because of the necessity for giving the people a broader and more secure form of conducting their railroad business.

Again, the aim of the Government was not to break up our railroad systems into smaller, more competitive units, but to eradicate evils then existing in the railroad business, to preserve to the people the good that existed and to move forward to broader, more uniform, more stable railroad methods.

In working out this Federal control of our railroads the Government went at least one step farther than it did in the regulation and control of our banks and, by legislation virtually declared itself against ruthless competitive methods in the railroad business of this country. It deliberately took away from the railroads their great competitive weapon—namely, rebates—and in so doing stopped the old destructive competitive methods which had been practiced by the railroads to their own and the people's detriment! No wiser or more helpful commercial legislation than this has ever been adopted by our Federal Government—every one heartily agrees to this. And yet, in its last analysis, such legislation pulled the fangs of

competition in our railroad world—for the practical elimination of the rebate evil has left the railroad business in a condition where today railroad men can compete only through having a naturally shorter route or because of having better facilities of one kind or another! In other words, the wasteful, injurious methods of twenty years ago in the railroad business were the ruthless competitive methods, and they have been virtually eliminated through Federal legislation.

A railroad has transportation to sell to the public. Why should it not offer it under ruthless competitive methods if a company selling oil or tobacco or steel is compelled to sell its commodities under ruthless competitive methods? To say that one is a public-service corporation or that it has been given a franchise by the state is not a good enough answer; it is too narrow, too technical in its reasoning. The question is infinitely greater than a mere technical one or a theory of law. It is, at base, a great moral question! The rebate—the railroad's great competitive weapon—stood for secretive methods, for making flesh of one shipper and fish of another, for all sorts of unjust practices; and that is why it was stopped and not because the railroad company was a public-service corporation. Make no mistake about that! The people were the ones who stopped it and they stopped it because they had reached the conclusion that it was immoral and injurious! This whole question of ruthless competition affects our people too keenly, too thoroughly, to be dealt with along theoretical lines; and the whole trouble lies in the fact that the problem is being dealt with almost solely by non-practical men, by politicians, by theorists.

A Governmental Anomaly

WE HAVE seen how the Government took up our banks and successfully applied Federal regulation, and we have seen the immense benefits that have come to our railroad business and the people through the application of a similar Governmental policy. With two such important precedents successfully established, what was more natural than that the Republican party, which had adopted this policy of Federal regulation and control and successfully put it in operation, should, in its national platform of four years ago, declare, as it did, for the Federal regulation and control of large interstate industrial companies, and say that the business world should look forward to some such arrangement as the next logical step in the evolution of business affairs in this country? But presto! Change! In the last three years a complete reversal in the Federal program seems to have taken place. Instead of even attempting to enact legislation to regulate and control our great interstate and international agencies of trade—regulation that would eradicate the evils that exist and preserve to the people the good that exists—the legislative branch of our Government shirked and unloaded its responsibility on the Supreme Court, which was asked to interpret a law passed under ancient commercial conditions in such a way as to fit modern commercial conditions. No more difficult task was ever put up to a body of intelligent men. As a result, our Government has set out to disrupt our great industrial concerns and force them, under the provisions of an antiquated law, to adopt and pursue destructive competitive methods—and the Government is in the anomalous position of prohibiting ruthless competition in the railroad world and demanding it in the industrial world. Yet our railroads are only domestic agencies of trade, while our great industrial corporations are the very bulwarks of our foreign commerce.

Then, too, we are being told that ruthless competitive methods in the industrial world are going to be a blessing to us; that they are going to make business better, cheapen cost to the consumer, improve labor conditions and promote prosperity generally. Yet there is not a man in middle life in this country, familiar with business affairs, who does not remember the awful curse of ruthless competitive methods on not only the business fabric but the individual welfare of the people of this country! What underlies ruthless competitive methods? The desire to supply the public with better goods at a lower price? Is that the moving, impelling force behind it? Nonsense! Ruthless competition is nothing more or less than a titanic struggle between Mr. A. and Mr. B. to cut each other's commercial throats, with the hope of ultimate pecuniary benefit for the survivor! It is an effort to crush out, ruin, annihilate one man for the personal benefit of another man; and the entire path of our industrial progress is strewn with the white bones of just such victims of competition.

There is no logical connection between the evils that have existed in our large industrial concerns and the remedies the Government is trying to apply. In place of regulation we are given segregation and are told that dissolution is the solution—though every practical man knows that dissolution is a mere delusion. Government regulation is all right; but Government repression is all wrong.

The Republican party, in its platform of four years ago, in speaking of the Sherman Law, declared as follows:

"Experience has shown that its effectiveness can be strengthened and its real objects better attained by such amendments as will give to the Federal Government great supervision and control over and secure greater publicity in the management of that class of corporations engaged in interstate commerce having power and opportunity to effect monopolies."

There can be no mistaking the language used. The Republican party expressed itself as being in favor of amending the Sherman Law, and clearly indicated that there existed companies having power and opportunity to effect monopolies, which companies should be supervised and controlled by the Federal Government.

At the same time, the Democratic party declared for a policy that would prohibit the control by a "manufacturing or trading corporation engaged in interstate commerce . . . of more than fifty per cent of the total amount of any product consumed in the United States"; and we are now witnessing the spectacle of the Republican party, which was victorious at the polls, not only failing to carry out the trust plank in its own platform, but actually carrying out the trust plank of the Democratic party, which was defeated at the polls. Could political confusion be worse confounded?

What Is the Matter With Business?

IF ANYBODY wants to know what is the matter with business, why we are not so prosperous as we should be, why the country is torn asunder politically, let him contemplate what has happened and he will no longer be filled with wonderment; but he will be filled with amazement that such colossal blundering can take place in such an enlightened country as ours is supposed to be.

Somebody in this country is making a colossal mistake. Somebody is woefully wrong. Is it the theoretical politician or the practical business man? Did our Federal Government make a mistake in adopting a policy of Federal regulation with our banks and railroads, or is it making a mistake in not adopting a similar policy with our interstate industrials? Did it make a mistake in eliminating ruthless competition among the railroads, or is it making a mistake in enforcing ruthless competition among industrials?

Every day we hear it said that we cannot hope to have our business problems seriously taken up by Congress, with the determination to straighten them out, until after the next presidential election. It is distinctly a crime to use as a pawn in the next presidential election a question so vitally affecting the very life of the nation! Must the prosperity of the country, the material welfare of our people, be held back for at least twelve months for the profit and advantage of politicians? Are the people of the United States going to stand for any such program as this? Have we been working since 1776 to build up a country of politics for politicians?

What the present situation needs is immediate constructive legislation; and such a program does not present insurmountable difficulties. Its solution would be comparatively easy and prompt if we could have a little more patriotism and a little less politics. If our legislative friends really want to stop playing politics for personal or party gain and do something of a constructive nature for the country they need but to follow precedents that are already established and that are well understood and approved by the people. No experiments on a large and doubtful scale are necessary. Congress in a very short time could adopt a policy that would give both immediate and prospective relief; and this could be done by working somewhat along the following lines:

Immediate Relief

First: Create at once, in or out of the Department of Commerce and Labor, a Business Court or controlling commission, composed largely of experienced business men.

Second: Give this body power to license corporations doing an interstate or international business.

Third: Make such license depend on the ability of a corporation to comply with conditions laid down by Congress when creating such commission and with such regulations as may be prescribed by the commission itself.

Fourth: Make publicity, both before and after the license is issued, the essential feature of these rules and regulations. Require each company to secure the approval of said commission of all its affairs, from its capitalization to its business practices. In the beginning, lay down only broad principles, with a view to elaborating and perfecting them as conditions require.

Fifth: Make the violation of such rules and regulations punishable by the imprisonment of individuals rather than by the revocation of the license of the company, adopting in this respect the method of procedure against national banks in case of wrongdoing.

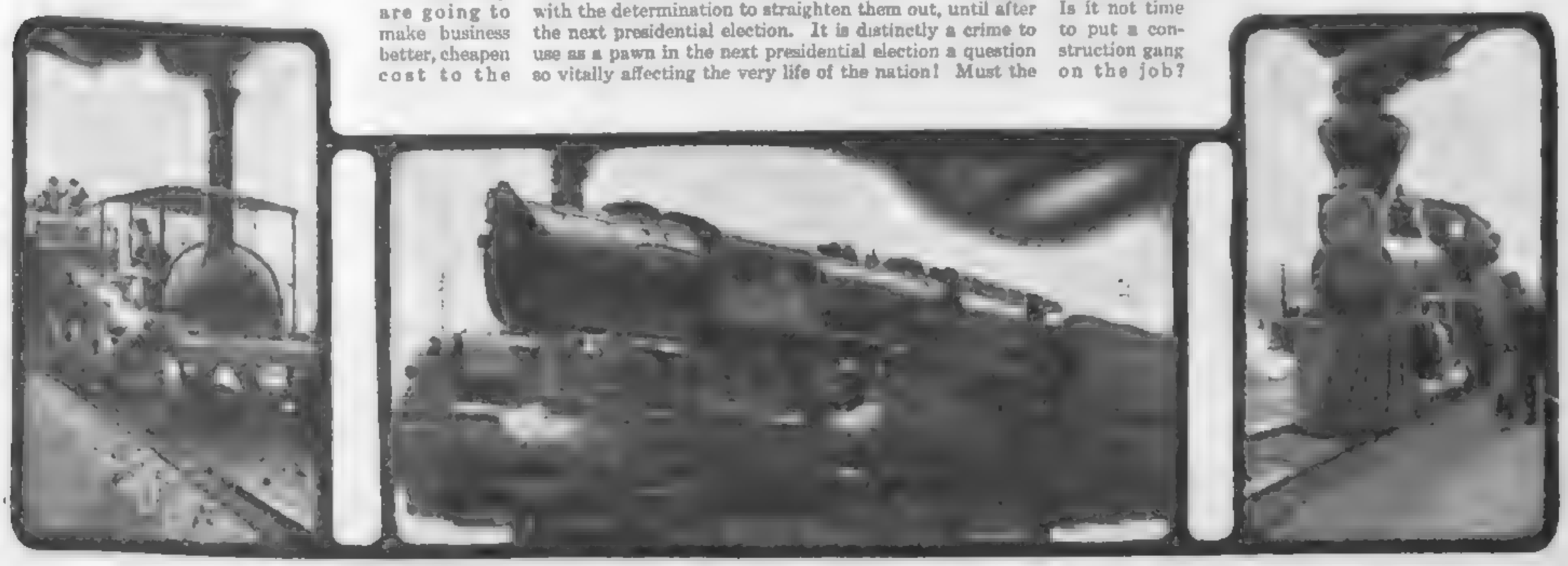
Prospective Relief

First: The House and the Senate should join at once in appointing a commission to make a careful study of the Sherman Law and the various suggestions that have been made regarding its repeal, amendment and amplification.

Second: Said commission should study and report on the wisdom and practicability of a national incorporation act.

In the foregoing manner immediate relief could be provided. At the same time, the questions surrounding the Sherman Law and national incorporation would be under an investigation that would be proceeding in a calm and orderly manner, with a view to reaching ultimately a wise and permanent solution of the whole question.

A board of control, with power to license such companies as were clearly working for and not against public interest, would take the place of a number of long-drawn-out lawsuits, and would have the effect of placing such licensed companies where they would know they were proceeding along lines not in violation of national laws or Federal authority. Such concerns as could not or did not wish to meet this test would then have no right to complain if they were proceeded against under the Sherman Law. Meanwhile uncertainty would be dispelled simply by working along lines already well understood by the people. The developments of the last few months make it clear that dissolution is no solution! The wrecking crew has been working overtime! Is it not time to put a construction gang on the job?



THE CAPSULE

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

Old Reliable Takes a Capsule and Gets Off at Africa Landing

Sailing away through the boundless day
On a tub of the blumgest blue—
It stretches from here to the Far-and-Near,
Over the rim of the Wonder-Where,
And back again from the Yonder-There.
Gulls dip their duds in the trailing suds
She leaves on the laundry blue.

THE Olga plowed a straight and purposeful furrow. Behind her lay the purple haze of Greece; far ahead, across the Mediterranean, stretched a violet field, whose tawny edge was Africa. Ripples of peacock blue broke across her bow and burst into a shimmer of broken opals. Whirling white bubbles settled down in her wake. All around and about—above, below—there was naught but a vast and vacant globe, a fretted ball of water, with this smoking speck—the Olga—in its very middle.

Old Reliable was not pestered in his mind about the peacock blue, and the violet field troubled him none whatever. It was the vacant globe that bothered Zack. He hungered for the Hot Cat Eating House and somebody who could understand that regular old-timey United States talk. This gibble-gabble on the upper deck and the gibberish amidships made his feet itch to get away. A lonesome, black-faced figure in store-bought clothes and wide-brimmed hat, he wandered from one chattering group to another, smiling in neighborly fashion, but tongue-tied, staked out in the fields of silence, fenced off from his kind. Back and back again he came to the Colonel's chair.

The Colonel had dropped his magazine on deck and was gazing across the blue waters. His mind went straying with Phenician galleys that once had sailed these seas—the Carthaginians, the Normans, the fortunes of Cæsar.

Zack bent over him; "Cunnel, don't you want me to do nuthin' fer you?" The Colonel shook his head; he was dreaming, smiling, drowsing. Old Reliable pushed himself along. "I wish I wuz back home, sick in bed." If he just had hold of the plow-handles he could run a one-sided discussion with the mule.

Up and down the deck he rambled, desolate as a house-dog when the children have gone away—anxious to wag his tail if somebody would only snap a finger.

He did not see a man who watched him intently—Gregory Lykoff, who had caught the Olga at Piræus. How Lykoff smuggled himself out of Russia was an enigma to the police. His affair was urgent. The Government had captured a key to their secret cipher and the Terrorists had to change it. Lykoff carried the new key which was to put them again in communication with comrades throughout the world. Immaculate, languid-looking, with a fastidious black mustache and hands of girlish softness, nobody would pick Lykoff for a man who had toiled in Siberian mines and would dare a second exile. That was fifteen years ago; and today Gregory Lykoff was only thirty-one. It behooved him to be cautious. In the first place, he should have avoided any steamer that flew the Russian flag; but Guinea Ryan, the American boilermaker, brought that imperative order from Alexandria. Even then Lykoff would never have trusted himself on board the Olga if he could have foreseen that the implacable Gargarin—known as the "Bloodhound"—and his shrewdest assistant would climb the Olga's companionway five minutes before she sailed. It was, then, no surprise to find Gargarin assigned to him as a cabin-mate. Lykoff grimly determined to be worthy the tribute that his Government had paid so young a man.

Lykoff knew there were intercepted letters in St. Petersburg waiting for this key before they could be read; and the lives of men depended upon him. The young Russian had been in serious situations before.

A French novel did not distract his attention from the Bloodhound, who leaned against a lifeboat, with eyes upon the sea. Gargarin wouldn't be squeamish in his methods. Lykoff would be searched before he got to Alexandria—baggage, cabin and person—that was inevitable. Lykoff knew that his Government wanted the key rather than himself; Gargarin knew that Lykoff would carry it in such a way that it could be instantly destroyed—which had happened in several bunglesome arrests. Manifestly Lykoff could not take it ashore, even if he were permitted to leave the ship himself, which was not likely. Neither could he trust Guinea Ryan—Guinea being under strict surveillance. He must get an unsuspected man. From the moment Lykoff set eyes on Colonel Spottiswoode he felt that here was one who could help, but wouldn't. No amount of persuasion or money—neither of which Lykoff lacked—could reach such men. But the black man—the negro? An inspiration! Lykoff had lived in the United States and knew somewhat of these negroes. This black servant would follow his master ashore and pass unchallenged. Once ashore, it was easy for Lykoff or his friends to reclaim his priceless scrap of paper. Lykoff—terrorist, assassin, patriot, what you please—sat placidly in his chair and made up his mind.

. . . . . .

At first it scared Zack shaky in the knees—the abruptness with which that snappy-eyed white man followed him into his cabin and locked the door. There was a command in his gesture which kept the negro from making an outcry. "Your name is Zack?"

"Yas, suh; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'" Zack's smile was feeble, his intentions strong.

"'Zack' is enough; that's easier. Do you want a hundred dollars?"

This reassured Zack mightily; the man talked United States; he said "dollars" instead of those other words which Zack could not understand. "Yas, suh."

"You are going ashore with the Colonel?"

"Sholy, sholy; Cunnel won't lemme git two foot away from him—Cunnel ain't able to do nuthin' fer hisself."

"Very good; I want to send a letter ashore. It is important. Here it is, rolled in this capsule. You must deliver it to the man who will come to you and say 'Zack'—not another single word—'Zack.' He will hand you the other ten sovereigns when you give him the capsule; here are ten now."

It was no dream—that white man put ten goldpieces into Zack's hand, careless-like, same as if it was nothing but buttons—more money than Zack had seen since Drif quit fighting.

The negro grinned for the sake of better acquaintance. "Mister, how come you knowed so good dat my name was Zack?"

"I heard the Colonel call you 'Zack.'"

"Huh! You knows de Cunnel?" Zack brightened up.

"Heard you call him 'Colonel'—don't interrupt me!" Lykoff spoke peremptorily—Zack loved to hear a white man talk like he meant it.

Suddenly he stopped—a step in the passage; a knock on the door. There was a closet in the cabin in which clothes could be hung—Lykoff stepped inside and closed it as Zack opened the door. "Zack, where are my g nsses?"

"I'll git 'em in a minute, Cunnel." And the steps passed on.

Lykoff reappeared from hiding and took out a cigar, a peculiar cigar with a peculiar band. In deep thought he removed the band; it fell to the floor. "Do you understand me perfectly?"

"Yas, suh; sho do."

The Soles of His Shoes Were Ripped Apart, His Purse Unstitched

"You will keep beside your master and never leave him?"

"Leave Cunnel? Dat I ain't; who else he got to take keer o' him?"

"Very good. Now, in case anybody tries to get that capsule away from you"—Zack began to show the whites of his eyes—"or if any accident happens, you must swallow it."

Zack gasped. "Mister, dis here stuff ain't pizen?"

"It will not hurt you. I hid it in that capsule so I could swallow it if necessary. Or you can throw it into the sea. It will sink."

"Well, mister, ef it's jes de same wid you, I'll chunk it in de water."

"Very good—but only in extremity. One more thing: you must not look at me or speak to me. You have never seen me before—remember that." This pleased Old Reliable into a wink and a grin. He loved mystery; he gloried in lodge work; he loved the grips and signs and passwords, which ignorant niggers didn't know.

"Now, tell me what you are to do." Lykoff put him through his paces.

Old Reliable reeled it off like a parrot: "Give dis here pill to de man what calls me 'Zack'—an' I gits ten mo' o' dese. Ef anybody acts like he gwine to git it away from me jes drap it in de water. An' I ain't got to let on like I knows you."

"Very good." As Lykoff came, so he went—without warning. He did not glance from the door to see if he were spied upon. He must take a chance.

He left Zack standing in his cabin, staring from the goldpieces to the capsule.

"Huh! Dat white man conduck hisself mighty brief about dis pill." Zack tried each sovereign with his teeth, stuffed them deep in his breeches pockets and put the capsule inside his vest. Still in a daze, he picked up the cigar-band that lay on the floor and slipped it on his finger, as though it were a ring.

Lykoff and the Bloodhound were having their coffee in the smoking room. Zack passed through and gave his co-conspirator a chill. Lykoff noticed that green-gold ring; the Bloodhound noticed it. Neither one batted an eye. A few minutes later Gargarin examined the steward's stock of cigars. There was none to match the green-gold band; none among the various passengers—the American smoked a distinctly American brand. Gargarin wanted to know how Zack got that cigar band and Lykoff had to account for it. Lykoff waited until the Colonel and Zack were standing at the rail. Zack was restless, looking all around him, missing nothing. Lykoff led the Bloodhound to their windward and casually dropped a band from his cigar. The wind bowled it toward Old Reliable. As Lykoff hoped, the negro saw it coming and picked up the glittering bit of paper. Lykoff said nothing. Gargarin said nothing.

The bearer of the cipher had been none too quick in shifting it to other hands. At lunch he was taken violently ill and carried from the table. The ship's surgeon administered medicines; Lykoff lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Hold on; That's the Worst Thing You Could Do"

When he awoke next morning in the hospital he wore pajamas, his clothes folded on a chair had been searched in every pocket and seam. Not a crevice in his cabin had been overlooked, the soles of his shoes were ripped apart, his purse unstitched—Gargarin's scrutiny had been thorough.

"Luck's agin me!" Old Reliable mused when his Russian ally showed himself on deck. "Dar's de onliest white man what kin talk my sort o' talk—an' I ain't 'lowed to say nuthin' to him."

The Colonel had composed himself for another day of staring at the sea. Zack invented diverting novelties in conversation, but the Colonel wouldn't nibble. The negro straggled off and went foraging for companionship among the third-class passengers. On the forward deck he lingered beside a low platform, carpeted with canvas and sheltered by an awning; four or five bumpy-legged men sprawled beneath this canopy. Maybe they belonged to a sideshow, and they talked aplenty—some kind of bird-store chatter. Zack moved aft. On the open deck amidships he found other men in accordion-plaited skirts and wrapped-up women with curtains drawn across their faces, playing with crazy-looking cards—which didn't satisfy Zack.

It was then that a voice from heaven came unto him saying: "Hello, old man, where'd you come from?"

Old Reliable grinned a noble grin. "Vicksburg, Mis'sippi, suh."

Guinea Ryan, like everybody else, was sprawling in the shade. He wore clothes, but of no describable kind. "What's your name?"

"Zack Foster, suh; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Guinea Ryan's hands, covered with sandy hair, showed how the desert had burned them raw; then they had healed over, but remained raw-colored. He held a stubby pipe with thumb and forefinger. Three fingers were missing from the left hand. Freckles, generously spattered, accounted for his name. Everybody from the Mersey to the Yangtse-Kiang dubbed him "Guinea"—Guinea Ryan, cosmopolite citizen, whose hammer rang around the world, battering rivets from Buenos Aires to Bombay and patching boilers from Vicksburg to Vladivostok. His face cracked open in a noiseless laugh: "How's old Paddy McGill, the b'iler-maker, on Levee Street?"

Zack switched on all his facial illuminations. "Lordy, mister; is you 'quainted wid Mister Paddy? I knows 'im reel good."

"Sure, I knows Paddy; many's the night I've laid flat o' me back in them steamboat b'ilers, holding the hammer while Paddy battered rivets from the outside." Guinea sat up, made a pivot of his middle-rear, swung around and motioned Zack to a seat. "The world ain't no bigger'n a sardine box. Set down. Where are you going?"

Zack's tongue untied itself and went to rattling: "I'm gwine to git off dis boat at Afriky Landin'. I done traveled a long way to larn dese niggers how to plant cotton; and I reckon I knows all about cotton—an' all about niggers too. Now, dar's de Cunnel—yonder he, sleep in dat chair wid dem white clothes on—he's gwine wid me to he'p show 'em how."

"Show 'em how to do what?"

"Make cotton. You see, mister, I got a plantation; an' Cunnel he owns a little lan'—dat's how come dese gent'-men 'vailed on me an' him; dey jes nacherly had fidgets 'til us got started off to Afriky."

"I wonder is that the new Sudan Syndicate?" Guinea spoke aloud, but it was to himself.

"Yas, suh; I heered 'em call dat name, 'Suzanna'—Mrs. Suzanne sumbody or 'nother; we's gwine up on her place. Widders can't never manage dey own property."

Far be it from Guinea to smile and scare off a good thing. But he knew that vast Sudan; and knew the syndicate whose ambition it was to plant fifty thousand acres. "So you are the man that's going to learn them niggers."

Old Reliable tried to be modest. "I'm him."

"Do you think you'll get along with the Shilluks and Dinkas?"

"What's dem?"

"Them's the kind of niggers that live up yonder."

"Lordy, mister; 'tain't no two kinds o' niggers—all of 'em jes de same. Some white folks argufies dat dey's diffunt—but d'ain't."

Guinea drew himself closer. "How are you going to do?"

"'Tain't but one way to larn nuthin' to niggers: Git straight behine 'em every mornin' at fo' 'clock an' hustle 'em out to de field; den foller every track dey make. Dey got to git up when I rings dat bell—no sore toes an' no mis'ry in de back. Sore-toe niggers can't draw no rations on Saddy night. Now dar's de Cunnel! He ain't no more'n a baby. But dem niggers on Sherwood Plantation, dey thinks de sun rise an' set in Cunnel. Ef he say black is white dey sets deir min' by dat, same as dey sets deir watch by dat big clock in de sto'."

The smile at Guinea's mouth lost itself in a wilderness of freckles. He leaned forward and whispered: "Better get your Colonel to tell them quarantine soldiers about you—try to make them believe black is white ——"

"How come, mister?" Zack didn't relish the uneasy way in which Guinea glanced behind him. A negro couldn't feel anything but skittish surrounded by gipsylike men in skirts and women whose black eyes peered at him through a slit in their facecloths.

The Irishman began to talk; his Adam's apple went scampering up and down that scraggy neck. Zack got excited; Guinea might swallow it or let it go. Since Guinea won his fame for single-handed lying he had never cornered such a ravenous listener. He pumped that negro's hide plumb full. Old Reliable leaned forward breathlessly. Guinea gulped and went on with his tale: "Ten thousand folks dyin' every day—cholera—three-fingered cholera—coffins piled up in the street, same as crossties—an' my pardner—Sh! He turned black in the face while I was lookin' at 'im and dropped dead."

"Dar now!"

"Old nigger, did you ever see a Irishman run? This ship was pullin' out—I made one leap an' grabbed them steps. Them Rooshians was goin' to fumigate me."

"Fumigate! Huh!—War dat all? White folks used to fumigate nigger houses continual in time o' de yaller fever."

Guinea nodded complacently, letting Zack run on.

"At de fust off-startin' niggers tuk on mightily; den got so dey didn't min' it. One smart Aleck he 'lowed he know how to fumigate and kill skeeters. 'Twarn't no trick in dat. So he shet all de do's and winders an' pasted paper over de cracks. His ole gramma had been tuk down wid a mis'ry an' couldn't git out er de bed; he 'low 'twuz all right—jes let her be. She say she could put 'er head under de kivers. Den he sot fire to dem sulphur pans. Huh! Never made nary skeeter cough—but dat fool nigger cost my lodge forty-six dollars dat next comin' Sunday to bury ole gramma."

Guinea pulled deep on his pipe. "That ain't no way to fumigate; they fixes yo' clock over here—fixes it good and proper. See them fingers?" Zack had been wondering how Guinea lost those three fingers. "That's what they done to me in Alexandria. Made me stick out my tongue and squirted a lot o' stuff down my throat with a hose-syringe; doctor commenced to feel my pulse, started way up here to the shoulder an' kep' afeelin' down. The minute he touched them three fingers he said: 'Whack 'em off; he's got cholera in 'em!' There wasn't no 'ifs' and 'ands' and 'buts' about it—Gippy soldiers whacked 'em off."

"Uh! Uh!" Zack grunted. "I heered you speak dem words 'bout three fingers o' cholera but never knowed reel good what 'twuz." Guinea's lips twitched; he looked mighty mournful. Presently Zack volunteered in a subdued tone: "When we has quawnteen white folks sets aroun' de edge o' town wid shotguns and won't let nobody come in."

"That part's all right," Guinea admitted. "You wait 'til they git you at Alexandria—this evening. They stuffed me into one o' them tall boxes, like a coffin standing up on one end. Gippies was going to strangle me with sulphur and I couldn't speak a word o' their talk. I hollered out the grand hailin' sign o' distress—and a lodge brother heard it. He come pretty nigh not gittin' me out quick enough. That's what blistered me all over. Look at them hands!" Zack had his mind on the lodge. "I b'longs," he whispered eagerly.

Guinea nodded and winked. "Mighty good thing. Plenty brothers over here."

"What dey gwine to do to me when I gits to Afriky Landin'?"

Guinea looked pained; he hated to say. "Sh! Keep yo' eyes skinned. If you see 'em comin' in a boat, with a yaller flag, look out for snakes. That yaller flag means they are goin' to fumigate. Heap of soldiers come aboard. Sergeant stands at the top o' the steps; doctor goes and makes all first-cabin passengers stick out their tongues, feels their pulse an' gives 'em a certificate."

"I'm fust class," Zack announced quickly.

Then Guinea added: "That's only the white folks—third-cabin an' dark-skinned people they chunk 'em overboard in a barge an' fumigate 'em."

"Dark-skinned? Dark-skinned?"

Guinea explained very clearly: "When a feller catches cholera he turns black ——"

Zack squirmed. "I kin prove by Cunnel dat I always is been dark-complected."

"Better prove by Colonel that you are white."

"Huh! I'm gwine straight to Cunnel wid dat news." His coattails were already flopping against the stair-rail when Guinea jerked him back.

"Hold on; that's the worst thing you could do. When them Gippies commence asking: 'Where's that black man with the widebrimmed hat?' the Colonel he'd say: 'That must be Zack. He was here a minute ago.' Then they'll get you."

The negro sank helplessly on the covered hatchway. When he got his breath again he asked: "What makes 'em fumigate black folks and don't meddle wid white folks?"

Guinea whispered ominously: "This ship sailed out o' the Black Sea."

"My Gawd! My Gawd! Mister, what is we gwine to do?"

"When I see 'em dumpin' bedclothes in them barges I'm going to hide."

(Continued on Page 69)

"Lemme 'Lone, You Yaller Niggers! Turn Me Loose. I Been Black All My Born Days"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16, 1912

Express and Postage

TO SEND a ton of goods by express in this country costs over sixteen times as much as to send it by freight. Express companies protest, however, that their charges are very reasonable, yielding only a modest return upon the investment after operating expenses are paid.

Now the next time you send a parcel by express observe what happens. First, the agent weighs your parcel. Next he consults two or three cryptic rate books to see what the charge should be. Next he writes you a receipt. Next, if you stay to see it, he makes out a waybill, which he copies into his record of forward shipments, and fills up a statement of the forward shipments to be sent to the company's auditor.

Congressman Lewis, of Maryland, enumerates eleven different operations, exclusive of weighing the parcel and the actual forwarding and delivery of it; but if your parcel is of mailable size you can go to the post-office, weigh it and stick on a stamp. The one operation of stamping takes the place of eleven at the express office.

No doubt you have sometimes stood five minutes while the express agent simply figured out the charge on your parcel. There is no good reason for these vastly complicated express tariffs. If the post-office were doing the business probably there would be a few big zones—the proper postage would be ascertained in five seconds, stamps affixed and the business ended.

An Industrial Relations Commission

TAKE the Lawrence woolen mills strike as a typical example: In January a law went into effect reducing the hours of labor from fifty-six to fifty-four. Without prior notice to the hands, wages were correspondingly reduced. A strike followed. Presently there was rioting. A person was killed by a stray bullet. The strike leader was locked up as an accessory to murder. On behalf of the men it was charged that wages were unconscionably low, that mill-owners had filled up their establishments with Italian immigrants, throwing out the higher-priced native labor, and so on. The National Association of Wool Manufacturers issued a long statement, denying all charges and putting the blame on labor agitators.

This is what always happens in case of a strike. In the heat of the fight each side makes interested and passionate charges, denials, counter-charges. Presently one side or the other gives in. Then the public dismisses the episode, without retaining any clear idea as to its cause or effects, and we are no better equipped to deal with the next violent labor dispute than we were with the one just passed. Broadly speaking, we do not deal with labor problems at all, except when a strike-fit is on—which is the worst possible time to study them.

In recommending a Federal Commission on Industrial Relations the President says: "What is needed is some system, devised by patient study in advance, that will meet these constantly occurring and clearly foreseeable emergencies—not a makeshift to tide over an existing crisis." The first step in this direction would be a commission, under authority of the Federal Government, to survey the ground. It is often charged that the union leaders, who are practically the only spokesmen for labor, do not really represent the rank and file of workmen. The proposed commission, going directly to the workmen themselves, would get an expression the validity of which could not be questioned. Working in times of industrial peace and without reference to any particular controversy it would give us a decidedly clearer, broader, more impartial reflection of the relations between capital and labor than we possess at present. If there is any subject upon which clear and impartial light is needed it is exactly this one of the relations between capital and labor.

The Weapon of the Future

THE French government has decided that hereafter no foreign security shall be listed on the Paris Bourse except with the approval of the Cabinet. The recent downfall of Premier Caillaux was brought about by charges that he had entered into secret negotiations with Germany over the Moroccan affair, holding out the inducement, among others, that certain German securities should be listed on the Bourse. Hereafter the entire Cabinet must be consulted before any foreign bond or stock is put in touch with French capital by way of the official stock exchange. Immediately after adopting this new rule the privilege of quotation on the Bourse was withdrawn from the bonds of the Crédit Foncier Cubain—a large private investment institution. The reason was that Cuba had delayed settlement of claims of French citizens for indemnity on account of losses suffered during the Cuban war for independence. The usual remedy in such cases has been a naval "demonstration," equivalent to a threat of bombardment. Now France strikes with gold by shutting Cuban securities out of her investment market. That France brought pressure upon the German government during the Moroccan crisis by withdrawing French capital from Berlin is well known.

For some time it was generally believed if either side in the Chinese civil war were able to borrow money abroad it would win; and Secretary Knox, in a note to the German Ambassador, expressed the sound idea that genuine neutrality in regard to China required Western nations to "look with disfavor" upon loans by their citizens to either side—in short, lending money to either the Royalists or the Republicans with which to buy cannon was as much a breach of neutrality as lending them the cannon.

Every one is familiar with the tables that state the fighting power of nations in terms of regiments and battleships. The table of the future will show a nation's fighting power by stating its bank deposits and gold reserve.

Mr. Taft's Southern Supporters

FROM a Washington dispatch to the Florida Times-Union we learn that President Taft, Secretary Hilles and Campaign-Manager McKinley "were astounded when they found that, in South Carolina, forty-two out of the forty-three counties have negroes as chairmen of the Republican county organizations, and of twenty-five executive committeemen twenty-two are negroes. . . . No statement is to be had from the White House, but it is understood that things are red-hot behind the scenes."

Commenting editorially upon the dispatch, the Times-Union observes: "It will not pay President Taft to be too particular about the color of the delegates that go from the South to vote for him in the Republican Convention. A vote is a vote. If Mr. Taft thinks that by objecting to the preponderance of negro voters he will divide the South he is mistaken. If the President thinks the negroes could not be relied upon to vote for him he should know that they will be as reliable as the whites. Many negro delegates could be bought outright with money, but as large a percentage of white Republican delegates could be bought—only they would take offices or political pull instead of money. . . . The truth is, no Republican candidate can rely on Southern delegates."

The Times-Union, of course, is a prejudiced witness; yet, giving nearly a third of the votes in the nominating convention to delegates who come with no mandate from Republican constituencies, but only to dicker for the spoils, is not a condition that makes for the uplifting of politics. Four years hence we believe the candidates of both parties will be chosen by the voters of the parties.

How Shall We Honor Lincoln?

SOMETHING must be done, of course, to spend the two million dollars Congress has appropriated for a grand memorial to Lincoln at the national capital. Owing to a melancholy paucity of original ideas, recourse will probably be had to the conventional expedient of erecting a large mass of marble and bronze which very likely will be as little inspiring as most of such masses are, and which will have only as much to do with Lincoln as the capital of Nebraska has—that is, it will bear his name. We have the lowest possible opinion of conventional monuments, and our opinion tends to decline in proportion as the size and cost of the memorial rise. What, we wonder, can be done with two million dollars' worth of marble that will penetrate the beholder with a sense of Lincoln as Saint Gaudens' simple statue at Chicago does? The monument will really be to Congress, or to the sculptors. The man who wrote in perfect simplicity that he might soon be pressed to the wall for bread but must go on in the fight against the extension of slavery would hardly find himself in it.

The national capital has plenty of conventional and dull monuments which, however, nobody minds, because they are relatively inconspicuous—scattered in the parks, where lovely foliage invites the eye away from them, or bunched in Statuary Hall, where one can skip by with a few brisk steps. A conspicuously placed two-million-dollar monument that was not a success would be something of an affliction. The chance for success seems doubtful. We can think, offhand, of other ways to spend two million dollars, where the chance for success would be greater and the relationship to Lincoln at least quite as obvious.

Mr. Howells at Seventy-Five

WE REMEMBER very well when many people of good intentions regarded William Dean Howells as a terribly wrong sort of person. His political views were held to be unsound, with dangerous leanings to Socialism. More important than that—for he was even then our foremost man of letters—he was devoted to an insidious scheme for blighting American literature by keeping everything truly noble out of it. A great many young critics imagined Mr. Howells as an ogre lying in wait at the gates of literature, with an ax, for the star-eyed goddess Inspiration. Some of them talked about him as though they had seen his hands dripping with that beauteous personage's gore.

At Mr. Howells' seventy-fifth birthday, however, all the world that knows anything whatever upon the subject knows he was perfectly right. We don't mean with reference to that once tremendously important issue of realist versus romanticist; in fact, we have completely lost track of that in recent years. We mean he was always courageous, always sincere, always and invariably kind. That is as right as it is given to any controversialist to be.

A Protective Suggestion

FOR many years English agriculture has been in a declining way. The amount of wheat produced, in proportion to the amount consumed, has tended steadily to fall. An eminent Englishman puts the case this way:

"Wheat can be grown in the United Kingdom at a fair profit to the farmer when the price is equivalent to a dollar and three cents a bushel. Some years it drops below that price. The farmer then meets a loss and reduces his wheat area; but if he were sure of never getting less than a dollar and three cents he would greatly increase his wheat area, because he could always count upon a fair profit. So let the government guarantee that minimum price. If wheat sells higher than that the guaranty will cost the government nothing. If it sells lower the government will make up the difference by a bounty, and the people will know precisely how many pounds, shillings and pence they are paying to protect the home industry."

This is an exceedingly neat and plausible scheme. It gives protection only when protection is actually needed. At the same time it guarantees the home producer a fair profit. Our protected industries say in the party platforms that they want protection only when actually needed and guaranty of only a fair profit; but we wonder how a scheme like this British one, which automatically produced those results, would really strike them?

Unscrambled Eggs Marked Up

THE estimable gentlemen who conducted the Standard Oil Trust did fairly well in the matter of keeping the wolf from the door when they were mostly going on their own hook; but the powerful intervention of the Federal Government in their affairs seems to have started them off in the direction of practically unlimited wealth. Less than a year has elapsed since the Supreme Court declared them a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade and ordered them to dissolve. It was only last fall that the formal dissolution was effected. The shares of the various units into which they resolved themselves have been rising in market value pretty steadily ever since. The last quotation at this writing gives an asked price equivalent to seven hundred and forty dollars for a share of the old Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is much more than that stock was worth in its undissolved state. As there were, in round numbers, one million shares of the old company, dissolution seems already to have been worth something over a hundred million dollars to the fortunate stockholders. It should be remembered in this connection that stocks generally are very dull at present, and other leading issues sell well below the best price even of 1911, which was far from a boom year. At this rate it is rather staggering to think what Standard Oil in its dissolution will be worth in a boom market!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Louisiana's Hall of Fame

THERE is this to be said for the Sunny South: When they get ready to swat the bosses down where the cotton grows they swat the bosses real swats, not contenting themselves with the slaps on the wrist that pass current for boss-rebukers in other localities. It may be urged it takes them a long time to get ready, but that is a boll-weevil come-back and to be classed with other lepidopterous retorts.

The kernel of it is that they swat 'em; and the proof of it is found in that little affair that recently attracted the attention of Louisiana, where, if you have a smattering of the history of your own times, you know they had bosses with bark on them, and where they were bossed from morn until what is held to be dewy eve in that vicinity. A primary was responsible for it—a real up-boys-and-at-them primary—which was one of the first primaries the voters of Louisiana had ever enjoyed—if not, indeed, the first—and positively the first chance the citizens of the state had had to do a little thinking and voting on their own account, instead of on account of the bosses and to their account.

This is what happened: The men in power had succeeded for years in holding things as they wanted to hold them by invoking the power of regularity. They made a fetish of Democracy. To be irregular was to be un-Democratic, and to be un-Democratic was some sort of a high crime and misdemeanor that would surely call down dire disaster on the heads of those who strayed from the beaten path. And the bosses were the judges of this highly-essential regularity. Inasmuch as the Republican party in Louisiana offered vague refuge to those who were inclined to revolt, it was held to be necessary to be bossed and regular or join the pariahs by leaving the bosses. And the bosses saw to it that the list of pariahs was kept constantly on the standing galleys, ready for instant use.

Meantime a long succession of state officials had had things pleasantly their own way, and there had arrived a governor who was even more genially a dictator than his predecessors. He carefully took over all the perquisites in the way of machinery and machinists that he found in working order when he went in, and added a few little improvements of his own from time to time, including a choice collection of workers called game wardens, whose duties were toward the governor's game. All was merry as a Mardi Gras until two young men, by name Thomson and Ballard, outlanders from Maryland and Virginia, opened up in an afternoon paper they own and began to call attention to various goings on. They called attention continuously and stridently. Presently another paper joined in. Then the people took a hand. They began to put a few timid whys. No attention was paid to these queries naturally, but they kept on asking: and it wasn't so long until the timid whys became temerous how-about-its—and the Hour was at hand!

The Conquest of New Orleans

WHEN the Hour—capital H, please—arrives in politics the next important factor is the Man—capital M. At this exact moment, when the Man was needed, John M. Parker, a cotton broker, with ideas of his own about government, and a reputation as a hunter—indeed, he taught The Colonel how to shoot bears in the canebrake—left his office on Union Street and walked to the center of the town of New Orleans, remarking the while that now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of a new party. So he organized the Democratic Good Government League—and organized it in a statewide sense. This was held by the bosses to desecrate the sacred principle of the primary, for which they had had the desecration privileges for many, many years. The bosses were strong for the sacred principle of the primary, merely exacting that they should run the primaries themselves and profit by them.

John M. Parker went up to Ouachita Parish and stayed there a few days. When he came back to New Orleans he had the man who was to be the head of the insurgent Democracy of the state, by name Luther Egbert Hall, recently elected to a twelve-year term on the supreme bench of the state. Southern Louisiana had heard little of Luther Egbert Hall, but they took John M. Parker's word for it that Luther was the Man; and when John M. showed him in New Orleans they liked Luther's looks and said he would do.

It was no small job to get Luther Egbert Hall into the field. It isn't so easy to live in Northern Louisiana and support a father and mother and rear a family and get far enough along to attain a seat on the bench of the supreme court, especially when all must be done by hard work and

He Selected for His Text, "Down With the Bosses!"

with no unearned increment lying round. That salary of six thousand dollars a year for twelve years seemed about as much to Hall as was necessary for comfort; and, even if he won in the primaries, the salary of governor is but five thousand dollars a year and the term but four years, instead of twelve. Hall had no money. He had practically a life position, and one for which he had shaped his life; but he responded. He said he would make the fight.

The people found Hall a big, blond man—not fat, but big—with hair of that color the old folks call "sandy," pale blue eyes and a ruddy face—a red-blooded sort of person. He was diffident, not used to mixing with men, a slow talker and a slow thinker, and heavily judicial in all his acts. Having entered the race to down the bosses he selected for his text, "Down with the bosses!"—and stuck to that. The bosses knew they were in for a struggle, and they selected their candidates and proclaimed platforms that embodied all the reforms any of them could think of and some they couldn't. Inasmuch as this was the sort of a platform Hall was running on all the contestants stood on the same base as to principles, and the campaign immediately became one of personalities.

There were three candidates. The inquiry by the people was: Which is most likely to carry out the pledges all are making? The candidates went at it, slang-whanging strenuously. They said Hall couldn't be elected because he couldn't make a speech and because his name is Luther. Hall learned to make a speech, and replied that his name was Luther—and that Luther, in his lexicon, meant: "Down with the bosses!" The Creoles of the sugar belt didn't seem to care much for the Luther part of it; and, moreover, somebody had started the story that M. Michel, the candidate supposed to appeal to this vote, wasn't Michel at all, but was Mitchell. And when Michel showed up in the Teche country with a band of performing "Cayjins," and couldn't talk in the vernacular himself it helped Hall a lot.

They shouted that New Orleans wouldn't stand for Hall because he was a Prohibitionist. Whereupon Hall said he favored local option and self-government, drank a few toddies from time to time, and remarked that he intended to down the bosses! They dug up what they said was a most damning letter, that showed dickering with the bosses for support. "If I wrote it I must have written it because I need the votes," replied Hall, "and down with the bosses!" Then they said he gambled in a bucketshop and welshed. "The welshing part of it is a lie!" asserted Hall; "and, as for the rest of it, I speculated some in copper—I was a sucker—I was in good company—and down with the bosses!"

"Ha!" said the men of New Orleans. "He isn't such a chilly, cold, unimpassioned person as we thought. He is a sport and will take a chance." And Hall replied solemnly: "Down with the bosses!" They came to bat with the charge that he owed money on a piano and owed a grocery bill in Monroe. "If," said his supporters, "he had manipulated his high office on the district bench to such profitable purpose as his two opponents have used their offices a few trivial embarrassments like a grocery bill wouldn't oppress him." And Hall replied that, for his part, he would leave it to the grocers of Monroe if he owed them anything—and, in the pulsating meantime, "Down with the bosses!"

Hall stuck to this line; but he proved himself to be a politician, now and then, by taking advantage of all the practicalities that came his way. He was slow, but reasonably sure. And when it came time to vote he was so far in the lead over his nearest competitor that the competitor pulled out, leaving the field to Hall—thus making him the next governor of Louisiana, after the election formalities are completed.

Hall has a great chance. He will be, of course, governor of the whole people and the Democratic governor as well—the head of the party instead of the leader of a faction. If he is big enough to refuse to allow the old system to absorb him he will be a conspicuous figure in the politics of the South. If he isn't, then the newspaper boys, and John M. Parker and the rest, will have to try again—for, and this is a sure thing, the bosses are to be downed and kept down! The road is open before Hall. It is up to him; and his friends say he will not disappoint.

A Dark Outlook

C. C. WALKER, assistant general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, has for cook on his private car an old negro who has been with the Walker family for many years. Recently Mr. Walker was compelled by business to stay in Covington, Kentucky, for about a month; and he lived in his car in the railroad yards there.

Nelson, the cook, grew homesick for Richmond, and wrote this letter to Mrs. Walker:

Mrs. Walker Pleas dont send Mr. Walker no colars nor soks no cuffs no neck ties he has more now than he Will hve long enough to youse if he stay out hear if he dont come hoam in a very short time he an I Both Will be brought hoam in a Corph We are Both as near Dead With a Deap coald he is Getting Woarse Every Day this C. & O. Will be hear When he an I ar both gone and of all Railroads I love my self Best Please hav him to come at once Love to all yours Nelson T. Elum.

OVER

I am takeing the Best care of him I can his Room lookes like a youngo Drug Store With Pills of Every kind But none seams to do no good an I have taken some of Everything in cincinnati an covington an I am Worse off now than When I First started so you know the Rest. NELSON

A Fast Tongue

ARTHUR W. THOMPSON, general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was riding in a freight engine in the Cumberland division of that road a time ago.

The train was a heavy one, made up of refrigerator cars loaded with the maximum tonnage for the engine. As they approached a grade the engineer leaned over to the fireman and yelled: "Warm her up, old tallowpot, warm her up. Slam a potpie into her so she'll be katish to take the big dip for the knob."

"Will you kindly translate that for me?" asked Thompson.

"Why, sure," said the engineer. "I told him to slip some chow to her so she'll razzle-dazzle the hump."

Sooner or Later

A NEW appointee of the Democratic House of Representatives went to Oscar Underwood, the majority leader, and said: "Please, Mr. Underwood, get your people to give me a cooler office. Under that tin roof where I am I'll roast."

"Well," replied Underwood, "you will eventually; so why not now?"

A New Omelet

Four eggs, two tablespoonfuls milk, two tablespoonfuls Underwood Deviled Ham. Beat eggs, adding the milk. Salt to taste. Pour into *well-buttered* frying pan and cook as usual. Warm the ham in cup set in hot water. When omelet is firm but not dry, spread ham on evenly, fold over and serve at once.

"You'll Just go *Crazy!*"

WHEN this omelet, golden and smoking, is brought on the table you'll go crazy over the taste. It's the taste of good, old-fashioned ham, steeped with the seasoning of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Ham that's boiled *en casserole* to keep in this mouth-watering flavor. It's then ground fine and mixed with a dressing of 42 bland spices. Delicious? Well, just *taste* it!

You'll begin using it all kinds of ways—in salads, soufflés, turnovers, croquettes, timbales, scallops, stuffed eggs, rarebits. And for sandwiches—always!

There are recipes for all these easily-made delicacies in our book "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News." Send us your grocer's name, mentioning whether he keeps Underwood Deviled Ham, and we'll mail you a copy—free. Or, enclose 15c and we'll send can to try.

You can have the best *omelet you ever tasted* for tomorrow's breakfast by ordering some Underwood Deviled Ham *today*.

Made by the Wm. Underwood Company, A-52 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

A BEST SELLER

TO THE majority of novelists this article may have the coloring of a fairy tale; and sometimes it seems to me that tomorrow or the next day I must wake up and leave my hall bedroom, hustle down to the office and begin another day's work poking into other people's affairs. For I began as a reporter, much against my father's wishes. He was not in any way connected with the craft, but he knew many journalists and something of the life they lead.

"My boy, I'd much rather see you a journeyman plumber; there's money in that business. As a newspaper man you generally end with a salary less than that with which you began. It is a life of hard knocks from first to last, full of petty jealousies and temptations. Newspaper work is the one business in which loyalty in the end counts for nothing. You may have fine illusions now, but these will be shorn from you quickly enough. You will learn to drink whisky neat, to play poker, to smoke expensive cigars, to consort with cheap actors and cheaper politicians. Your finer qualities will become callused and true ambition will cease to have a meaning. On the other hand, if it is your purpose to make journalism a stepping-stone to better things you will find no better preparatory school. But get out of it as soon as you can."

"Oh, I don't intend to stick to the business. I want to be a novelist," I replied with all the confidence of eighteen.

My father laughed. "Well, I'll get you a job. But always remember that there's a roof here when they leave you out in the cold. Don't come to it until you are whipped though. It's a rough fight; but don't let any one but your mother hear your whimper when they hit you on the nose. Hit back and keep on hitting back. Put a kick in your work. You'll have to push some good fellows out of the way, but that's all in the game."

He wrote to Chicago to a newspaper friend, and one day the telegram came. My father repeated his advice. I took it, along with a suitcase full of clothes, a Bible—slipped in by my mother—and a copy of the Maurice Leloir edition of The Three Musketeers. The advice and the Bible, I am ashamed to say —— But no matter! I wore out the clothes and The Three Musketeers and saw life on both sides, the seamy and the brocaded. What days of marvel those were, when each morning sent me forth to meet some new change! Never were two days alike. It was very exciting. I learned to stand pat on four of a kind, to drink beer instead of whisky, and to accept all the good cigars that came my way. I learned also the value of keeping my mouth shut and of opening my ears as wide as I possibly could. I encountered some strange experiences, and often I find some one of them quite naturally dovetailing into a novel. I believe that during that year and a half spent in Chicago I "covered" everything: murders, thefts, dinners, balls, blackmailing cases, political crimes—and there were plenty in Chicago in 1891—street-car scandals, wrecks on the lake, prizefights, World's Fair graft—before the buildings were completed—and Heaven knows what else! My, but I was busy!

Mr. Dana's Little Joke

In between times I wrote highfalutin sonnets about the "impenetrable ego of our cosmos." They were terribly profound, so profound that I may have been the innocent cause of many an editor's breakdown. I used to send the poems to Charles A. Dana—and he used to send them back. Once he wrote on the margin of a sonnet that he would gladly remunerate me for my cipher code. It hurt, but I remembered my father's advice about hitting back. I kept on sending. Dana was tireless. One day I turned the whole batch over to our editorial writer, who was one of the best paragraphers of his time and today is one of the most prosperous of our librettists.

"What you need," he said soberly, "is an interview with Eddie Foy. That'll knock this out of your system."

"No good?" I asked with heavy heart.

"Honestly, a young fellow like you ought to be ashamed to write such drivel. I know it's drivel because ten years ago I used to write the same stuff."

"All right. Get me that Foy interview."

He did.

Foy was playing Ali Baba. I interviewed him. The next morning when I came down to the office—I was working on an afternoon sheet that has long since gone out of existence—I found one bay-leaf pinned to my future wreath. Funniest story Chicago had seen in weeks, and without malice or rancor! To this day, when Foy visits my town, we shoot a game of billiards; and I am sure he doesn't connect me with that Chicago cub.

In a way I found myself. I began writing comic lyrics, and many of them appeared on the editorial page. Some of them reappeared in that column known as Poems Worth Reading, Charles A. Dana's pastime in the Sunday Sun. I was beginning to have a very good opinion of myself; the rest of the staff called it "swelled head." If there is one place in this wide world where the swelled head is short-lived it is in the city room of the average newspaper. In the parlance of the craft, I blew up one day and found myself out of a job. And I couldn't find another in Chicago. This was not because I lacked ability, but because a peculiar state of affairs existed in those days that I could never quite fathom. Any man who had been fired from one paper was unable to get a job on another. And salaries were a disgrace. On the newspaper on which I worked the highest salary was not over forty dollars. I was getting only ten.

Getting Into the Game

I left Chicago in the unknown hands of Peter Dunne, Kirke La Shelle, George Horton, Frank Pixley, John T. McCutcheon and George Ade, all of whom have since become well-known. In those days we used to brush each other's elbows at a dairy lunch counter, where the odor of gas took the flavor out of everything but the cheese. Perhaps we borrowed from each other; I don't remember; but I have a vivid recollection of pawning my watch regularly on Saturdays and of redeeming it on Monday—payday. Few newspapers pay on Saturday, for the obvious reason that printers are often cursed with *Wanderlust*, and when they have money in their pockets Saturday they are likely to disappear for parts unknown.

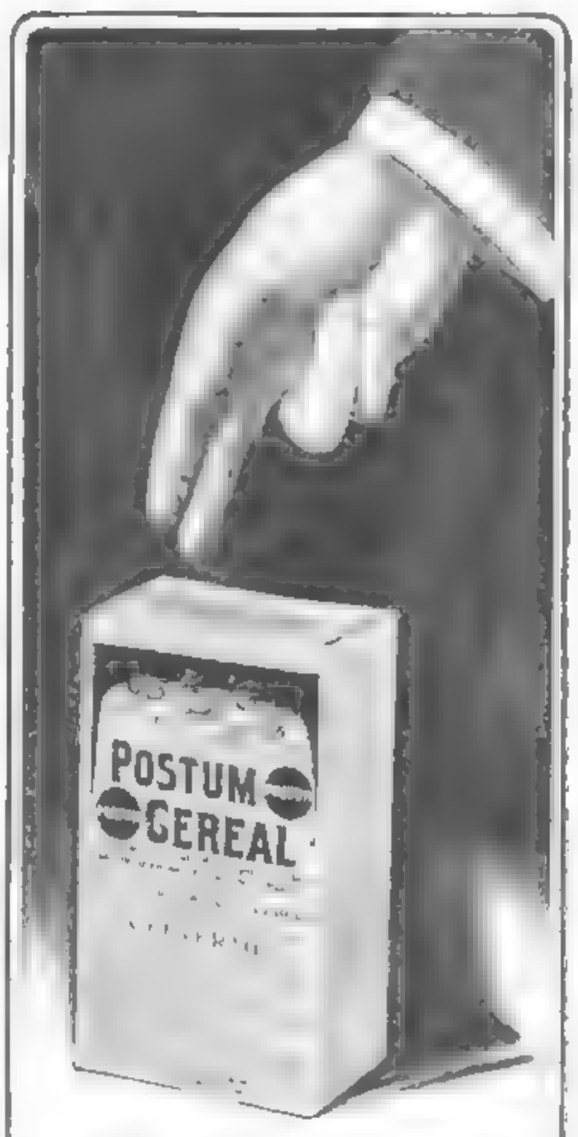
The blight of the wandering foot fell upon me. Between the years of 1892 and 1896 I worked on dozens of newspapers. I covered drama and book reviews; I became telegraph editor, news editor, city editor, cartoonist who drew and etched his own drawings. I set type, I published a society weekly and lost all my savings, I fell in love and out, and only once in all that time did I send home for money. I wrote a comic opera, and De Wolf Hopper wept in my presence as he handed it back to me. He said that he did not know that it could possibly be done so badly.

From my father and mother—bless them both—I inherited a keen sense of humor, and I suppose that is why I never take my novel-writing seriously. This sense has been a fine buffer; I fell softly where another man might have stayed down, broken. Many a time when I felt like giving up a laugh intervened to save me. Grimly I stuck to jests and jingles, and by-and-by I began to sell them. I became a professional humorist. I made from two to three thousand a year.

All my disappointments, all my discouragements, fell upon those days of joke-writing. At first I used to run up the street to meet the postman; later I let him ring the bell.

It was during the first days of the comic supplements. I used to work out a batch of verses, dialogues, sketches and ideas for illustrations. I had a system. I'd send the batch first to Life, and Mr. Masson would take two or three; then Harry Leon Wilson, of Puck, would retain a few more; and so on down the line. What were left I used in the columns of my own newspaper, so there was never any waste.

I was twenty-seven. One of the boys suggested that I give up the comic-opera idea and write a novel. I began one. Within six months it was completed. Enter the fairy story coloring. Two weeks after its completion the story was running as a serial in a New York paper. For the serial rights, here and abroad, I received seven hundred and fifty dollars. No more jokes for mine!



This May Be Just What You Need

Beyond all question, some of the every-day beverages are harmful to heart, nerves and digestion.

Many mothers refuse such drinks to their children, yet by strange inconsistency use these same beverages themselves.

In consequence, sooner or later, and according to the degree of natural strength of the individual, there comes a time when ill results are surely felt.

Then, it is well to heed Nature's warning.

Every member of the family can drink

POSTUM

with certainty of benefit.

A change to Postum has proven a revelation of comfort to thousands, and the delightful flavour of this wholesome food-drink makes the change easy and pleasant.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

I have never had a novel rejected by a publisher. From the time I wrote my first story up to this day it has been plain sailing. The first publishers to whom I sent the serial proofsheets accepted it immediately. I was to exempt the first thousand. As everybody was selling books by the hundreds of thousands I figured that my first check would be eighteen thousand dollars. It was exactly fifteen dollars. My sensations were similar to those of a man who has had his hat jammed suddenly down over his ears. Up to date, in cheap editions, that first novel has brought me in twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

I went at it again. The second book "took the country by storm." I showed the first check to my father.

"Beats plumbing," he admitted.

Publishers all over the country were after me with fat contracts. I remained where I was, and today I am glad I did. An author makes a great mistake in changing his publishers after he has made his first strike. It creates in the second house a vague distrust that the author may change publishers again; consequently the book is not pushed as it should be. The second house hesitates to pave the way for a third publisher. A dozen or more young writers have lost their public through this shortsightedness; and when you lose your public it is something you never can find again. Mine has been very loyal to me.

How Best Sellers are Scored

Every time I complete a book my publishers and I meet and go over the ground thoroughly. We decide who shall illustrate it, whether it shall be dramatized, whether it shall be printed in cheap editions, when it shall be published. Always I leave the date of publication in their hands, for they know far better than I the psychological moment for the launching. And half the game is in getting your book out at the right time. For my part I consider August or September the best time, because the fall book gets the benefit of the holiday sale. One thing we have never done, and that is to put more books on the market than we honestly believed we could sell. As a result, very few authors stand in better with the trade—meaning the jobbers and the booksellers. I am not averse to going in and shaking hands with a bookseller and asking him how the market is going. Why shouldn't I shake hands with him? He's one of the loyalest friends I have.

"Here is a rattling good yarn," he says to a customer. "Know the author. Comes in when he happens to be in town. No Great-I-Am about him—just an ordinary human being like the rest of us."

Shrewd, you'll say. Well, maybe. Business is business. To be sure I do not go round the country shaking hands with the booksellers. But if I happen to go to Pittsburgh or Detroit or Baltimore—and plays take me here and there across the continent—why, I hunt up a dealer, buy some magazines, tell him who I am and talk shop with him.

I used to have fine high ideas about bookwriting; but today, after eleven years of it, I look upon it as a business—a clean, honest business—and I am proud of it, for there must be some merit to my stories or I could not hold an audience for a decade. And every penny in the dollar is untainted. No one is forced to buy my books; no one has ever been tricked into buying a copy. Those who buy have bought them from the start. They expect excitement, fun, lots of dialogue, diversity of scenes, mystery, something they may begin after dinner and end at midnight. Problem novels? Divorce? Politics? Sociology? Never in the world! My public wants amusing romances; their problems they have with them always, and my business is to make them forget these for an hour or so. Some day—when I am forty-five—I am going to write the novel I have had in mind these ten years. Its canvas is as big as one of Tintoretto's. The probabilities are, however, that I shall never complete it.

I have had my place in The Bookman every year as regularly as clockwork. I have been first, second and third most of the time—perhaps I have stood third oftenest. But do not let The Bookman's reckoning blind you to the truth that it is not invariably accurate, and this not even the editor himself can deny. Let me explain: If you stand first in any city you are credited with ten points; second, with eight points; third, seven points; fourth, six points; fifth, five points; sixth, four points. Now, just for instance, let me take Birmingham, Alabama. Supposing I stand first there and in Chicago I am fifth or sixth. This gives me a higher standing in the final list; but in Birmingham I may sell two hundred copies, while in Chicago I may sell two thousand. I remember once I stood fourth for the month, and yet in the end sold twelve thousand copies more than the man who stood second, for we compared notes. But The Bookman is a good tonic for the publisher. He wants to get there as well as the author, and only a popular novel will bring him there.

I have never had a first edition of a hundred thousand copies; my publishers have generally limited the advance printing to seventy thousand. Then we wait for the reorders and fill accordingly. Thus you will never find a stack of my novels in a bookshop six or seven months after publication. The sale of a popular novel is made within five or six months; after that it is dead, very dead, unless it happens to be a David Harum or a Cabbage Patch. You never can tell what a book is going to do, however; that is always on the knees of the gods. Advertising pushes a book just so far; after that it has to be pushed by you and by me and by the other fellow.

The English editions of my tales have been annual jokes. Less than a hundred pounds will cover all I have made from the Isles. Germany has paid me five times that amount, and even Italy hasn't been so bad. Once I wrote a historical novel, lots of fighting and sacrébleuing. An Italian dramatist made a drama out of it. I saw it one night in Rome. Everything had been eliminated but the gore. There was so much of that that it threatened to roll over the footlights and extinguish them. I had a great time.

I write one novel a year, rarely anything else. For with me short stories literally are condensed novels. I should lack wisdom—commercial wisdom, if you will have it so—if I sold for five hundred dollars what I could, with a little more labor, sell for fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. I work perhaps six months; then I go fishing, or I pack up and go to Florence or Peking or Bombay or Rio Janeiro. "My office is where I can hang my hat." I am an inveterate globe trotter. I believe in travel; the least it does is to keep the invention fertile; and no one, not even my severest critics, will accuse me of being trite and uninteresting. And I love the work. I would not exchange my happy independence for all of Mr. Morgan's wealth. I am young, I am not forty, I am happily married; and not even the days of adversity robbed me of one truth—that a man is as happy as he wants to be.

A Quick Quarter-Million

I go over a story three times, once roughly, once carefully, and then I take it to the typewriter and add the final polish. I never sketch a scenario. I first find my happy ending; the events and climaxes that lead up to it are practically unknown to me until I get to them. I am often as much surprised as the reader is.

Here is an illustration of the whimsical turns of fate: Some years ago I sent a short story to the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, but it didn't quite get there. I sent it to a popular magazine in New York. The editor and his readers accepted it, but the publisher himself said no. On rereading it I saw the possibilities I had missed. I made a novelette out of it that sold sixty-eight thousand in the regular and two-hundred thousand in the cheap editions. It will be produced shortly as a play. And, as Henry James says, there you are!

Here is my ledger for eleven years:

Royalties on eleven novels and three novelettes	$180,000
Royalties on dramatizations of same—so far	40,000
Serial rights	16,000
Total	$236,000
Outlay in penens, papers, and so forth—approximately	300
Total balance	$235,700

Almost a quarter of a million. Quite a tidy sum for a chap who, once upon a time, all but ran his legs off for ten dollars a week. I have forgiven Chicago; it took a long time to do it. Some of the money I have still. I suppose this is due to the fact that it came in quicker than I could spend it. And I herewith forgive the critics, one and all. When I look at those numerals I rather believe I can afford to.

The Cost of Eating

IT is the high cost of eating that is troubling the fathers and mothers of this country.

42½ cents out of every dollar earned by the average family is spent for food—More than is spent for all other necessaries of life.

One hundred thousand grocers and butchers are now protecting their customers and attracting new ones to their stores by using **Toledo Springless Scales,** which **guarantee correct weight.**

When you buy your provisions, look for the Scale with the Sign:

"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight"

Mr. Retail Dealer: Some scales are not right and the public knows it. **Customers lack confidence in spring scales.** Changes in temperature affect them. They are seldom in balance. Wise merchants are discarding them.

The scale is the only fixture in your store in which all customers are financially interested. They have a right to know that it is right. It measures the amount of goods they get for their money. Your customers are your greatest asset. Why not please them and attract new ones by using the scale which everybody knows gives honest weight?

The Toledo Springless Automatic Scale deals justly on both sides of the counter. It will get for you every cent to which you are entitled. It will give your customer every ounce due him. It will increase your trade and add to your profits.

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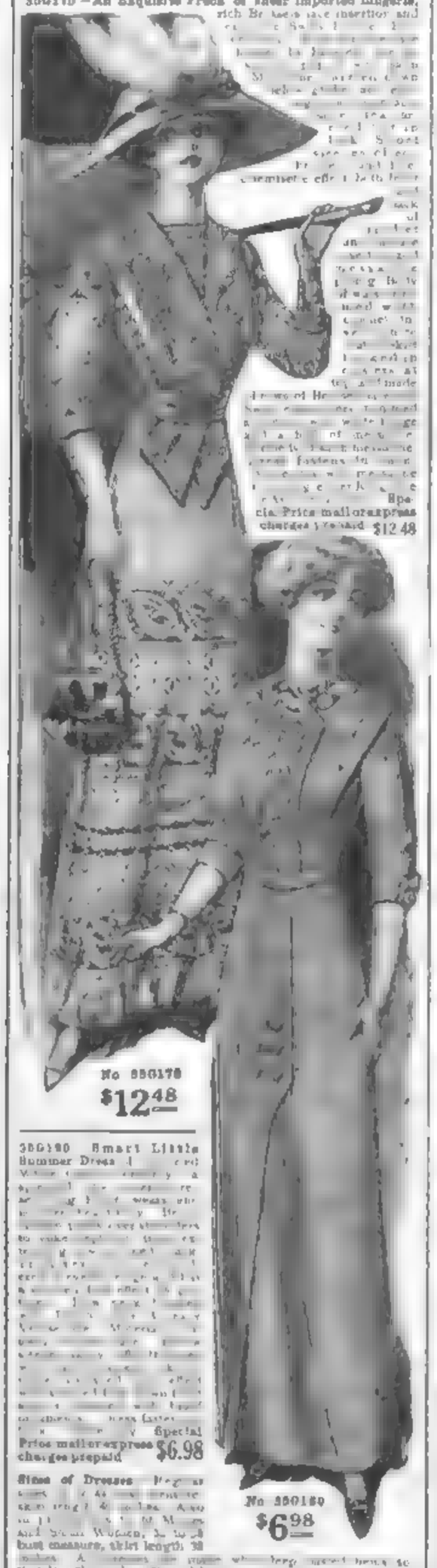

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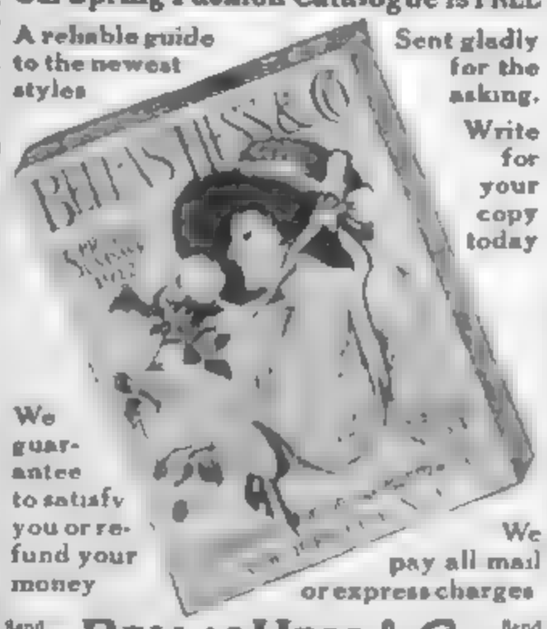

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Effect of Gold Production on Security Prices

By ROGER W. BABSON

IF BY some magic method each yardstick in the world should increase ten per cent in length during a night it would be necessary for all merchants using yardsticks in the sale of goods to increase their prices the next morning ten per cent; and yet this increase would mean no real increase in the cost of the goods to consumers! Now this illustrates the principle underlying the increase in prices due to the increased production of gold.

Gold is the standard of value in the same way that the yardstick is the standard of measurement; and as this standard of value is increased or decreased, prices must necessarily increase or decrease correspondingly. Therefore, if the small investor will grasp this first fundamental principle he will learn the relation between the increase in gold production and the increase in merchandise prices.

The following table shows the production of gold during the past fifty years; and in a broad way the world's price movement for raw materials, merchandise and labor corresponds thereto.

If freed from outside arbitrary and artificial factors, especially the impetus to speculation caused by increased gold production, prices of raw materials and merchandise should correspond to the changes in the value of gold, or rather of credits, with great exactness.

PRODUCTION OF GOLD IN FINE OUNCES

DATE	THE WORLD	UNITED STATES	WESTERN EUROPE
1860	6,496,262	2,225,250	NO REPORT UNTIL 1888
1861	5,949,582	2,080,125	
1862	5,949,582	1,800,000	
1863	5,949,582	1,[illegible]000	
1864	5,949,582	2,[illegible]87	
1865	5,949,582	2,[illegible]729	
1866	6,270,080	2,588,062	
1867	6,270,080	2,[illegible]10	
1868	6,270,080	2,[illegible]000	
1869	6,270,080	2,[illegible]362	
1870	6,270,080	2,[illegible]06	
1871	5,701,074	2,104,312	
1872	5,700,074	1,74[illegible]500	
1873	4,[illegible]77	1,74[illegible]500	
1874	4,[illegible]31	1,020,122	
1875	4,716,583	1,[illegible]089	
1876	5,[illegible]488	1,931,575	
1877	5,512,196	2,[illegible]62	
1878	5,701,114	2,457,[illegible]99	
1879	5,262,174	1,88[illegible]787	
1880	5,148,880	1,741,500	
1881	4,983,742	1,[illegible]82	
1882	4,[illegible]86	1,272,187	
1883	4,614,588	1,451,[illegible]20	
1884	4,921,166	1,189,[illegible]60	
1885	5,[illegible]72	1,[illegible]25	
1886	5,155,[illegible]79	1,66[illegible]15	
1887	5,11[illegible]51	1,5[illegible]75	
1888	5,330,775	1,604,841	190,266
1889	5,973,790	1,587,000	316,023
1890	5,749,306	1,588,880	407,750
1891	6,220,194	1,606,840	600,880
1892	7,094,266	1,597,096	1,001,818
1893	7,618,811	1,739,323	1,221,151
1894	8,764,362	1,910,813	1,637,773
1895	8,615,190	2,254,760	1,845,138
1896	9,783,914	2,568,132	1,857,071
1897	11,420,068	2,774,935	2,491,552
1898	13,877,806	3,118,398	3,562,813
1899	14,837,775	3,437,210	3,360,091
1900	12,315,135	3,829,897	395,385
1901	12,625,527	3,805,800	238,995
1902	14,354,680	3,870,000	1,091,525
1903	15,852,620	3,560,000	2,859,479
1904	16,804,372	3,892,480	3,653,[illegible]4
1905	18,306,451	4,265,742	4,706,433
1906	19,471,080	4,565,333	5,559,534
1907	19,977,260	4,374,827	6,220,227
1908	21,430,438	4,574,340	6,782,536
1909	21,982,713	4,821,701	7,039,136
1910	*22,058,303	4,657,017	7,228,588
1911		*4,655,297	7,[illegible]2

*Estimated

Of course, theoretically the extension of our bankcheck system and the velocity with which our checks, bills, and so on, circulate have the same effect in raising prices as has the increase in our gold supply. In the last analysis, in fact, prices are dependent upon the factors shown in the following formula, which has been worked out by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University, who has carried to completion some admirable work by Professor Kemmerer, of Cornell:

$$MV + M^1V^1 = PT \qquad \text{Therefore: } P = \frac{MV + M^1V^1}{T}$$

In this formula

M = Money in Circulation
V = Its Velocity in Circulation
M^1 = Deposits Subject to Check or Credits
V^1 = Their Velocity of Circulation or Activity
T = Volume of Trade
P = Price Level

We see, therefore, that, as the factors M and M^1 or V and V^1 increase, P also increases and the price level advances. As V is fairly constant, this means that the increased price level of today is practically due to the increase in money, M—including gold, banknotes, and so on; to the increase in deposits subject to check, M^1; and to the increased velocity of circulation of these deposits, or V^1. The resulting increase in M^1V^1 is largely reflected in the great increase in bank clearings.

Therefore it will be seen that gold itself is only one factor and that an increase in credits of any form—that is, bank deposits subject to check—and especially an increase in the velocity of circulation of said moneys and credits, are also real factors. This last is very important, for certainly one dollar circulating twenty times a year has the same effect as twenty dollars circulating only once a year or ten dollars circulating twice a year. As to Professor Fisher's correctness there can be no doubt, so far as his reasoning refers to raising the general level of prices throughout the world.

However, it should also be remembered that it is not the raising of the prices of everything that is causing the present acute dissatisfaction, but rather the abnormal increase in the prices of certain necessities. In other words, as money gradually depreciates in value there should be no social disturbance so long as wages, interest, rents and every commodity increase correspondingly; but when wages do not correspondingly increase there is dissatisfaction. In the same way, though Professor Fisher correctly diagnoses the causes of the present uplift of the world's price level, yet the above equation may not satisfactorily explain the abnormal increase in the prices of a few necessities that have increased above the general price level. For the causes of inequality of such price increases one may well refer to the writings of Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago. In brief, he states these to be as follows:

1. Credit and Prices
2. Changes in Expenses of Production
3. Tariffs and Taxation
4. Wages and Unionism
5. Changed Agricultural Conditions
6. Monopolies and Trusts
7. General Extravagance
8. Speculation

As labor is in reality a commodity, the same as cotton, iron and foodstuffs, the price of labor should increase proportionately with the price of raw materials and commodities. Therefore, theoretically, the clerk and laboring man who reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST need give no thought to the gold theory or the increased production of gold. I say "theoretically" because, theoretically, as gold abnormally increases in amount and consequently depreciates in value, and the prices of groceries, provisions and clothes increase, so wages should increase in like proportion. In other words, so long as the laboring man's wage increases correspondingly with the increase in the price of provisions, drygoods, rent, and so on, he is neither worse off nor better off than before. Consequently I say that, theoretically, a salaried man has nothing to fear from increased gold production and the increase in prices coming therefrom.

Unfortunately, however, this is where there is a difference between theory and practice. Owing to the organization and central control in business, the price of groceries, meats, drygoods, and so on, are

Hot Gingerbread and maple sugar sauce

Made with Crisco

ONE of the most delicious Southern desserts is gingerbread, served as soon as baked, with a thick, maple sugar sauce.

Make the gingerbread, using Crisco where you have used butter. It is better than when made with butter, and of course there is a saving in cost

Butter is nearly one-fifth water; Crisco is *all* shortening. Crisco makes the cake richer, gives it a more delicious flavor, a finer, softer texture. As there is no water in Crisco, gingerbread made with it does not dry out; it stays fresh twice as long.

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Wherever you have been accustomed to use butter in cake making or in pastry, or butter and lard, or lard alone, use Crisco and see how much better are the results.

Start with the hot gingerbread. Have it tonight and learn how delicious it is.

GINGERBREAD

½ cup sugar
*½ cup Crisco
1 egg—white and yolk beaten separately
½ cup molasses
½ cup hot water (as hot as possible)
1½ cups flour
1 level teaspoon salt
2 level teaspoons ginger
1 level teaspoon powdered cinnamon
2 level teaspoons baking powder or ½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon cloves

Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes

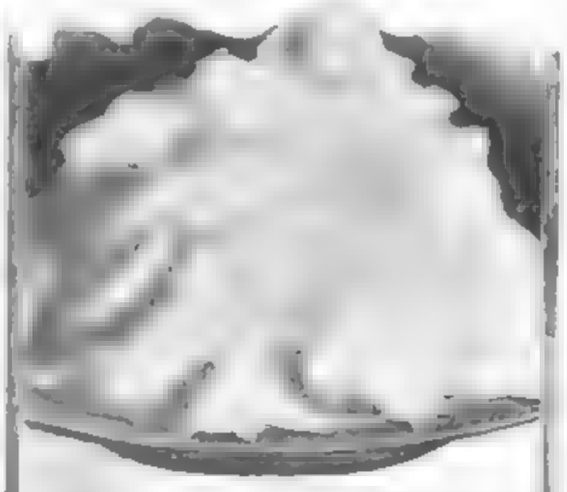
SAUCE

1 cup (½ lb.) maple sugar
1 level teaspoonful Crisco
1 level tablespoonful flour
1 egg
1 cup boiling water

Dissolve the maple sugar in the boiling water. Rub together the Crisco and the flour. Add gradually the boiling syrup; add lastly the beaten egg. Then return to the fire and stir briskly until thickened.

*Crisco costs only one-half to one-third as much as butter.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00, except in the Far West



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immediately adjusted to any change in the standard of value—namely, gold; but, owing to the blindness of labor and the fact that many of our labor leaders so little understand fundamental economic principles, the price of labor does not rise so rapidly as the prices of commodities. Moreover, this especially applies to non-unionized labor—such as bookkeepers, clerks, schoolteachers and other inside employees. Of course, in a way, labor is very highly organized; but it is organized on the same principle as is the Russian Empire—namely, through the autocratic efforts of its rulers. To accomplish good results, however, something besides force and arbitrary rule is needed to accompany organization. Russia is infinitely more organized than America; but give me America as the place in which to live!

Therefore in connection with the discussion of this gold theory I wish to take this opportunity to urge all readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who are members of labor organizations to insist on electing educated leaders—men who understand the fundamental principles of economics. Moreover, I wish that every Central Labor Union in our large cities could have classes in applied economics, in order that it might understand certain fundamental principles relative to prices, wages and interests. This would enable labor more often to row with the tide instead of so often bucking up against the tide!

Why Money Rates Should Rise

The reason why the capitalist or merchant is so often able to take advantage of the laboring man is simply because the capitalist raises his prices when fundamental conditions warrant it; and he lets his prices sag when he sees that lower prices are inevitable, rather than arbitrarily hold them up. In other words, many labor organizations, not understanding these fundamental laws of trade and prices, miss the real opportunities of obtaining increased wages or better conditions, and very often strike at psychologically the wrong time. This is one reason why the price of labor has not always fluctuated correspondingly to the average price of commodities, and why so many people that are working on salaries are suffering today from the increased production of gold.

Money, also, is a commodity, the same as cotton, iron and foodstuffs. Consequently, if increased gold production increases the price of these latter commodities interest rates must also increase, or the purchasing power of the income on a given amount of capital will diminish. This is nothing more than right and fair. For instance, a woman who is living on her income, if obliged to pay more for her groceries, rent and clothes, will need a higher rate of interest or rent for her money. Therefore interest rates must increase with these other commodities; or the person who is living on the income from his investments will come out at the little end of the horn. Therefore it is fair to assume that, so long as gold continues to depreciate in value, capitalists will endeavor to increase the rate of interest proportionately. Now, granting that the rate of interest will gradually increase, it is a simple matter to think how this will affect the prices of bonds and fixed interest-bearing securities.

For instance, the 4 per cent bonds of the average large city of the Central West are now selling approximately at par, so as to yield investors 4 per cent on their money; or, in the parlance of the trade, these municipal bonds are now said to be selling on a 4 per cent basis. Now if the gold production—and I admit that this contemplates a large "if"—is to continue to increase abnormally, and interest rates for such loans increase from 4 per cent to 4½ per cent, then these cities some years hence will be obliged to pay 4½ per cent on these bonds in order to sell them at par. In such a case their 4½ per cent bonds will be selling at par; but this change will affect all of their issues, so that all of the bonds of said cities will then be selling on a 4½ per cent basis

Now if a bond is today selling at par and on a 4 per cent basis the same bond must sell below par in order to yield 4½ per cent. This means that all bond issues of said cities now outstanding may, some years hence, be selling for less than they are today.

Now whether or not this will happen depends on whether or not gold is to continue to increase abnormally and depreciate in value; and it is not within the province of this article to discuss this subject. Therefore readers must be careful to note that I do not say that bonds are to decline in price; in fact, so far as the immediate future is concerned I believe that certain highgrade bonds will tend to increase in price. Nevertheless, the thought underlying the theory is that, as the production of gold abnormally increases and thus depreciates in value, the price of commodities and interest rates should likewise increase; and the price of bonds and other fixed interest-bearing securities should decrease.

According to this, the price of preferred stocks should likewise decrease in value, though this, of course, includes only such preferred stocks as now pay their full dividend and are thoroughly established and distributed. So far as this applies to certain high-grade preferred stocks, such as Union Pacific Preferred, Boston & Maine Preferred and similar seasoned stocks, this doubtless may be true; and if bonds decline in price these high-grade, low-yielding preferred stocks should likewise decline in price. I do, however, feel that it will be a good many years before this law applies to such preferred stocks as United States Steel Preferred, American Sugar Refining Preferred, and other preferred stocks now yielding from 6 per cent to 7 per cent.

When it comes to a discussion of the effect of increased gold production on the prices of the common stocks of our leading railroads and industrials two other factors must be considered—namely:

1. If, owing to abnormal gold production, the price of money is to increase, a railroad which a few years ago, when interest rates were low, issued some one-hundred-year bonds at 3½ per cent interest—as did the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company—will have a distinct advantage over competitors who must continue to borrow at high rates. Even now the New York Central must pay fully 1 per cent more than it paid when the 3½ per cent mortgage was issued; and, if the expectations of the exponents of the gold theory are to be realized, the time may arrive when corporations like the New York Central must issue 6 per cent bonds in order to sell at par. Therefore it will be seen that, if gold is to continue to depreciate in value, the investor should purchase only short-time securities, while railroads and industrial corporations should borrow for the longest time possible.

The Dividends of the Future

For instance, assume that a railroad has one hundred million dollars of 3½ per cent bonds which it issued some years ago at par, and also has one hundred million dollars of stock upon which it now pays 5 per cent. Assume that a competitive line some years hence must issue one hundred million dollars of bonds, but, owing to the depreciation in gold, must issue them as 5½ per cent bonds instead of 3½ per cent bonds. Now, if all other conditions are the same and if both roads are now able to pay 5 per cent on their stocks, the first-mentioned road, which already funded its debt at 3½ per cent, should in years to come be able to pay 2 per cent more on its one hundred million dollars of stock than the competitive road will be able to pay on its one hundred million dollars. In other words, if gold continues to depreciate abnormally in value, though the stocks of both roads are now paying 5 per cent it is easy to imagine that the time will come when the first road, with a funded debt on a 3½ per cent basis, will pay 7 per cent, though the second-mentioned road, with a funded debt on a 5½ per cent basis can still pay only 5 per cent.

In view of this fact, it is the common stocks of our railroads that will be helped by this depreciation in gold; and such stocks—instead of declining in price, as in the case of bonds—should increase in price, or at least hold their own. I add this latter phrase because—according to the theory in the foregoing paragraph—if this depreciation takes place the 7 per cent stocks of the first-mentioned road will then be selling for only what this 5 per cent stock is selling for today, owing to the fact that all interest rates have increased correspondingly. In such a case, instead of the stock of the first-mentioned road selling higher some years hence, this will simply hold its own; while the stock of the second-mentioned road, which has not yet refunded its indebtedness at a low rate, will decline in price.

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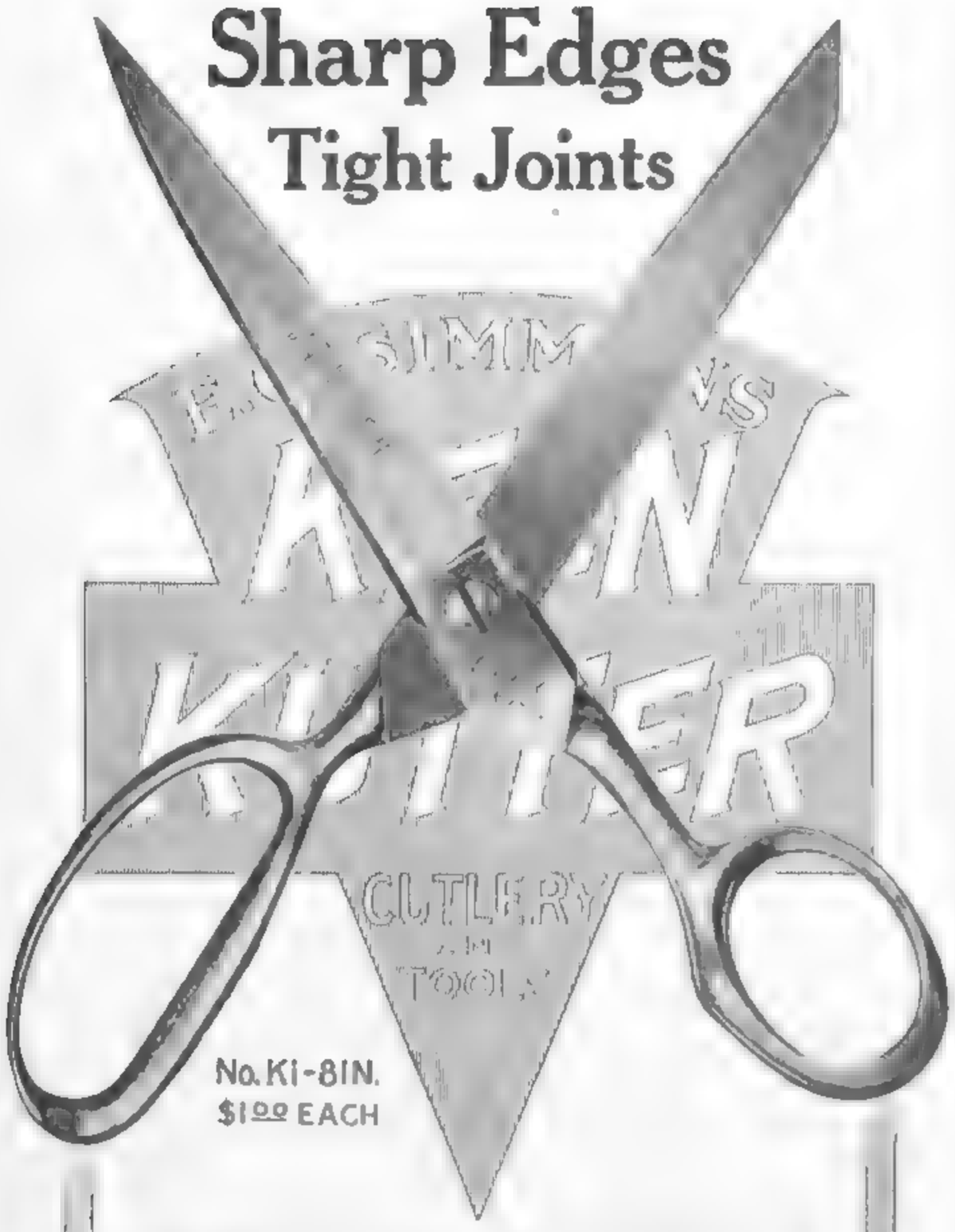
Tight Joints



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2. Not only should the corporations which have already refunded their indebtedness at a low rate receive an increased income therefrom but they should be allowed to increase their rates in accordance with the increase in everything else. If the prices of raw materials, manufactured goods, wages and interest all increase, there is no reason why freight rates and passenger rates should not be allowed also to increase. As prices and prosperity increase there is no reason why railroads should not be allowed to share this greater prosperity with others, and there is no doubt they must do so to a certain extent. It is believed by some that increased gold production causes a certain abnormal speculative atmosphere, and takes the appearance of general increased prosperity and also increases gross earnings, which in turn should still further increase the value of corporation common stocks. Of course, theoretically, a very large amount, if not all, of this increase will be absorbed through operating expenses, as more must be paid for materials, more for labor, more for real estate and every other item purchased. You cannot beat the laws governing this universe, which are fundamentally based on Newton's great law: "Action and reaction are equal." The mechanical engineer can increase the diameter of any wheel to increase the speed of the machine of which it is a part, but as that speed increases the power at the circumference of the wheel decreases.

The Situation Reversed

Therefore, to my mind, there is doubt as to whether the advantage which the enthusiastic supporters of the gold theory anticipate will come to the common stocks of our large railroads and other corporations. Law is law, and no way has been discovered yet whereby it is possible to obtain more than one hundred cents from one dollar. The purchaser of common stocks may see his dividends increase if gold depreciates in value, yet I fail to see why the price of these stocks should materially increase, though they should hold up much better than certain preferred stocks. In other words, as far as I can see the only advantage a holder of common stocks can receive is that he will not be affected adversely if gold abnormally increases.

With certain industrials which have large supplies of raw materials, such as the United States Steel Corporation and some of the fertilizer companies, this is a different proposition.

Rising prices for commodities may not interfere with the earning power of corporations that sell commodities the prices of which are not limited by law; in fact, these corporations are in many cases gainers by this influence, which tends to advance prices.

It may be added that railroad companies which own valuable coal lands, and so on, may find that, in case of a great use in commodities, such property may be a great factor in increasing the prices of their stocks. The railroad company, then, may be considered as preëminently a seller of transportation, and has been so regarded in this article.

Most corporations, however, whose products are subject to regulation by law, such as traction, gas and electric lighting companies, are subject to practically the same influences that operate against the prices of railroad stocks. Their cost of production advances easily and inevitably, and the selling price remains fixed or advances with difficulty and under protest. I should like to elaborate here and show the possible effect of Government control of large industrial corporations on the possible increased prices due to too much gold, but lack of space forbids.

Instead of gold abnormally increasing in production, what if it should abnormally decrease? This certainly is something worth thinking about. Every mine has a bottom just as truly as every apple barrel. Hence the day is coming when every gold mine will become exhausted; certain of the best mines are now approaching this point. Of course new discoveries are being made in Alaska, Canada and other portions of the world; but is it not as legitimate to assume that fifty years hence the production of gold will be abnormally small as that it will be abnormally great? The practical answer to this question, so far as we can be interested during our lifetime, depends upon whether or not the very lowgrade ores can

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in the pocket or when writing

No, sir, it *absolutely will not* leak, no matter in what position you hold or carry it, flat, up-side-down, in coat pocket—even trousers pocket. It's built so it *can't leak!* Nor will it blot or drop ink when writing.

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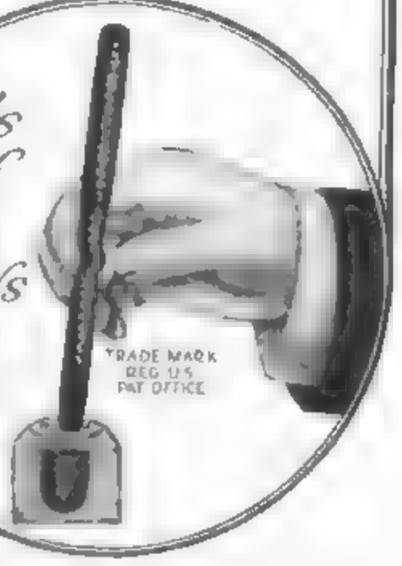
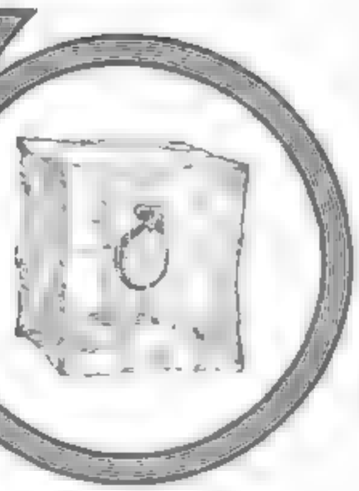




This Cake of Ice

With the Watch in It

—stands for the South Bend Watch—the famous watch that keeps perfect time even when *frozen in ice.*

This marvelous accuracy is not accidental.

It takes, sometimes, a *full year* to make *one* South Bend Watch. For a South Bend isn't finished until it has run 700 hours accurately.

The "South Bend" Watch

Each is inspected 411 times in the making. There are over 100 operations on the dial alone. This merely *indicates* the care exercised in the construction.

But these are the reasons why South Bend owners are proud to take their watches out of their pockets and say, "This is a *South Bend.*"

Note what this owner says of his watch:

South Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 11, 1911
South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen: I thought you would be interested in a grade No. 217 which you shipped me about eleven weeks ago. It is the most wonderful watch I ever had in my possession.

The watch has not been set for eleven weeks. For seven weeks it has been O. K. every morning when I get time. Not three seconds off or one second off—but so close that I can catch no difference. I am carrying it in my pocket and give it no favors.

Yours truly,
J. M. Hughes.

Such a watch *in your pocket* would be a permanent source of satisfaction. You can get a South Bend Watch at prices ranging up to $75 (in solid gold case).

Go to your jeweler and ask him about the South Bend Watch. Ask about the South Bend plan of selling watches only through the *retail* jeweler. Ask about the regulation to the *buyer's* personality that *every good watch needs.* First write for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells a lot of interesting things—things that you'll like to know about watches in general.

Ask to see South Bend Watch Cases in which we mark the amount of gold they contain.

The South Bend Watch Company
3 State Street, South Bend, Indiana (94)

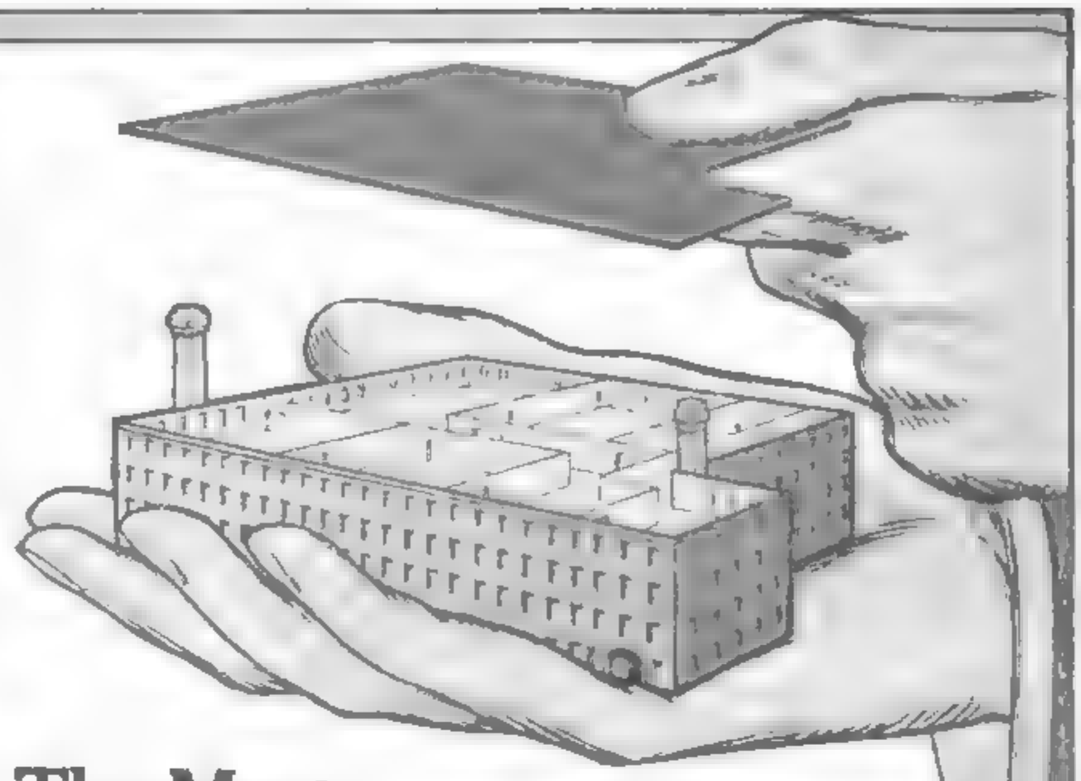
be used. As is known, seawater contains a certain percentage of gold; and there are hundreds of thousands of acres of gold lands throughout the states of the South that contain about one hundred cents in gold to a ton. Moreover, the land upon which the new home of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in Philadelphia, stands assays about thirty cents to the ton in gold. At the present time no ore can be treated that runs less than about two dollars a ton; but if some new method is discovered to extract these lowgrade ores, then the production of gold will suddenly abnormally increase, and it will be accompanied by an increase in the price of commodities, wages, rents and interest rates. This will be accompanied by a decrease in the prices of long-term bonds and certain preferred stocks, though the prices of railroad stocks may temporarily increase; and the prices of certain industrial shares of corporations not subject to Government control and the prices of speculative commodities should increase.

On the other hand, if no method is ever discovered whereby these lowgrade ores can be extracted at a profit and no further discoveries of consequence are made, our present mines will gradually become exhausted, the production of gold will become abnormally small and the reverse will happen. In this case, the present holder of long-term bonds will have the laugh on everybody else; for wages, commodities, interest rates, and so on, will all decline—but he will have a fixed income at a rate much above the market. In short, it is entirely possible to imagine that things may work around in this unexpected way, and that fifty years hence the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company and other roads may be able to issue bonds at 2½ per cent interest. In this case the bondholder who now has these roads "tied up" at 3½ per cent for one hundred years will have the best of the bargain.

The Results of Over-Production

Therefore, in closing, I submit these conclusions which have been prepared by Mr. Byron W. Holt, who has probably made a more exhaustive study of this subject than any other person, with the possible exception of Senator Burton, of Ohio, and Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale University.

1. Both the output and supply of gold are likely to increase rapidly for many years.
2. Therefore the value of gold will depreciate as the quantity increases.
3. This depreciation will be measured by the rise in the average price level.
4. A rising price level, if long continued, is accompanied by rising or high interest rates.
5. High interest rates mean low prices for bonds and all other long-term obligations drawing fixed rates of interest, dividends or income.
6. Rising prices increase the cost of materials and of operation, and tend to decrease the net profits of all concerns the prices of whose products or services either cannot be advanced at all or are not free to advance rapidly.
7. Rising prices tend to increase the net profits of all concerns that own their own sources of materials and supplies.
8. Rising prices of commodities tend to cause the prices of all tangible property to rise. This includes land, mines, forests, buildings and improvements.
9. Rising prices of commodities and property tend to increase the value of the securities of corporations holding commodities or property.
10. Rising prices and cost of living necessitate higher money wages, though the rise of wages will follow some distance behind the rise of prices.
11. As rising prices do not mean increased profits to all concerns, many employers will not concede higher wages without strikes.
12. Rising prices and wages, therefore, mean dwindling profits and troublous times in many industries, with complete ruin as the final goal.
13. Because wages will not rise so fast or so much as prices and the cost of living, there will be dissatisfaction and unrest among wage and salary earners.
14. Rising prices of commodities and property encourage speculation in commodities, stocks and real estate and discourage honest industry.
15. Thus rising prices, by diminishing the incomes of safe investments in gilt-edged



The Most Important Part of Your Building is the ROOF

It PROTECTS all the valuable property you have beneath it!

And if you select the *right* roof you will never have to replace it—because the only roof you want is the one that will *last as long as your building!*

It is a poor time to learn what kind of a roof is on your building only when leaks and other trouble occur. The time for serious consideration of the entire roofing question is *before you select a roof.*

More than 25 years ago Philip Carey began placing on buildings of all kinds—on roofs both flat and steep—the composition roofing that is today so famous for service and durability.

And there are thousands of factories, warehouses and business and farm buildings which *for 17 to 25 years* have been—*and are today*—*perfectly protected by*

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

Note the diagram and description below, showing why Carey's Roofing is the most suitable and durable material ever produced [illegible] —giving *permanent* [illegible] effective and remarkable [illegible]

When [illegible] Carey Roof [illegible] a perfect, water-tight joint. [illegible] the Carey Roof *a solid sheet* [illegible] entire top of the building.

Thus its heart of asphalt cement is *hermetically sealed in* and its *life* and *flexibility* are perpetuated. As a result, the Carey Roof *cannot dry out, crack* or *deteriorate*, but will last as long as the building it protects!

Carey's Roofing is *made in the factory—not* on top of the building! Workmen who lay it *cannot alter* its construction or skimp materials, thus lessening or [illegible] durability. And it is easily and quickly laid. We do not ask building owners, superintendents, and architects to select Carey Roofing off-hand, but we do urge investigation of the Carey roof and *comparison of all roofings before* a roof is selected.

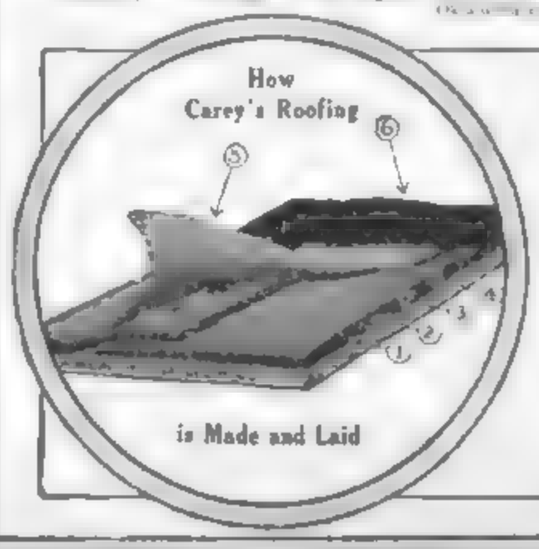
Our complete Carey's Roofing booklet, and a GENEROUS SAMPLE *of Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing gladly mailed on request.*

The Philip Carey Company

General Offices and Factories
43 Wayne Ave. Lockland, Cincinnati

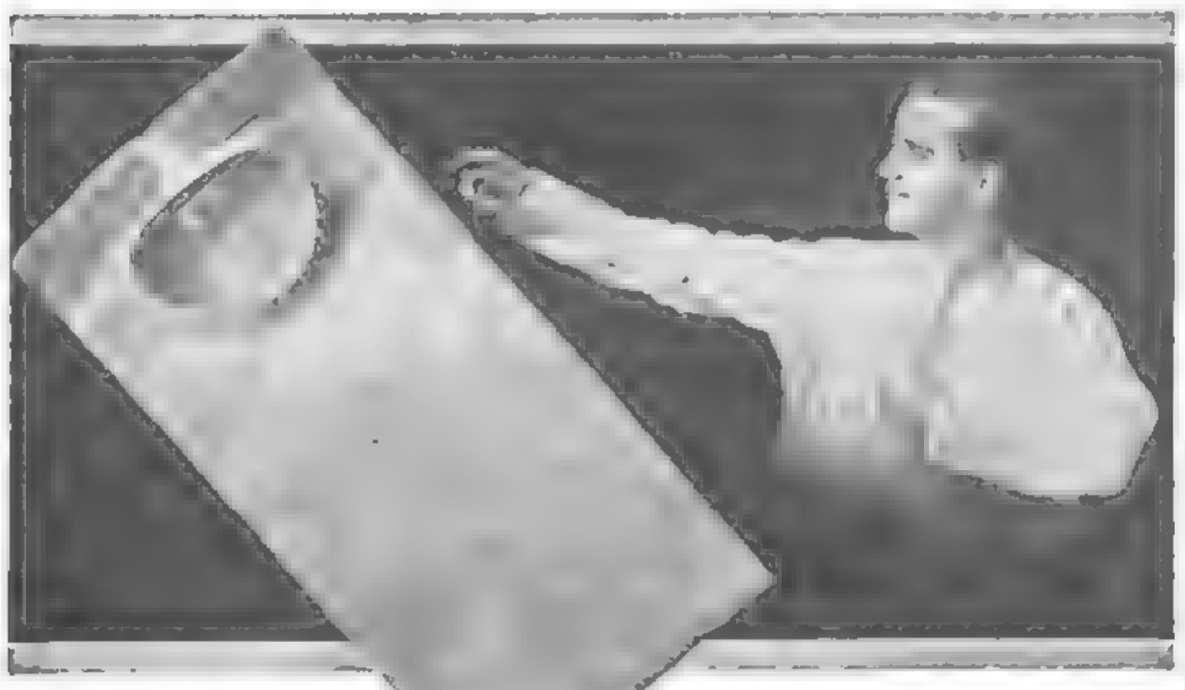
Allentown, Pa.,	Chattanooga,	Harrisburg	[illegible]	Omaha,	Spokane,
Atlanta,	Chicago,	[illegible]	[illegible]ls,	Philadelphia,	St. [illegible]
Baltimore,	Cincinnati,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible],	[illegible]
Birmingham,	Cleveland,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Portland,	Toledo,
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible], N. J.,	Rochester,	Toronto,
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	San Francisco,	Wheeling,
[illegible],	[illegible]	Los Angeles	[illegible]	Scranton,	Winnipeg,
			[illegible],	Seattle,	Washington.

Write nearest branch if not familiar with name of our local dealer



Unequaled Construction of Carey's Roofing

1. Firm foundation of special woolen felt, manufactured in our own mill.
2. Solid flexible body of our special tempered asphalt cement composition (the "heart" of the Carey Roof), laid on wool felt foundation.
3. Strong Calcutta Burlap imbedded over cement body, protecting it.
4. Asphalt compound imbedded into Burlap and preserving it.
5. Carey Patent Lap (extension of the Burlap) which covers over nails along the joins.
6. Asphalt compound that cements down the Carey Patent Lap and makes the Carey Roof a *solid sheet* over top of building.



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Give a name to added value without added price and that name is

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Standing on the prices of ordinary shirts, we have so materially raised the quality

(by means of big production, improved methods and skilled, efficient workmanship)

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Guaranteed absolutely color fast; remarkable wearing and washing qualities; practically endless variety of superb styles.

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the collars which end all tie tying troubles with a little shield over the back button that lets the tie slide. Save ties. Save time. Save temper.

Note the fashionable models, the fine quality, the finished workmanship.

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bonds and stocks, and by increasing the profits of speculators, encourage extravagance, recklessness and thriftlessness.

16. As rising prices decrease the purchasing power of debts, and thus aid debtors at the expense of creditors, they discourage saving and thrift.

17. Rising prices, then, by promoting speculation and extravagance, increase consumption, especially of luxuries—and therefore stimulate production.

18. Rising prices result in what is real prosperity for many industries, but what is for a nation, as a whole, artificial or sham prosperity—the result of marking up prices rather than of increasing production.

19. With prices, wages, rates and industries always imperfectly adjusted to the ever-depreciating value of gold, and with instability and uncertainty throughout the financial world, there cannot but be a great shifting round of values and of titles to property.

20. As this shifting is to the advantage of the debtors—the rich—and to the disadvantage of the creditors—the great middle class—it results in rapidly concentrating wealth in the hands of a comparative few.

21. For all of these reasons, a prolonged period of rapidly rising prices is reasonably certain to become a period of unrest, discontent, agitation, strikes, riots, rebellions and wars.

22. A rapidly depreciating standard of value, then, if long continued, not only produces most important results in the financial, industrial and commercial world, but is likely to result in changes of great consequence in the political, social and religious world.

My personal opinion, however, is that the chances are about even as to whether the gold supply is to increase abnormally or whether it is to decrease abnormally; in other words, I believe the chances are that conditions may so adjust themselves that the gold factor need not be seriously considered at the moment. Therefore I believe that the small investor had better forget all about the gold theory, so far as it applies to investments, and devote his energy to seeing that his wages are adjusted in accordance with the cost of rents, clothing and foodstuffs.

The gold theory, as a theory, is absolutely sound; but which way it is going to work nobody knows. It is perfectly safe for me to say: "If it is going to rain tomorrow you should be sure to take a raincoat and umbrella." This is sound theory; but what you really want to know is whether it is or is not going to rain tomorrow—and this neither I nor any one else knows. The temporary trend of prices may be correctly ascertained by a study of such fundamental subjects as bank clearings, foreign trade, immigration, failures, crop statistics, and so on; but what the gold supply is to be nobody knows.

Therefore, as above suggested, my advice to the small investor is to forget all about the gold theory until some new development takes place.

Imperfect Impostors

TODAY there is no hope for the impostor successfully to simulate deafness in one ear. The physician will test him with a binaural stethoscope or some similar instrument.

The tubes, several feet long, are placed in the ears of the person to be examined. The test is then conducted from behind the patient.

The tubes are so arranged that either of them may be closed at the will of the examiner without the knowledge of the subject, so that the impostor cannot tell when the sound reaches him whether it comes through the good ear or through the pretended defective ear. Consequently he does not know when he ought to hear and when he ought not to.

An attorney in a case in Brooklyn unmasked an impostor by a clever trick. The man was testifying that he could hear the tick of a watch when it was held on one side of his head, but not when it was held on the other.

The attorney took out his own watch and asked to make the experiment. The man testified that he could hear the attorney's watch perfectly on one side, but could not hear it on the other side. The attorney then opened the watch before the jury and showed that there were no works in the case!

When You Buy Your Car—

then is the time to get Prest-O-Lite—the best of lighting systems.

Don't take an unsafe, unreliable generator or imitation gas tank.

One accident due to poor light will cost ten times the charge for a *good* light.

Have the equipment changed while it is new.

Specify Prest-O-Lite

Insist Upon It!

350,000 experienced motorists use it—15,000 wise dealers handle it—you will find it on practically every *good* car.

Your light is better, safer, more reliable, more efficient, more economical—if it is Prest-O-Lite!

Makers of Prest-O-Lite Gas Tanks, Prest-O-Tire Tubes, Prest-O-Tire Lugs, Prest-O-Welder, Prest-O-Liter and Prest-O-Starter

Ask for information and literature on any or all of them.

The Prest-O-Lite Co.

210 E. South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

BRANCHES

at Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Denver, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle.

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The Senator's Secretary

CAMPAIGN managers are so thick in Washington one can hardly avoid stepping on them or falling over them, and the cutest one is Mr. Taft's. That one is roly-poly William B. McKinley, of Champaign, Illinois, formerly the Congressional Christmas tree, but now retired as such and devoting himself to the enthusiastic nomination of Mr. Taft on the first ballot at Chicago next June, the enthusiastic return of a Republican majority in the House of Representatives, the enthusiastic bolstering of the sacred principle of protection, and the enthusiastic epilation of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. William B. McKinley has been in Congress several terms. He has the most benign smile that ever escaped from Illinois. Likewise, he is thickly upholstered with money, having attained for his own use and profit various suburban trolley lines in his state, and knowing how to run them so dividends are regular and sizable. He is a kind-hearted man, is Mr. McKinley. He likes to do things for his friends—and the entire population of this terrestrial globe he places in this category. When he first came to Congress he gave dozens of big dinners, and two or three times he chartered steamships and took a lot of the boys for long sea trips. Little junkets—at his expense—were common. He certainly was a good provider and a generous.

He didn't do it for show, however. He did it because he is a kindly man and likes to have his fellowmen have fun; and he is willing to pay the freight. Being a kindly man, it seemed meet to Mr. Taft to annex him; for the truth is there haven't been many kindly men in the scope of the Taft vision for some time now. Mostly they have been distinctly unkind. And Mr. McKinley was too tender-hearted to refuse. He felt a strong sympathy for Mr. Taft, realized his isolated position and said he would take hold. Taking hold, with W. B. McKinley, means a good many things. One is that he has the wherewithal with which to take hold, and another is that he knows where to get the wherewithal if he hasn't enough himself.

The Taft outfit was in hard straits. Brother Charley had not only refused to do much more in the way of financing a campaign, but he had added a sort of a cold and unfeeling aspect to the refusal by printing the fact in the paper. Of course Brother Charley didn't mean it exactly, and he might have printed what he did about the grip he was maintaining on his personal pursestrings so others who might feel inclined to contribute wouldn't think there was no use of it because Brother Charley was ready to produce. Anyhow, after the advent of Mr. McKinley as campaign manager and the advent of Myron T. Herrick as Ambassador to France, there was some heft to the campaign exchequer; and they know where the postage stamps are coming from now.

The Champaign Smile

McKinley is the smilingest, softest-spoken, most lovable campaign manager there is. He radiates all the time. Still, it would not be well to mistake his radiation for a sign of obfuscation, for that would be a grave error. He knows a heap of things, does Mr. McKinley, and a good many of those things have to do with politics. He has hired a set of rooms and is hard at it; and, first crack out of the box, he claimed nine hundred and eighty votes for Taft on the first ballot, and says it is his opinion that Mr. Roosevelt is for Mr. Taft and is working as he is working for strategic purposes. This gave the anti-Taft people a mark to shoot at, and gave Mr. Roosevelt something to shoot at too. Anyhow, the selection of William B. McKinley to run the Taft campaign is the first step forward the Taft people have taken in a long time. It shows some gumption, for Mr. McKinley is a wise person and an able one.

Other campaign managers are scattered thickly about. Fred Dubois, former senator from Idaho, is managing the Champ Clark boom; and Senator Bankhead is looking out for Underwood. The Wilson people have a covey of wise persons guarding Wilson's interests, including the expert and efficient Thomas Jefferson Pence. The Harmon men have their place and their managers, and several other campaign directors are maintaining their headquarters under their hats until the contributions pick up. Altogether, there is enough presidential politics in Washington to satisfy the most fastidious—and, with it all, more piffle than any similar situation in the past twenty-five years has adduced.

Governor Aldrich, of Nebraska, one of the noble eight or ten, or whatever number of governors it was, who issued the loud, clear cry—the loud, clear, clarion cry for T. Roosevelt to come out of the high grass and save the Republican party and the nation and them—rather put it over his clamoring colleagues by not waiting until he got home before announcing himself as a candidate for vice-president with Mr. Roosevelt when that gentleman shall be nominated at Chicago—if he is. This was not clubby of the governor. Everybody knew, of course, that each governor, separately and individually, considers himself the proper person to run as vice-president with The Colonel; but there undoubtedly was a tacit understanding that the Man should await the Event. Not so with Aldrich. He is no event-awaiter. He makes the event himself, and he took time by the forelock—and also his brother governors—and announced himself, getting first into the limelight, much to the disgust, no doubt, of the tardy others. Of course Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, didn't care. He wants to be senator from his state; and he announced that when it came his turn to do the announcing. Undoubtedly it would have been worth going miles to hear Governor Hadley, of Missouri, express his opinion of Aldrich's act.

Not in good form, I should say. The call from the people should have been required. Still, those Nebraska people often do their own calling when the people stutter and hesitate.

When the District Votes

Once in four years the citizens of Washington and of the District of Columbia have the inestimable privilege of walking boldly up to the ballot box and casting their free and untrammeled ballots into said box, the occasion being the quadrennial primaries for the selection of delegates to the national conventions.

This is as far as the citizens of Washington and the District of Columbia can go in the matter of casting ballots. Of course there are numerous people in Washington who retain voting residences elsewhere; and when there is a president to vote for, or a governor, or some important person, they go home and vote like all other male Americans above the age of twenty-one and not disqualified. However, there are in the city of Washington and in the District of Columbia a good many people who were born there and who have arrived at voting age. They pay taxes and obey the laws and function naturally and legally under the Constitution, but the only chance they get to vote is when delegates to the national conventions are needed. The Republicans have their voting day and the Democrats have theirs. Then they lapse into their regular taxation-without-representation attitude and wait until the time comes again for a national convention.

Naturally there isn't much excitement in this sort of exercise of suffrage, and naturally there isn't much interest. About one-third of the population of Washington is negro. The negroes cast ninety-five per cent of the votes at these elections. The other five per cent is cast by the politicians of the city, who get a chance to operate once in four years, and who operate then with all the trimmings that were found in the ward politics of the old days.

They begin weeks before the date set for the primaries, these local politicians; and into the campaign they compress all the vigor and all the politics that are scattered over four years in every other community in the United States. The campaigns are fierce while they last, and the local papers give the news of them with as great attention to detail as if they really were important. Inasmuch as the colored brother is the great voting asset, the attention of the few white men who fuss with the politics of the District is directed to the colored brother. The colored brother takes his voting very seriously. He knows his chance comes but once every four years,

"*Now will I make them as beautiful as they are practical,*" said O. H. L. Wernicke—the father of Sectional Bookcases—when he became president of The Macey Company.

Macey

Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-

But They Are

They have the style of Old Master Furniture. You can see it yourself; it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Artcraft or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

You would like them in your home!

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

A 52-page style book and price list, which is full of helpful information, may be had for the asking, by addressing the designers and makers, *The Macey Co., No. 940 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich. "The Home of Good Furniture."*

News Announcement to the Dealer in Automobile Tires

With the tire *user* an *equally* interested party

HERE'S the question for you to weigh carefully before the season opens:

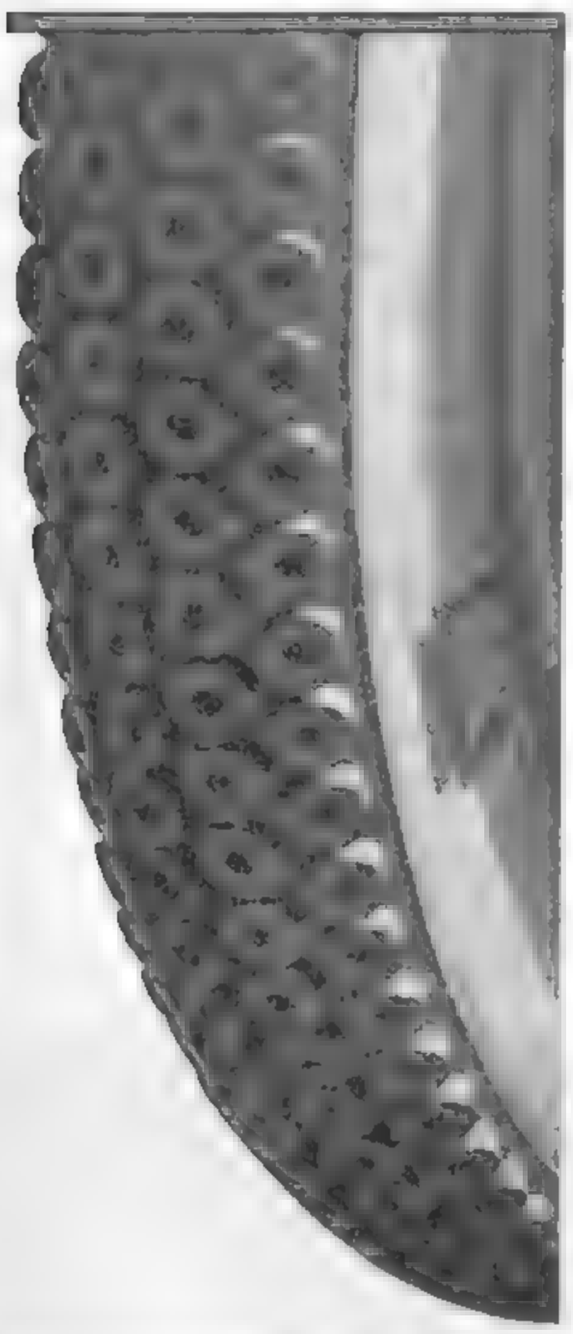
"Which tires will be the most popular with the motorists this coming year?"

The more thought and study you give to this question now, the better able will you be to anticipate the makes and designs that will give you a lion's share of the year's business.

We here submit to you some new, important and conclusive selling factors whose power you will quickly recognize. You will read in them ample reasons for making

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

your most special offering to tire buyers this year.



1. Unparalleled Anti-Skid Guarantee

We guarantee any purchaser of a set of Vacuum Cup Tires that if the car so equipped [illegible] ends on wet or greasy [illegible] other reasonable tire [illegible] as to their Anti-Skid [illegible] they may be returned and the full purchase price refunded without argument.

2. 4,000 Mileage Guarantee

The above specific and unqualified Anti-Skid guarantee will be in addition to our exceptionally liberal service guarantee [illegible] 4,000 actual miles. The superior anti-skid qualities of the Vacuum Cup Tread in any weather as well as dry, which has been so widely discussed and demonstrated, together with the wear resisting ability of the heavy [illegible] shaped knobs. These wear down very slowly and when they are done leave a tread of more than standard thickness to give additional service equal to a new ordinary tire.

3. Distinctive Design

The Vacuum Cup design is absolutely distinctive and cannot be confused with the many varieties of non-skid treads. So that the large and increasing numbers of Vacuum Cup Tires now in use may be correctly recognized by every one at sight. This constitutes a definite and powerful advertising influence. The Vacuum Cup idea is highly appealing. We ascribe its rapid growth in popular notice in largest measure to the interest aroused by the tires on cars and by the unique Vacuum Cup tracks which continually criss-cross on city pavements and popular roads.

4. Unusually Effective Publicity

In this publication and in others having most influence among tire buyers, there will appear throughout this coming season by far the most striking, convincing and frequent Vacuum Cup Tire advertisements we have had. No effort has been spared to assure that every advantage will be taken to bring to the highest possible fruition the natural demand for Vacuum Cup Tires, which has proved so tremendously responsive right up to this time

One of the strongest of our 1912 advertising and selling factors is the

5. Reductions in Prices Made Possible by Growth in Production

This will enable you to sell Vacuum Cup Tires at the same prices asked for non-skid tires offering far less strong and liberal guarantees. We have been enabled to accomplish this by an increase of over 100% in manufacture. This, of course, will prove the greatest single factor in increasing the sales from now on. Another highly important feature is the

6. Reliability and High Standing of Our Distributors

Marketing Vacuum Cup Tires as we do, through the very largest, most progressive and reliable jobbing houses in the tire trade, as well as through our own branches, you have the utmost assurance of prompt service in shipments, and immediate and unquestioned backing up of our guarantees.

Add the stimulating influence of these new powerful selling factors to the remarkable success which Vacuum Cup Tires have already secured on merit, in the face of necessarily higher cost and without the aid of special guarantees.

And we believe you will see the opportunity they offer you of making yours the most desirable class of tire patronage for 1912.

Just write us now that you are interested or put it any way you choose.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Reorganized February 1, 1910

Pittsburgh, 505 Liberty Ave. Detroit, 247 Jefferson Ave. Chicago, 1004 Michigan Ave.
Minneapolis, 917 First Ave., S. Kansas City, Mo., 514 East 15th Street
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of New York, New York City, 1700 Broadway
PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. of California
San Francisco, 512-514 Mission Street Los Angeles, 930 South Main Street

NON SKID

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy

and he demands and receives full consideration for the strategic position he occupies.

Usually the delegation to the Republican National Convention, which allows the District of Columbia two delegates, is made up of a white man and a negro. Perry Carson, a gigantic negro who wore a pearl-colored frock coat and a high hat of the same shade with a big black band round it, was the Republican leader among the negroes for many years, and always went to the convention as a delegate when he could. Once, when it came time in the convention for the delegations to hand up the names of their choice for national committeemen, Perry arose and said: "Mistah Chaihman, I ask that the District of Columbia be passed ovah tempohrar'ly." Perry pointed to his white colleague. "This yere gem'man an' myself have not agreed. He votes foh hisself an' I vote foh myself; an' we is at a deadlock foh th' time bein'."

This year the Taft managers picked out two men for delegates and at the last moment two others announced themselves as candidates, the assumption being they were anti-Taft in their proclivities—though one of them was Sidney Bieber, the Republican national committeeman at present. The voting began at sunrise and continued until sunset. Practically all the votes cast were cast by negroes. The white Washingtonians paid no attention to the contest.

The Battle for the Ballots

Whereupon, under the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, as we say when desiring to indicate a certain proximity to the seat of government, they pulled off an election that would have been a disgrace to any backwoods district in the United States. At two o'clock on the morning following the election, headquarters was surrounded by a big crowd of negroes, split into two factions. One faction, having heard that the Taft delegates, Aaron Bradshaw and Calvin Chase, a negro, had triumphed over the Bieber-Wilder combination, was anxious to find Bradshaw and Chase and impress on those distinguished delegates-elect their conviction that they had won by fraud. The other faction, so far from admitting they had robbed the Bieber-Wilder adherents, was constrained to assert that all persons claiming this had been other than a fair and free election were liars; and after a few hours of this sort of thing the police chased them home—just in time, by-the-way, to prevent the destruction of all ballot-boxes, records and ballots, in order that neither side might have any tangible evidence to support its contention. Of course there will be contesting delegations. There never was a time, in the history of Washington politics of this kind, when there were not from one to six contesting delegations.

In Anacostia, which is a suburb of Washington across the river, the poll officer accused one of the candidates of "fiercely attacking my person, wresting therefrom the ballot-box, shaking it in a queer manner and taking it downstairs." The police were in doubt whether the candidate shook the indignant poll official's person and took it downstairs, or shook the ballot-box in a queer manner and took that below. It was finally discovered that the box was meant, and the box was recovered and placed in position again to receive the snow-white ballots that were being so intelligently cast. Another man made a clean getaway with a ballot-box. He was convinced the side he championed had fewer votes in the box than his opponents, and he sought to rectify that omission by taking all the ballots with him to some convenient place where he might examine them at his leisure and correct any errors into which the voters might have fallen. The police got him and the box. They took both to the police station. Then word was sent to Republican headquarters, and the officials went to the station house and counted the votes there.

There was more of this sort of thing all over the city, and as much of it when the Democratic delegates were selected. And it all goes to show several things. One is that when you deprive the people of a community of the voting privilege, except once in four years, they never will get interested even in so—alleged—important a matter as selecting delegates to a national convention; and another is that those who do want to vote attempt to make up for the indifference of the others by voting as many times as they can.

Mind is Master of the Body

but a well-trained body is more easily managed than an ill-trained one.

The mind has more time to engage in the higher pursuits of life when the body is running smoothly.

Wear

O'Sullivan's

HEELS of New Live Rubber

Keep the body in smooth running order by wearing rubber heels, and save the brain from unnecessary jars and jolts, just as you save the automobile and its occupants by using rubber tires.

These heels are made of new *live* rubber—rubber with the spring in it. The mechanical action of walking becomes a pleasure and a source of benefit both to body and mind.

Your body can do more work with less effort; your mind can accomplish more without fatigue.

Worn by efficient, quiet people everywhere.

Say "O'Sullivan's" to your shoemaker and

Walk on Easy Street!

50c attached

THINKING STRAIGHT IN BUSINESS

The Shortest Road to Money Making

By H. D. KATHVIR

EDISON, who has made a success of his business, tells us that one of his first major inventions was an automatic voting machine for use in state legislatures and similar assemblies. He devoted many working days, of almost twenty-four hours each, to the perfection of this instrument, and spent all his ready cash upon it, only to find in the end that if there is one thing the politicians do not want it is a quick, automatic, indelible-registry method of voting. Thereafter, the great modern Thomas assures us, before devoting either a minute or a cent to any invention he first ascertained if a ready market existed for it.

Straight thinking in any phase of business is the shortest line between poverty and affluence. It is such an uncommon faculty that those who possess it are soon given an awe-inspiring rating in Bradstreet.

Contrast with Edison the thousands of men who invent such things as leafturners for sheet music. They waste time and money, and in the end grow indignant that the world does not welcome their brainchild. A little thought on the leafturner, for example, would show that, of the three classes of people it might interest—that is, artists, amateurs and home talent—the artists do not use notes in concerts; the amateurs of even moderate attainments can read several bars ahead of where they may be playing and so can easily turn the page; and the home talent, scrambling over the keys, is only too glad of any interruption.

The first step in straight thinking is an earnest desire for the present-day truth about a matter. And the truth usually sounds like knocking. So here we have, at one glance, the explanation of the fact that the few people in this world who can think straight have success at their command—a laurel wreath waiting to crown their simplest effort.

Every day some business man starts to think straight about the business he is engaged in. Ten to one, at the next directors' meeting, an old friend, after hearing his views, rises and says: "Well, if that's what you think about this business and about your associates, you had better sell your stock!" The thinker thereupon subsides. No longer does he call attention to the fact that their commercial child has bandy legs, weak eyes and a cough. So the business jogs along as do other concerns that are the apples of the astigmatic eyes of their owners. The great opportunity goes glimmering; the child never grows up—the practice of straight thinking is taboo.

The Profit of Duplicating

It is only the exceptional man who persists, who puts aside all the gentler feelings—even as must the surgeon—who turns a deaf ear to criticism, and who, having first defined the exact end sought, then maps out the correct course.

There are two ways open to the man seeking to make money—to sell merchandise or to sell service.

Suppose we seek a pair of shoes. On a prominent corner of any city we can find a great shoe store—which its advertising man fondly calls an "emporium." Its shelves are filled with goods; its aisles are thronged with customers. The proprietor is fast growing rich; but we must leave the busy street and turn to some obscure location before we can discover a custom bootmaker who will take an order for a pair of shoes. In most cases, he is just a few laps ahead of the sheriff. The ready-made-shoe dealer has laid hold of one of the great underlying principles of moneymaking, which is duplication. The bootmaker has failed to understand that his one chance of success lay in selling his own personality.

All over this broad land are pianomakers who are amassing tidy fortunes. In the simplest word, why? Because if a lady wanted the black keys on a piano to be red they would request her—politely, of course—to seek elsewhere. All pianos are fundamentally alike. If customer number one does not fancy the instrument it can be sold to customer number two or three. Duplication, achieved through unceasing effort to standardize every detail, spells dollars. Look at the sister industry that sells service—the pipe-organ trade. After tremendous thought, the new English organist of Saint John's Church lays out his scheme for the new organ. It is to cost, perhaps, three thousand dollars. Yet he insists upon those special stops found only in great cathedral instruments. There is a viol d'amour stop, which he heard in Saint Alban's when he was a boy—that he simply must have. Sometimes he cuts out the most fundamental things in order that he may have an echo organ, chimes, and so on.

By the time this organ is built and set up, the English organist has fallen foul of the vestry and is only a fragrant memory. The organ, before being paid for, must be approved by the new organist—and he is a German, of the Kapellmeister model! He runs his fingers over the keys, reels off a few yards of Bach, begins to build up the volume of tone by pulling out the various stops—and then comes as near fainting as his sturdy physique will permit.

A Bird in the Hand

The man who is selling service is often forced to do half his work over through no fault of his own; and woe be to him if he fails to leave a wide margin for whims.

The goal of success lies about twenty year-miles downstream. A powerful swimmer by constant strokes can reach it through the still water that lies near shore; but if a man can only push into the swift current in the center of the river he may turn over on his back and float serenely to his destination, even admiring the scenery as he goes. Given a fine store, in a good city, on a prominent corner, with a big stock and a competent staff of clerks, the stream of trade will do the rest. Marshall Field knew this. Two of his great competitors years ago tried to make money by moving on a side street. One never did come back to the trade center, and the other crawled back after a few years looking much like the jackdaw of Rheims after the cardinal's curse took effect. Yet the center of the trade stream, the heart of the current, is not more crowded than the reaches of the backwater.

In struggling enterprises we often find conditions that a first-class firm would not tolerate for a moment. In great pathbreaking houses we find the keen ideas. One unusual example of such a house is a tremendously successful bargain store that does not use checks; that never heard of notes, but pays the actual currency for every article delivered at the time of its receipt. Think what the reputation earned by the practice of this beautiful system means in securing low prices! A wholesale drygoods merchant was "stuck" on cloaks. He sent for the owner of this bargain store and showed him his tables of ladies' garments. Then he began the family history of each lot of goods. After listening a moment, the bargain-store man broke away and, walking swiftly up one aisle and down another, ran his hand through each pile of garments. In almost no time he returned and, stepping over to the elevator, muttered:

"Twenty-one thousand dollars for everything on this floor."

The merchant hesitated—began with, "But, see here ——" And, as his buyer stepped into the elevator, he closed with a stammering "I'll take it."

The goods were piled on the wagons and in one hour the drygoods merchant was busy counting a suitcaseful of greenbacks.

Careful reasoning points out the wisdom of approaching as closely as possible to the methods and conditions of winning institutions. This puts a damper on visionary ideas and makes it very hard in the beginning; it puts the test before the candidate now. Would you go into business for yourself? You must have capital.

The chance to borrow a large sum is not in the least the same thing as money that

12,400,000 Germs In a Bottle of Baby's Milk!

And THAT would be "CLEAN MILK," Madam—as clean as you can buy—for this is the *"certified"* standard. Not *all* of these are disease germs. Millions are not. But nearly *all* milk *contains* disease germs. See what it would mean if you let *one* germ *multiply*, as germs *do* in some "ice boxes."

In 24 hours, unless checked, an ordinary germ in milk breeds nearly 7,000 more. Milk is usually *48* hours old when received from your dairy, and in *that* time *each* of these 7,000 may multiply *7,000 times*. So *one germ* in that milk may make it *deadly*. *Heat* and *dampness* make germs multiply. They will multiply slowly at *50 degrees*—not only in milk but in *all* raw food.

In an outbreak of infant diarrheal disease in a New York hospital the milk *supply* was found to be *perfect*. But the *refrigerator* was tested and, though *full of ice*, had a temperature of *70 degrees!* The germs in that milk had simply *multiplied beyond all estimation!*

Now there's a *patented refrigerator* in which germs in *new* milk *don't* multiply—germ multiplication even in *old* milk is almost *completely arrested* by it. It's the Bohn *Syphon* Refrigerator. It maintains a sanitary cold of from 42 to 48 degrees. *Salt* kept in it stays *perfectly dry*. You can strike a *match* on its walls. Germs multiply *slowly* (sometimes not at all) in perfect dryness and cold.

Both dryness and cold are *"Bohn Syphon" features*, due to the *syphoning* of pure, cold, *dry air* throughout every square inch of each food compartment. This air collects every impurity and deposits it on the *ice*, from whence it goes *off* through the drain pipe. This pipe is in front where it is easily cleaned. But "clean pipes" and "clean walls" don't mean "Clean Refrigerators." *Clean air* must *circulate*.

A Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is a *machine* in which there is *constant action*. "Ice boxes" that lack positive circulation of air are practical *breeding grounds* for germs.

You ought to know more on this subject. We have written a book that tells all about it, called "Scientific Food Keeping." Every housewife and mother should have one. It is vital to health in the home. It reveals some astonishing facts. It is *guaranteed scientifically accurate* by the ex-commissioner of one of our great *Boards of Health*. You won't realize, till you read it, the risks that you run today.

We'll send you this book and the Bohn Catalog for the coupon below. We'll send also extracts from a pamphlet by the Illinois State Food Commission on "Care of Milk in the Home." They will bear out what the book will tell you.

You owe this knowledge to your children, madam, so send the coupon now.

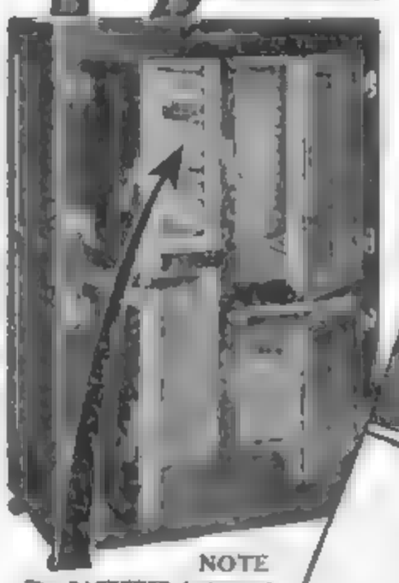
To the *Man* of the House

A *good-looking* "ice box" can be made and bought *cheap*. You must pay a little more for a *Bohn Syphon Refrigerator*. You keep your *valuables* in a *safe*. You should keep the health of your family in a "safe" that *germs* cannot "jimmy." A *Bohn Syphon Refrigerator* IS such a safe.

THE WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
Makers of the Famous 1500 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

BOHN SYPHON Refrigerator

Used Exclusively by the Pullman Co. and by All Railroads.



NOTE
The PATENTED feature of the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator is easily identified by the "open throat syphon wall" between the food compartments and ice chamber as shown. Sizes for every home. DEALERS: WRITE FOR AGENCY PROPOSITION

Any dealer who sells Bohn Syphon Refrigerators can give you these things if you'll call at his store. He'll also gladly show you the *Bohn*—how it is made—why it weighs 80 pounds more than some refrigerators that sell for the same money and *what that means*. Examine also the Bohn non-porous, hard, white, "bathtub" enamel, sanitary lining.

Send the Coupon Now

THE WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
1500 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn. (1)

Send me the book, "Scientific Food Keeping," the Bohn Refrigerator Catalog, and extracts from Illinois State Food Commission pamphlet.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

Paint *Now* and Paint *Right*

HERE are two ways to *throw* away money: Neglect painting—let the old paint be entirely worn away, the wood become almost like a sponge ready to absorb paint by the gallon. Another—buy adulterated paint which is likely to crack and scale off and to need burning and scraping before it can be re-coated with good paint.

Don't waste your money. The man who is "paint wise" paints as soon as he discovers the need and uses the best paint—paint made of

Dutch Boy Painter
Pure White Lead

and pure linseed oil. There is a peculiar affinity between white lead ground fine and linseed oil which makes a combination of the two a perfect paint for both outside and inside use. White lead paint penetrates the very pores of the material covered and holds there without crack, blotch or streaking, till the surface is actually worn away by slow degrees.

Tell your painter you want your house white-leaded—then look for the Dutch Boy Painter on the package containing the white lead; he is your guarantee that you are getting the pure service-giving materials. White lead paint can be tinted any conceivable color.

Let Us Send You Our "PAINT POINTS"

A collection of interesting information helpful to every property owner.

Ask for Paint Points 131

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago
Cincinnati Cleveland San Francisco St. Louis
(Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.)
(Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co.)

Stencil Catalog Free

Send us your name and address and we will send you *free* our Stencil Catalog showing over 100 exclusive designs *for decorating interior walls*. You may select any stencils shown in the catalog and they will be sent, cut ready for use, for one-half the catalog price. These are not *ordinary* stencils, but were designed especially for us by one of the foremost stencil artists in this country.

Ask for Stencil Catalog 131

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Stencil Department
111 Broadway, New York

is actually your own—dollars that you have saved by the strictest self-denial. A loan must be paid; and when it is made upon a hazardous enterprise, like a new business, it must be paid, with the addition of a heartbreaking charge for interest. Not but what a loan or loans, on top of one's own capital, are good. Rockefeller is pointed to as the world's best borrower. The only time to borrow money, however, is when you don't really need the cash, and the only time to be under obligations to a friend is when he recognizes the fact that, in a pinch, you could get along without his good offices.

Turning to those who sell service, we find that almost everything hinges upon personality. Doctors, lawyers, agents of all kinds, actors and numerous other classes receive the most varying prices for practically the same service. All such persons may charge what they please for their service provided the price be stated in advance or generally known. A poet may charge one thousand dollars for a set of verses. If the purchaser who contracts for them is not satisfied with their quality, and protests the bill, the testimony of other poets is taken in court. And what show does a sordid moneygrubber stand when such a delicate question is left to riders of Pegasus from Podunk and other well-known literary centers!

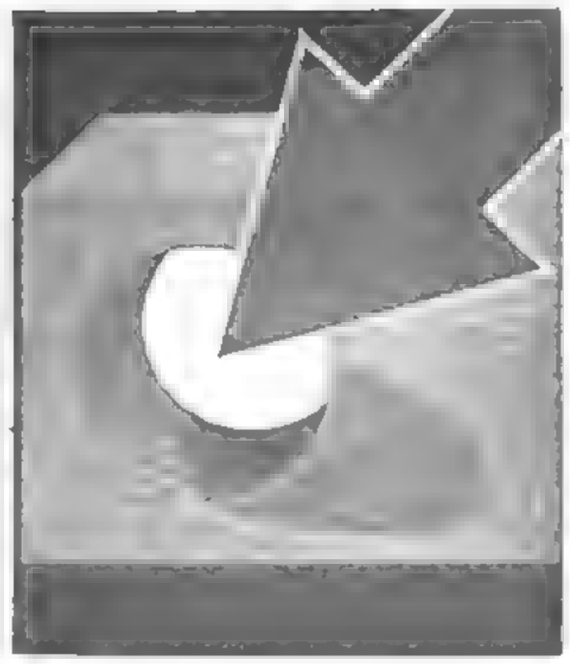
Men Who Could be Kings

Provided one has the personality, selling service is the simple and direct method of making money; but for one great lawyer or actor there are a thousand who can hardly make a living. It is generally conceded that the Chicagoan who received the greatest cash reward for his services was the late Dr. Nicholas Senn. This great surgeon earned thousands and thousands of dollars a year, though he scrupulously devoted half of his time to charity. A line of patients was ever waiting outside his door. He could remove an appendix in less time than it takes to carve a chicken. A bill for fifteen minutes of work by him for six hundred dollars was sent back by a well-known merchant, who thought it was too little—that it must be a mistake—he had his mind so firmly set on paying one thousand dollars for the operation. The doctor said: "Oh! let it go—the bill is made out." But how many doctors are working themselves to death, rushing hither and thither, day and night, with no better prospect ahead of them than leaving an estate consisting mostly of a frock coat and an assortment of uncollectible bills!

However, since we are not interested so much in the results as in the thing itself—straight thinking in business—we must admit that the sandbag, in a denatured form, perhaps, is still a most efficient means of annexing funds. The word "king" does not mean noble or good—it springs from the same root as our verb "can." Noble families point to the founders who a few hundred years ago took the romantic equivalent of a piece of lead pipe—a sword, and sallied gayly forth, to return in due time with the spoils of the chase—that is, the household effects of some weaker neighbor. The same thing goes on in a thousand diluted forms today.

We see fortunes being accumulated by "good business men" in the same sense that the famous Kelly was a "good ball-player." Kelly, you may remember, was so tricky that no sooner was a baseball rule passed than he found a way of smashing the spirit of it into smithereens. The rule to the effect that a player might at any time be taken from the game and another substituted was promptly taken advantage of by Kelly in this fashion: One day, while sitting on the bench, a foul ball was knocked in his direction. Kelly immediately sprang to his feet, waved out of the game the player who was vainly pursuing it, caught the ball himself and broke into the game—this to the amusement of the thoughtless fans, the disgust of lovers of fair play, and the acute horror of the framers of the baseball constitution.

Some years ago a young man down South had a new baking powder on his hands. Of course it wouldn't sell. He had no money to advertise it; and in the light of what followed it may be surmised that his credit at the bank was nothing to boast of. How to make that baking powder sell—that was the question. Simple, too, was the solution. He artlessly placed a nickel in the bottom of each can. Did it work? "Honey, de way dat baking powder



Through hard, soft or knotty wood the IRWIN Auger Bit bores swift and true

A MAN wants a perfect tool when he buys an Auger Bit. Men who *live* by their tools buy the original IRWIN for its unequaled efficiency. There are imitations cheaper than the IRWIN. They are too costly for the expert. He must get the work *right* the first time.

This Brand Guarantees Your Work

—a clean, smooth hole through soft or hard wood. The IRWIN takes knots. No bending or breaking Made in one piece of extra high-grade crucible auger-bit steel, "headed" and formed in the rough. Put through fifty distinct handlings.

Every IRWIN is sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. The only solid-center-stem bit made in all sizes and styles for every purpose.

If your dealer hasn't the *Genuine, Guaranteed IRWIN* write us.

IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
LARGEST IN THE WORLD
Station C 1, WILMINGTON, OHIO

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Be sure this identical brand is on the bit you buy

Why Freeze Out the Little Fellow?

It was A. T. Stewart who first had the nerve to establish the one price plan.

Before the war, merchants sold their goods for all they could get. The wiser the buyer, the lower the price. Stewart started a brand new plan. He made one price to all, tagged his goods and sold them at the price marked on the tag. Today that's the common system in all good stores.

But in selling goods to the merchant himself, the old order still prevails. There's usually one price for the big store and another for the little store. This is known as the "quantity price"—the larger the quantity the merchant can buy, the lower the price. This means that the small dealer must buy more than he needs—more than he can really sell—to get the lowest price and to compete with the rival store.

There's no "quantity price" on Kellogg's.

A case or a carload, the price is the same. The man who sells one hundred cases gets just one hundred times the profit that the dealer gets who sells the single case, and *no more*. Your neighborhood grocer and the little store on the corner get just the same profit on every package they sell as their more pretentious rivals. They buy only as they need—that means no loss from stale goods, fair, honest profits for them and fresh goods for *you*.

W. K. Kellogg

The Original has this Signature for *your* protection

sold was sumthin' scandalous! Go 'long, dar!" Later, when one Southern state passed a law prohibiting putting money in food or household packages, it was shown that some colored cooks used a can of this baking powder for every plate of biscuits that appeared on their masters' tables.

The Northern folks, however, need not smile in a superior fashion at this anecdote—not while coal is being sold on its present basis in some of our greatest cities. Some coal merchants have discovered the best beeline to the exchange of bags of coal for bags of gold. It is to have themselves elected tax assessors. Many a merchant, having his taxes arranged "on a fair scale" on Monday by a coal merchant, is not so heartless as to refuse to buy coal of his good and official friend on Tuesday.

One more example of the lead pipe—up-to-date—will suffice. In the center of a city block there is a gorgeous mansion. The owner is a high official in a great corporation; but his salary has never exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Did he amass his fortune by strictest economy? Well, hardly! Years ago a clerk in his corporation stole a few hundred dollars. The acute brain, recoiling in speechless indignation at the spectacle, immediately founded a company to bond clerks. No more chances of loss through the dishonesty of employees in that company! And, as the years went by, every one of the thousands of employees who could even squint in the direction of a nickel belonging to the corporation was forced to pay an annual premium to this company.

A little later our straight thinker was touched by the poor success of the lowly workers on the payroll. So he got out an encyclopedia in six volumes on How to Advance—price fifty dollars. It is said that even the lowliest Hun, when the matter was properly explained to him in his own tongue, perceived that the first step in advancement was to sign a purchase order for the official's book. Thereafter his salary was one dollar short each week for a year.

What Pays the Salesman's Salary?

As an aid to straight thinking it is well to remember that only up-to-the-hour facts count. Facts won't stay put any more than a crooked politician will stay bought. Yesterday flying was impossible; today, with the evolution of the gasoline engine, it is almost commonplace. Yesterday a plan to make a small store in the corner of a large old-style corner store, and thus double the income of the property, would have been laughed at. Today it is the usual thing.

The study of business has evolved many interesting questions. Two that have been widely debated are:

1—Who pays for the advertising?

2—Who pays the salesman's salary?

Not long ago the first question would have been answered: "The advertiser." Since advertisers do not put in any new capital to pay for the advertising, and since their profits are larger than those of concerns that do not advertise, this answer can hardly be correct. Some people say: "The public pays for the advertising"; but if these very persons want good merchandise at a reasonable price they join the crowds on the way to the advertiser's door.

The second question, Who pays the salesman's salary? would have been considered absurd twenty years ago. The old-time merchant would have roared: "I do—and I am sick and tired of paying four thousand dollars to a lazy chap like Jones!" Today, however, that same merchant knows better. He has learned by experience. Every time he discharged a Jones, said Jones took his trade with him. The new man, Smith, the first year, usually sold about half as much as Jones, and if he worked up to Jones' figures in the course of three years he invariably demanded the same four thousand dollars for his services. On the other hand, the idea that the customer pays the salesman's salary is not tenable, for the reason that the house with the highest-priced salesmen is practically always headquarters for values.

Perhaps these academic questions are propounded incorrectly. Instead of Who pays for the advertising? and Who pays the salesman's salary? should it not be: What pays for the advertising? and What pays the salesman's salary? If asked in this form the answer is obvious—these and other items of the modern merchandising enterprise are paid automatically by the general efficiency of which they are outward signs. In a word, they are paid for by straight thinking in business.

Abbott-Detroit

THE Abbott-Detroit "44" Fore-door Demi-Tonneau is a car which you instinctively feel has the potential energy to do everything well.

¶ It is the athlete of the Abbott-Detroit family

¶ It has the reserve strength, the speed, the hill-climbing ability, the elasticity under all conditions that vigorous, out-door people like and appreciate.

¶ It is a car that will carry you long distances quickly and safely without a murmur or perceptible effort.

¶ Built upon the same chassis as the well known Abbott-Detroit "44" Touring Car, it has a 4½-inch bore by 5½-inch stroke motor; 36 by 4-inch tires with demountable rims; dry plate clutch; full floating type rear axle, nickel steel construction with Timken roller bearings; all high duty forgings, double heat treated; cellular tube radiator; chrome nickel steel transmission; latest type ventilated fore-door body. Price $1775.

¶ Other models including roadster, touring cars, coupes and limousines $1275 to $3000.

Dynamo Equipment for electric lighting, $90 00 extra
Hanna Self-starter, including gas tank, $50 00 extra

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

Mallor

"Crave

Every genuine Mallory Hat

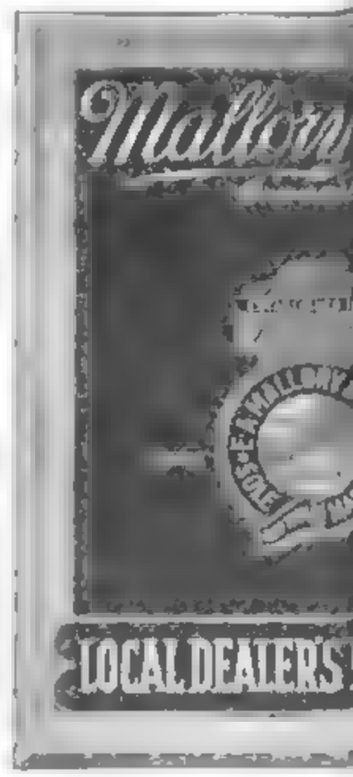
The Men You Meet every day are the men who wear Mallory Hats. Not the clothing-store figures nor the society dandies, but real men, living in an actual world—men of refinement and taste, and good dress. These men are the Nation's aristocrats, paying for what they get, but not a penny more than an article is worth.

You see Mallory Hats all about you—worn by your associates in business and social life. Mallory Hats have been popular for years—since 1823—even long before the famous Cravenetting Process added an exclusive feature to the Mallory Hat. This is because in buying a Mallory Hat

The pictures illustrate a few of the Mallory styles and

ALL THAT YOU LIKE IN A HAT
$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00

Look for This Si
Dealer's W



...y Hats

...netted"

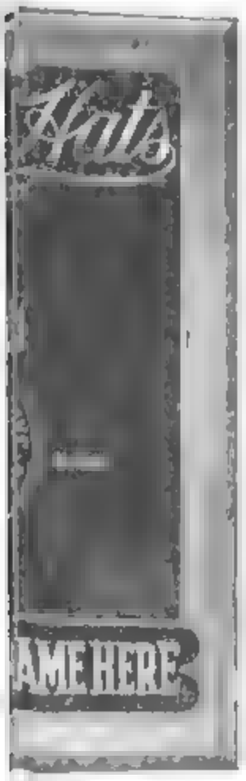
...bears this Mallory trade-mark

a man has always received right value—in style, wear and texture. The finest fur felt in a Mallory Hat, worked into attractive shapes, and sold for a fair price, lasts twice as long as you expect any hat to last. Added to this is the exclusive Cravenetting Process—con-...rolled for all hats by E. A. Mallory & Sons—which makes ...he hat proof against rain, snow and sun. Weather can not ...affect it, for it's water-proofed. This gives the hat longer ...ife and double utility and does not change its appearance.

There's every style you want. Ask to see the Mallory ...rade-mark before you buy—it's inside the crown. It stands ...for "*all that you like in a hat.*"

...ypes of men wearing them. Sketched from life.

...n in Your ...dow



E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc. **Factory: Danbury, Conn.**

Store in New York:
1133 Broadway, cor. 26th Street

Store in Boston:
New location, 30 Boylston Street

What's the Matter with a Fountain Pen when it Leaks?

SOMETHING very simple—*Ink In The Feed Tube.*

When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, *all* the ink doesn't run to the bottom. Some always stays up in the little, straight feed tube leading to pen point.

And when the pen gets warm from your body heat—98 degrees—the *air* that is always in pen barrel expands. It forces up through feed tube, forcing the ink out on end of pen. So, when you remove cap to write, you get ink smeared.

Simple, isn't it?

Now, the Parker Pen does *not* leak, because there is *No* Ink In The Feed Tube.

Capillary Attraction gets rid of it. You see, the Parker feed tube is *curved*,—the Lucky Curve. The *end touches* inside of barrel. This touch causes Capillary Attraction, which sucks all ink out of the feed tube the instant pen is turned upright, leaving it *empty* when the warm air ascends.

Why the Parker Pen doesn't leak is simple too, isn't it?

Parker Pens never hitch, skip or blot, because pens are 14k gold, tipped with polished Iridium; and the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller keeps ink from flowing too fast or slow.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

cannot leak in any position—even carried upside down. *Pen* [illegible] size for ladies. Prices $3.50 up

New Parker Disappearing Clip

holds on to your pocket like a bull dog, and *disappears* into its kennel when you want to write.

Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalog and sell to you direct.

Get ink off your fingers by getting Parker Pen today.

Make this "touch" test yourself, and prove it won't leak.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
New York Retail Store
11 Park Row Opp. Post Office

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Mail Carriers of Far Countries

MOST city people are used to getting their mail three or four times a day, and if the postman is late with his letters at the breakfast table the average man feels himself obliged to kick on the service. Even the man who lives six or eight miles out in the country is accustomed, these days of free rural delivery, to getting his mail at least once a day without any trouble on his part. The old habit of going to the post-office and waiting for the distribution of the mail is now passing into disuse. Supposing a man lived a hundred miles or a thousand miles from the post-office, it would be still more inconvenient than it is in the average small town, where the custom still obtains.

Yet mails are delivered regularly to persons who live a hundred or perhaps a thousand miles from the nearest post-office to their home. One of the great problems of the Government, a problem intimately connected with the advance of civilization and the welfare of humanity, is that of getting the mails through. Sometimes that simple-sounding proposition costs a great deal of money. Under the process of reasoning used by Postmaster-General Hitchcock in his campaign for higher magazine postage, it might seem reasonable to suppose that the man who lives a hundred or a thousand miles from the post-office ought to pay more for his postage than one who lives just round the corner. Most governments have recognized the difficulty of adjusting postage on the basis of distance, and most nations lump the matter and carry their mails as cheaply as they can and as many of them as they can. When the time comes that the reader must pay more postage than the advertiser, or vice versa, we may perhaps expect wilderness dwellers to pay more for their postage than they do today. As matters now exist, you and I can get a letter through for two cents, crossing a continent or so and an ocean or two; and we are mostly willing to throw in what we might otherwise save in order to get mail out to the poor chap who hears from home only once a month or once a year. The whole idea of the mails is to serve humanity in a broad way.

There are long reaches of uninhabited country owned or controlled in this or that part of the world by almost every civilized nation. The United States, France, Germany, Great Britain—all have to carry the expense of getting mails across wide reaches of mountain or desert, over arctic ice or tropic sands. The full story of the carrying of all the mails which go from civilization to civilization's outposts in the wilderness regions would make many an interesting industrial romance.

How to Reach a Whaleship

One of the longest mail routes of the world is that of the Far North of this continent, which serves the scattered individuals who maintain the fur trade over the enormously difficult region of the subarctic country. The Hudson's Bay Company carries this mail in the wintertime and limits the amount to six hundred pounds. That weight has to cover all the Christmas presents which get into the entire country from Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean—all the newspapers, all the letters, all the little parcels from all the corners of the world that may want to communicate with the factors or clerks, white men or half-breeds and their families, who live in a country where a thousand miles scarcely carries you into your neighbor's dooryard. It is hardly necessary to mark on a package intended for delivery on Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, "Don't open until Christmas!" because the letter that starts in the early fall cannot possibly get there until next April.

Perhaps you want to write to some man far down the Mackenzie River, and your letter is the very item which makes the total mail weigh over six hundred pounds. In that case your letter does not go, but waits until the next mail, which may not go up until next spring. Last fall the total amount of northbound mail at Edmonton, Alberta, amounted to six hundred and ninety-two pounds. The authorities cut out ninety-two pounds of it, mostly newspapers, catalogues and the like.

Lac La Biche is the first stop of the mail to the Far North, and up to that point teams and sleighs make the transport fairly easily. Beyond that point the Hudson's Bay dog teams are relied upon to finish the delivery. The mail last Christmas included twelve hundred and forty-nine letters and fifty-seven postal cards, the bulk of which will be traveling perhaps some time after these words shall appear in print.

From Lac La Biche the dog teams took the mails to Fort MacMurray, then up the Athabasca River to Fort Chippewyan. The next stop beyond that was at Fort Resolution. This is the Great Slave Lake country; and if the ladies living there got their cards by Christmas they were in luck. Any Christmas mail north of that could not be delivered this winter—perhaps not until almost next Christmas. Ultimately, however, the mails will pass down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson and on to the Arctic Ocean. In this way officers and crews of the whaleships wintering at Herschel Island perhaps can get a letter or so more quickly than they can by going to the post-office via Bering Sea or Greenland. Remote and difficult as that is, the dog teams count on getting the early winter mail from Edmonton up to Herschel Island by April. This will be the first mail those men will have had since last July.

A Pack of Forty Pounds

Perhaps on the wall of your den you may have as curiosities, collected by yourself or given you by some friend, a gayly ornamented dog whip, or dog collar, or dog blanket from this Far Northern country, where the mails go even in the wintertime. Perhaps you may have a pair of snowshoes or a lynx robe or a rabbit blanket from that country—curious things to look at; yet more curious if they could talk and tell their own stories. However, not even the snowshoes, with their mended thongs, can give you any idea of the countless weary miles over which their wearer ran, following his dogs, thousands and thousands of miles in all, carrying the mail which perhaps he himself could not have read, but which he delivered safely. "O. H. M. S."—On His Majesty's Service—is the franking inscription sometimes written on certain classes of English or Canadian mail. On civilization's service or on humanity's service is the real reason the mails are carried so far and so cheaply and so promptly all over the world.

What is true regarding the delivery of the mails in the Canadian fur country is true in large part regarding winter mail delivery in Alaska. When the boats do not run the dog teams do. When the railroads can operate no farther, wilderness transportation takes their place and the mails get through usually with astonishing regularity.

In the Rocky Mountains, winter changes the whole face of Nature more than most men can realize who have never seen the mountains at that season. Sometimes three feet or more of snow will fall in one night. You will pass on your snowshoes over snowdrifts where it may be from sixty to a hundred feet down to the ground. The general passenger agent of the Yukon & White Pass Railway in Alaska once asked some friends to guess how many feet of snow fell at the summit crossed by his road. They could not guess it, and were surprised when he said it was one hundred and forty-five feet. If you have camped out in the mountains in the wintertime, and had your campfire melt down through eight or ten feet of snow to the solid earth, you will see the strata representing the different snowstorms clearly defined in the walls of your little prison.

Snow packs and settles a great deal, so that down at the bottom of the little well in which you lie you will see perhaps a couple of feet of snow represented by only a couple of inches in the packed product; but all this snow as it falls is loose, so loose that a man cannot get through it without snowshoes. Hence the mail carrier of the remote mining camp, where not even dog teams can go, must travel on webbed shoes, or skees, and carry the mails on his back. He is asked to carry only forty pounds on any one trip, and for this reason perhaps the Christmas newspapers sometimes come

The Winning of
Western Canada
Is Creating Countless Opportunities for You

There are more square miles in the four provinces (states) which comprise Western Canada than there are in all the states east of the Mississippi River. It's the winning of this "Kingdom of Wheat" that is attracting the attention of the civilized world and creating countless opportunities for you.

Vast areas of timber, mineral and 40-bushel-to-the-acre wheat land are being opened to the lumberman, miner and farmer by the building of the

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

[illegible] 350 [illegible] miles to [illegible] Pacific, Prince Rupert and [illegible] United States, making a total of [illegible] Thousands who have [illegible] the call of the Last and West [illegible]

Hundreds of New Towns

on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway merchants, [illegible] tors, professional men, [illegible] clerks and so forth, will find OPPORTUNITY and a *warm welcome*. Get in—get in early—get in *right*. It's

Village Yesterday—Town Today—City Tomorrow

in Western Canada. One of the greatest serv[illegible] Grand Trunk Pacific Railway System to [illegible] who [illegible] to [illegible] with the unusual development of the Canadian West is the [illegible] regarding townsite property. Merchants, manufacturers and investors may purchase Grand Trunk Pacific townsite property at prices ranging from $100 up to $250 per lot, on [illegible] terms—no interest. For you this [illegible] factory or home site at a low cost [illegible] the way for you to invest a small or large sum in property—getting it direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. However, it is not necessary for you to buy property in order to receive any assistance we can [illegible] so place your problem before us. A [illegible]ly, *decisively*. Through our authorized agents we will point out the best towns and opportunities for you—individually. Tell us what you want to do. Let us bring you in close touch with leading wholesale houses, commercial clubs, boards of trade, industrial societies, newspapers and individuals. This service is [illegible] and entirely free. Your correspondence will be treated confidentially and [illegible]. Write to us, also ask for free, illustrated book—

"A Chain of Opportunities"

It is full of valuable information. Learn about the [illegible] towns in Western Canada [illegible] the [illegible] made [illegible] $48,050 worth [illegible] in [illegible] months and [illegible] Our town [illegible] bought from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway [illegible] for $325 sold [illegible] a year later for $1,11[illegible]. It will tell you about [illegible] City Real Estate [illegible] other towns wherein lie opportunities. Write tonight [illegible]

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

Room 316, Union Station
WINNIPEG, CANADA

(19)

HANSEN'S Gloves fit the hand and fit the work in hand. Ordinary gloves are a hindrance to work; Hansen's are a help. They give perfect protection with freedom of movement—ready fingers, nimble knuckles and limber wrists. There are no binding seams, no rivets to scratch.

HANSEN'S GLOVES
"Built Like a Hand"

are made of best horsehide leather, tanned by special process and guaranteed never to shrink or shrivel, harden, crack or peel.

Motorists and motorcyclists should always wear one of the many HANSEN styles. The railroad man—engineer, fireman and brakeman—the lineman, lumberman, doctor and hunter—all professions, trades and sports—every man finds in the Hansen line the glove that precisely suits his own specific needs.

Every Hansen is soft as kid, but strong as rawhide, heat, cold and steam-proof, impervious to water—"made-to-order," but ready to wear. When soiled, wash in gasoline. Nothing makes them lose their shape or softness.

Free Book Fill out attached coupon, mail to us today and receive free booklet describing and illustrating all styles. Or if more convenient, write us a postal today.

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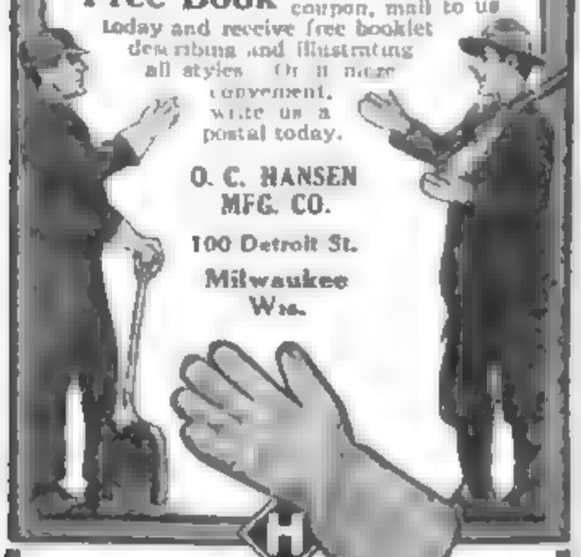

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co. 18817
100 Detroit St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Please send me your Free Book, illustrating and describing your styles of gloves and mittens. I am most interested in the styles you make for the following purpose:

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____

in a little late, first-class mail having precedence over the bulkier sorts.

Some of these mountain mail carriers in the Rockies are among the boldest and hardiest men the country produces. There is always risk in following this calling, especially toward the close of winter, when the snowslides begin to run. An acquaintance of the writer, who once carried mails into Telluride, Colorado, in the winter season—a trip which he said took him all day to make going up and five minutes to come down on his skees—was once caught and carried some distance down the mountain in a snowslide. He said that the only direction that he knew was up; but, between him and his friends, he managed to get out, as he happened to be buried but a short depth. He did not get scared until several hours later, when from a comfortable cabin door he looked out into a frozen night, lighted only by rather chilly stars. Then he got so scared all at once that he quit the job.

One of the most interesting mail routes of the Rockies formerly lay between Gardiner, Montana, and Cooke City, northeast of the Yellowstone Park, the route crossing the park by way of Mammoth Hot Springs and Lamar Creek. The man who had this contract some fifteen years or so ago was named Church, a plucky, red-whiskered chap of whom it was said he had never failed to bring the mail through on time and never had been known to complain about the weather or to utter a profane word. As do many of these winter mail carriers, he took chances every time he started out, for no man who has not seen it can have any idea of the character of a genuine mountain snowstorm.

When this man started out he used a light wagon as far as he could going up the big hill east of the Mammoth Hot Springs. When a wagon grew impossible he left his vehicle and hitched to a sled, which he left within reach. Once on the summit he had a wide plain to cross, and then a very bad descent down what is known as Devil's Gut, before he got to his first landing-place at Yanceys. These narrow defiles would drift full of snow, and perhaps no other man in the world excepting Church could have gotten a team and sled over such country. His horses learned to wallow through somehow, though their driver often had to dig them out and always went prepared for such service.

Like Pilgrim's Progress

Resting at Yanceys perhaps over night, and thawing most of the icicles out of his whiskers before the next morning, this mail carrier would worry along with his sled up Lamar Creek until he got into more difficult country. Here he would unhitch his team, blanketing and tying out in a sheltered spot one of his horses and riding the other as far as he could. When he had gotten as far as possible on horseback he tied out this horse in similar fashion, and then took to the snowshoes which he had left on his previous trip. By the time he got through with his mails, he had behind him a string of conveyances and rolling stock scattered at different intervals over, say, fifty miles. He picked these up in reverse order on his way back to the railroad. This was his daily routine. Any man trying to travel with him, for even one day, would find his work cut out for him.

It chanced that one winter the writer had a little experience in covering this particular Rocky Mountain mail route on skees. It was hard enough, with the thermometer twenty or thirty degrees below zero; and more than once our party was obliged to "hole up," not venturing to travel in snowstorms which came so thick and fast as to blot out the back trail a few minutes after it was made. As it chanced, with an interval of no more than two or three weeks, I found myself on a little sailing schooner with a mail carrier running from Galveston to Smith Point, on the Gulf Coast. Here the weather was mild and balmy, too warm for comfort almost, and with a wind entirely too gentle for any sort of speed. We lay becalmed for several hours out in the bay, and for once the United States mails did not advance very rapidly. The mail carrier was very philosophical.

"Pshaw!" said he. "I don't suppose any of them letters or papers amounts to much nohow; and, besides, 'most everybody in Smith Point will be out duck hunting by the time we get there."

In other parts of our possessions, however, the mails are sometimes carried by

Rubber Heels that STAY ALIVE

They are unlike any rubber heels you ever heard of.

The first ten steps you take on them, you'll *feel* the difference.

And the longer you wear them the more apparent that difference will be.

SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

start with more "spring" than anybody ever thought could be put into a rubber heel.

There's a LIFT to them that can't be described.

They're tough and strong and full of wear.

But the really new and great thing about them is that they retain their life and buoyancy right down to the last day you walk on them.

Wear them to a wafer—they're still ALIVE.

We've done it with pure rubber treated by our special process.

Into this heel we have inserted the Patented RED "Can't-Slip" Grip—

You can't slip on Spring-Steps if you try.

Ask to see them at your nearest repair shop.

50 Cents put on.
Any shoe repair shop.

REVERE RUBBER COMPANY, CHELSEA, MASS.

BOSTON NEW YORK PITTSBURG NEW ORLEANS CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO KANSAS CITY MINNEAPOLIS

Grandma on a Visit—

ONE of her first cares is to see about her little granddaughter's teeth.

Naturally so.

Her own teeth are perfect—good as ever—and she knows what that has meant, more and more with passing years, in health, good looks, well being.

"I use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder night and morning. Mama taught me to."

"Yes, dear, just as I taught your Mama to, and just as my Mama taught me."

With millions of the best families it is a tradition to use

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

prepared for almost half a century by a doctor of dental surgery.

Three generations have been brought up to its use with increasing faith. It has an honorable place apart from ordinary tooth preparations. The best dentists prescribe it as they have always done.

Because Dr. Lyon's is a perfect dentifrice in POWDER FORM, having no gelatine, glucose, glycerine, or honey to leave sticky masses between the teeth to encourage decay.

It cleanses and polishes the teeth, removes discoloration and tartar, WITHOUT CHEMICAL ACTION, and imparts a natural fragrance to the breath. Use it thoroughly night and morning—*above all at night.*

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

boat where the other extreme obtains as to wind supply. There is no more dangerous coast than that of Alaska; but daring little schooners, manned by some of the pluckiest sailors in the world, manage to get in and out of the remote ports of that far-off country, even in weather that would make a Gloucester fisherman look down his nose. The steamers that go north of Frisco and Seattle carry the mails to the larger settlements on the Alaskan coast, and thence they are distributed by schooner, packhorse, man pack or dog team. The population of some of the Alaskan coast country is rather cosmopolitan—some of the sailormen are Russian, others Scandinavian, yet others full or half-blood Aleut, with a sprinkling of English and New England Yankees. Wild and bold enough chaps they are, too—good pilots and good sailors, in fair or foul weather. They do their part simply and unpretentiously in getting the mail through to the outlying settlements.

Five years ago I was up in Northwestern Alaska and there met a Russian, one Pete Petrovsky, who then and there promised to send me an Aleut whale-harpoon. This contrivance is only about four feet long, and could be sent by mail, as he supposed. It took us two years to discover that one harpoon had been sent, only to disappear somewhere in parts unknown. In another year I got word back to Pete that his first venture had failed. This winter, two years later, I got another harpoon in good condition, with many writings on it. This is a rather longer time than I find necessary to communicate with another friend of mine by the name of Clarke, who lives on the Peace River, almost a thousand miles north of the American line. And now and then I get a postal card or chance letter from another wandering friend who writes from New Zealand, Heidelberg, Paris, Sydney, Nairobi, Honolulu, Nagasaki, St. Petersburg—or wherever else he happens to be. For the most part, these communications come through in astonishingly short time. You can get from New York to Nairobi, for instance, and started on your elephant hunt, in something like thirty days or so, if my memory serves.

The Lion's Share

This friend, who breaks the monotony of his life with an occasional lion hunt or the like, sometimes has occasion to put a letter in a split stick and hand it to a fuzzy negro two or three hundred miles inland from Nairobi. Such communication reaches New York, Chicago or San Francisco with practically unvarying certainty, unless a lion eats the bearer. Even in this case the lion does not always eat the letter; so some one else is pretty sure to get it through.

United States Army officers in the old days very often used Indian runners as mail carriers. Varying stories have been handed down regarding the distance which a native runner can cover in a day. Dog runners, back of their teams in the fur countries, are credited with fifty-five, sixty-five and even seventy-five miles in a day's run. As a man cannot do seventy-five miles a day on snowshoes, the explanation seems to be that he hops on and takes a ride once in a while. He could, perhaps, do forty or fifty miles, however; and a man on skees could do twenty or twenty-five miles in the Rockies on a day's journey without being extraordinarily skillful or powerful. In the earlier days, before Indians got fat or had learned the delights of whisky, their young men could do extraordinary distances on foot when the going was good—no doubt, sixty miles a day; and army officers have credited them with a hundred miles in a day of twenty-four hours.

The Indians of the dry Southwest seem to have been the best runners, and there is one tribe of Indians in Mexico who are noted for their extraordinary speed and endurance on foot, who could get over almost or perhaps quite a hundred miles in a day. Sometimes these runners carry a letter in a split stick as do the African savages. General Fremont once rode a hundred miles in one day of twenty-four hours, using two California horses; but when it comes right down to animals a good man is the finest animal of them all, and will go where no other can and do what no other can. It is these men, simple and sometimes ignorant, but the hardiest, shrewdest and most enduring animals of all the earth, who get the messages of civilization through to the outermost dwelling-places of the wilderness.

Municipal Building

Des Moines

The City of Certainties Has Made Good

Two years ago we began this campaign of advertising Des Moines—the City of Certainties.

In each advertisement we explained that the Greater Des Moines Committee is devoted to public service, that its function is to act as a bureau of advice and counsel between the interested outsider and the city of Des Moines. It is virtually a clearing house of information; its purpose is to aid and direct the growth of Des Moines.

Everything we have said about Des Moines has been found to be exactly true.

Every visitor to Des Moines has learned that our statements and our figures are facts.

If you are a man of energy, of initiative, of ambition, and of capacity, with an industry or enterprise which naturally should have part in this business field, you owe it to yourself to know about

Des Moines

Des Moines today does not supply more than one-third of the insistent demands of its trade territory.

Why not let us at least tell you about Des Moines? We have answered thousands of inquiries in these two years. Many men have come here and are glad they did. Des Moines has profited 1500% on the expenditures of the Greater Des Moines Committee. Tell us frankly your desires and let us tell you what there is here for you in your own business sphere—and what there is here for your family, what kind of a city this is to live in.

Either write us now, or fill the coupon below and mail it.

All railroads give stopover privileges at Des Moines. It will interest you to spend half a day or so here and see things for yourself.

Greater Des Moines Committee
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Send me "WEALTH" and the Des Moines Certainty Book

My business is _____

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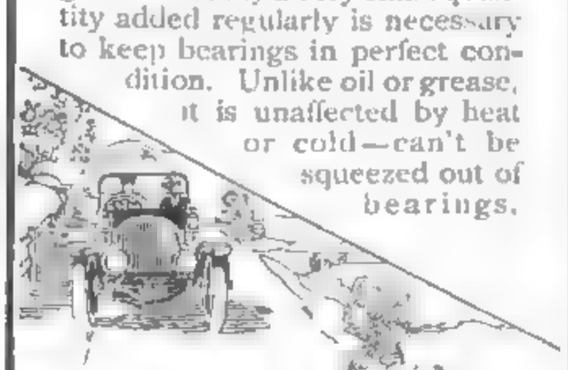
The Lubricant for Your Car

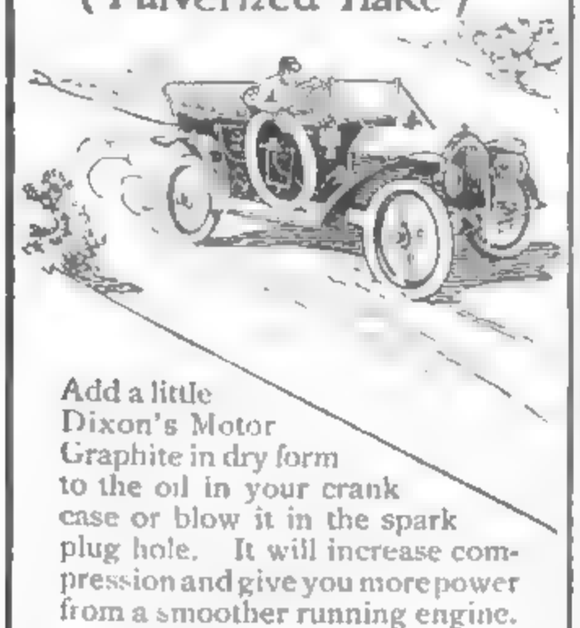
Flake Graphite is acknowledged an ideal lubricant because it produces on bearing surfaces a marvelously smooth and durable veneer that actually holds the metal surfaces apart. Friction is reduced to a minimum—bearing surfaces in best of service—when you use Dixon's Motor Graphite a wonderfully unctuous graphite of extraordinary softness and lubricating qualities.

Dixon's Motor Graphite increases the lubricating value of oils and greases. Only a very small quantity added regularly is necessary to keep bearings in perfect condition. Unlike oil or grease, it is unaffected by heat or cold—can't be squeezed out of bearings.



DIXON'S Motor Graphite

(Pulverized Flake)



Add a little Dixon's Motor Graphite in dry form to the oil in your crank case or blow it in the spark plug hole. It will increase compression and give you more power from a smoother running engine.

Mix it with your own choice of lubricants or we will do it for you, as we manufacture a full line of greases containing Dixon's Motor Graphite.

Ask your dealer for Dixon's Graphite Lubricant No. 677—a highest quality mineral grease scientifically combined with Dixon's Motor Graphite. Fine for differentials or transmissions. More economical than plain oil or grease.

Send name and model of car for free book, "Lubricating the Motor."

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY

Established in 1827

JERSEY CITY NEW JERSEY

The deeds of the old pony-express riders, who crossed the continent before the railways, have passed into history, almost unbelievable as they are. A rider has made a forced ride of a hundred and fifty miles continuously in the saddle—in that service. We do it rather more easily now with our fast mail trains; but who can tell all the romance of a mail packet which starts, say, from the center of the city of New York? The pneumatic tube, the electrified railroad and the river tunnel help start this packet on its westbound way. Then it begins to travel a mile a minute until it reaches countries of slower railroad facilities. The trolley car now takes up the journey; after that perhaps the stagecoach, the buckboard, the rural free-delivery wagon; then, perhaps, the rider with mail-bags back of his saddle, or the footman with the mail on his own back; the snowshoer, working hard to make ten miles a day uphill; the sailor, who takes more care of the mails than he does of his own life when he goes out in a storm; the ox-team mail driver; the mail carrier of the Far South, who goes on his way in a narrow sassafras dugout, or the one who rides a melancholy mule. They say that ere long we shall be carrying mail by airships—and that may be. It is a far call from the methods of the frontier when the mail was sometimes packed on the back of a dog.

Itinerant Postmasters

One way or another, the mails get through at small cost in cash for each item carried, but at an enormous total cost, both in scientific and industrial skill, and in sheer human pluck, strength and hardihood on the part of individuals. It is on the king's service—and that king is yourself. You love the wild places, no doubt; but you do most to conquer and alter them when you buy a roan stamp for two cents and start it for Tincup or Nairobi, for Fort Herschel or Paris, knowing that it will go through.

You can get a flavor of the wilderness by a glance at any post-office gazetteer. Perhaps you yourself may have felt the touch of other days when, in the middle of an apparently edgeless Western plain, you have seen a lard can or a cracker box acting as a post-office, once in a while receiving mail and once in a while sending out mail—by no discoverable human agency. Uncle Sam is methodical in his ways, and no doubt thinks that when once he has located a post-office it stays there. Such is by no means the case, for many a Western postmaster considers that he is the post-office, and that mails should be received from him, wherever he happens to be.

There used to be and still is a post-office in Wyoming called Fourbear. It was once located at the ranch of old Colonel Pickett, a noted grizzly killer of the Greybull Valley. The colonel sold his ranch and left the country and the post-office dropped down to another ranch, but the name remained the same. Last summer it had moved down to Meeteetse, fifteen or twenty miles farther—or, at least, Fourbear mail was all delivered at Meeteetse.

There used to be another postmaster in that same part of the world who regularly used to drop down out of the mountains when the snow came, some twenty-five or thirty miles, taking his post-office with him in his hat. The arrangement suited him and everybody else; for, after all, men are like other animals, and there is no use looking for them if the snow has driven them all out of the mountains.

In some way or other, however, whether by exercise of skill, courage, ingenuity or common-sense, the mails get through. Sometime we shall have a parcels post—and ought to have; but if it ever gets to the place where you can send a cookstove by mail it is going to be hard for the fellows who deliver by dog team or snowshoe at Herschel Island, Cooke City or Tincup.

Short but Sweet

SENATOR JOHN W. KERN, of Indiana, put on his high hat and his long coat, combed his justly famous paint-brush whiskers and visited New York.

An affable stranger approached him on Broadway. "Doctor," he exclaimed, grasping Senator Kern by the hand, "I am glad indeed to meet you. I have often had the pleasure of seeing you in the pulpit."

"The deuce you have!" said Kern, and the interview terminated.

Here's a hot favorite

A REAL East India dish; blended as skillfully as in its native clime. When your appetite needs a little extra "spur" and your palate longs for "something different," just try

Campbell's MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Then you'll realize better than ever what a pleasing and distinct variety is included in our wholesome "21 kinds."

Chicken, rice, chutney and other condiments, fresh fruits, apple, citron, cocoanut and the finest imported curry all help to give this soup its distinctive and inimitable flavor. And those who like a naturally hot soup like this the best of all.

Why not get acquainted with it *today*?

"Teacher: 'Twas an extra plate
Of Campbell's Soup that made me late."
"Good excuse; and bounteous larder.
Now you'll study all the harder."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

My Ideal of a Car

Built to Justify Men's Faith in Me

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—My Farewell Car—in every detail marks the best I know. And I have spent 25 years in this business. If any man can build a better car, he's a better man than I.

Not for $1,055

Many able designers say the best in a car can't be given for $1,055.

And I almost agree with them.

Reo the Fifth was not designed to sell at this altruistic price. I fear that this price, in the long run, is impossible. It will doubtless be advanced.

But this much I assure you:

So long as I direct the making, this car will embody the best I know, regardless of price or profit.

It Decides My Fate

I have spent 25 years in winning my place as a designer of automobiles. I have designed 24 models, and built tens of thousands of cars.

It has been a long, hard road. And I, like other men, take pride in what I have accomplished.

Reo the Fifth marks the climax. I have spent 18 months to make this car the capsheaf of my career.

All I have gained in a lifetime of effort is at stake on this car's performance. And for this season, at least, I have complete charge of the making

So you may be sure that Reo the Fifth won't be skimped to meet a price.

Price Not Fixed

The last car I designed—a car smaller than this—sold for $1,250. And that was considered a marvelous value.

The cost of materials has fallen since then. New machinery has cut our factory cost.

We figure this new car will double our output—and it will. We also save a great deal now by building only one chassis in this enormous plant.

By thus paring our costs, then our profits, we got the price down to $1,055. And we take pride in this amazing price as evidence of our efficiency.

But this price is based on ideal conditions, and on cost for materials the lowest we have had in years.

So this price is not fixed. Any added cost must be added to it. Our contracts with dealers all provide for advance.

We announce this to avoid future misunderstanding.

Our Model Factory

We have built up here what men regard as a model automobile plant. Engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it.

The labor-saving machinery is largely of our invention. It was built in our shops.

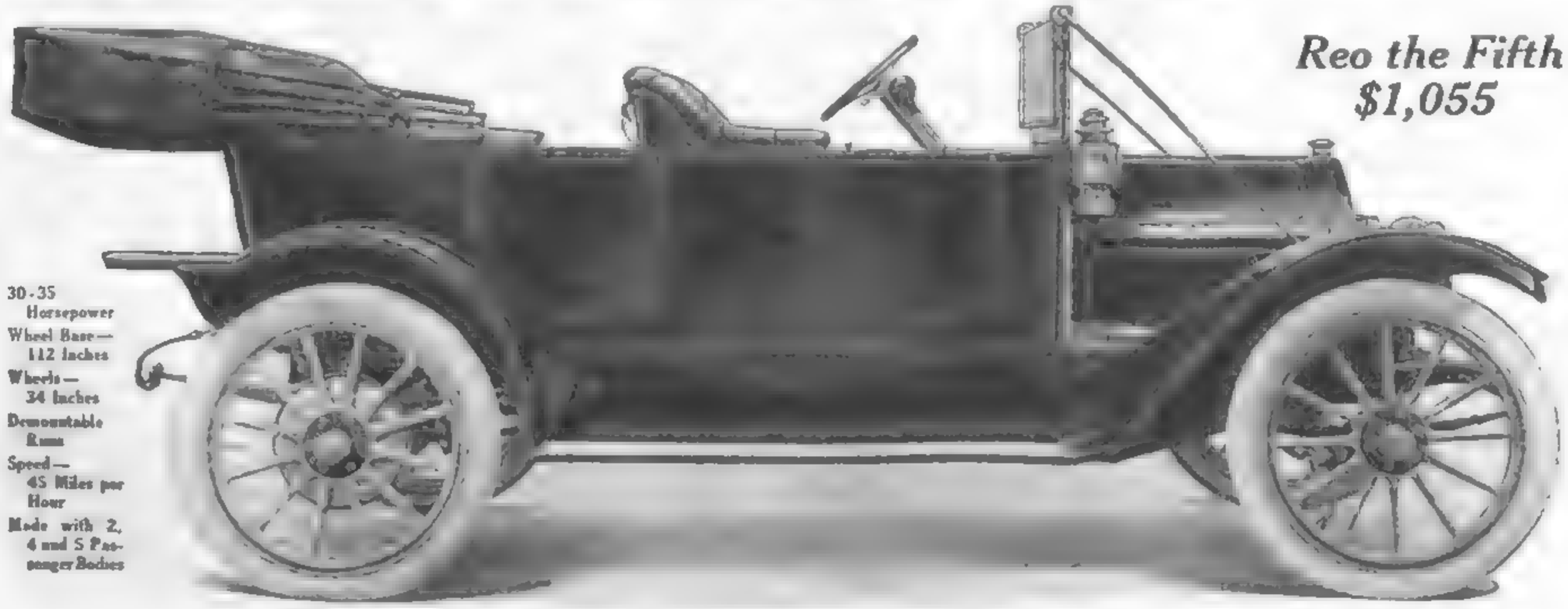
It gives us utter exactness. It makes like parts interchangeable. And it has cut labor cost to the minimum.

In this model factory we build the whole car, so no profits go to parts makers.

Our output is enormous, which means small overhead expense. Our system is perfect. Efficiency here has been worked out to the finish.

Then we are not overcapitalized—have no bonded debt. So that factor in cost is eliminated.

We ought to give more than others give for the money. We expect to, and will. But this initial price, in my estimation, is too low to last.



Reo the Fifth
$1,055

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

Judge for Yourself

If a Car Can Be Built Any Better

The Standard Car

There are cars larger and smaller than Reo the Fifth. I have built all types myself, up to six-cylinder sixties.

But Reo the Fifth, in my estimation, typifies the car of the future. More and more, experienced motorists are coming to this standard type.

It is not too large nor too small, too light nor too heavy. It has ample power for any requirement. It is large enough to be a roomy car for five.

Cars over-powered and over-sized cost too much for upkeep. Undersized cars grow to seem insufficient.

The popular type is the 30 to 35 horsepower, four-cylinder car. Cars of this type are sold all the way up to $2,500. So I adopted this type for My Farewell Car. And this factory now turns out no other model.

I don't claim, of course, that oversize cars need not be more costly. But I know of no way, in a car of this type, to add one iota of value.

Margins of Safety

The best I have learned in 25 years is the need for big margins of safety.

I have learned this by watching tens of thousands of cars, with all sorts of drivers, under all road conditions.

It is not sufficient to have parts strong enough. They must have several times the needed strength.

So my axles and driving shaft, wheels and springs are all much larger than necessary. So is every part where weakness ever develops.

I use Nickel Steel for axles and driving shaft—Vanadium Steel for connections. My differential was designed for a 45-horsepower car.

I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt—instead of the usual ball bearings. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan.

Unusual Tests

To make utterly certain that parts are right I use very unusual tests.

Each lot of steel is analyzed to make sure it accords with my formulas. The slightest variation causes me to discard it.

It is usual to test gears with a hammer. I have built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity, to prove to exactness what each gear will stand.

I put magnetos to a radical test which only two makes tested here will stand.

Inspection here is carried to extremes. Engines are tested again and again against unusual loads.

We use the same clutch as $5,000 cars—the same grade of springs—the same efficient type of brakes.

I ran one of these cars for ten thousand miles—night and day, at top speed, on rough roads. I did this to learn if any part of the car would fail to meet any requirement.

Then we took the car to pieces and examined every part. We could hardly discover in any important part the slightest evidence of wear.

All this is done to make sure of perfection in this, My Farewell Car.

Outer Attractions

Another thing I have learned is that men—and women—want a classy and beautiful car.

So the design of this car shows the last touch of up-to-dateness. The body finish consists of 17 coats. The upholstering is deep. It is filled with hair. The covering is genuine leather.

The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The wheel base is long, the tonneau is roomy, the wheels are large, the car is overtired. There are ventilators in front which open and close. There are demountable rims.

You will find no shortcomings when the car is compared with the costliest cars on the market.

Close to Finality

I regard Reo the Fifth as pretty close to finality. In every detail it marks the best I know. And I do not believe that this plant or others will ever build a much better car.

Better materials are certainly impossible. Tests and inspections cannot be carried further. The features and devices are the best yet discovered, and there appears little chance for improvement.

Fashions may change in some minor details, but no designer, in my estimation, will ever get more of real worth in a car.

Ask for Our Book

Our Book shows the three styles of body—touring car, demi-tonneau and roadster. The roadster sells for $1,000.

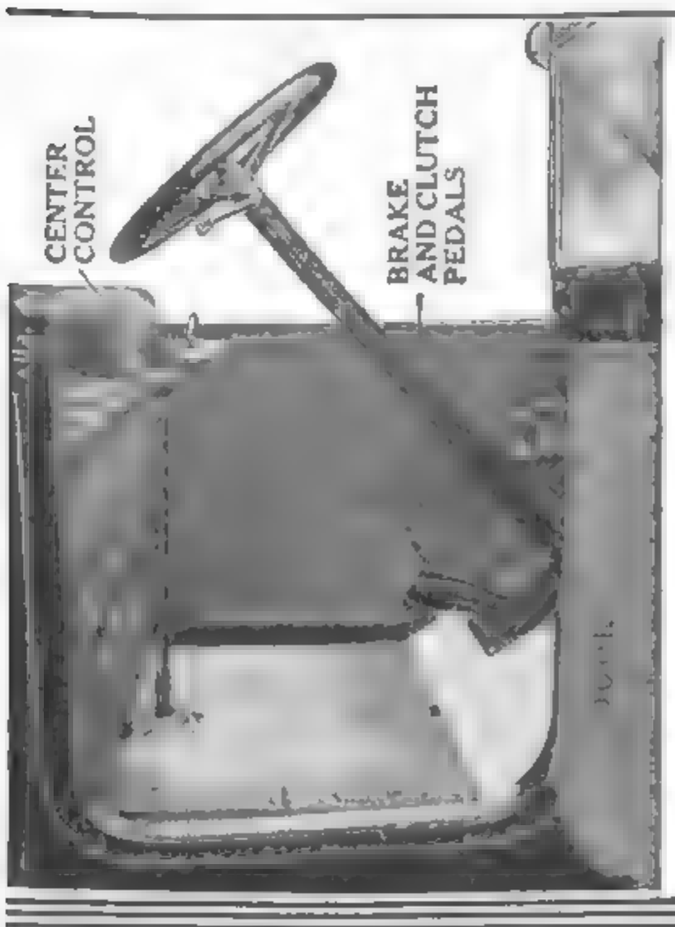
It pictures all of the details, so you may compare them with higher-priced cars.

You should know these facts, for Reo the Fifth is the most interesting car of the season.

Write today for the book, and we will tell you where to see the car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



New Center Control—Exclusive Feature
No Side Levers—No Reaching

Reo the Fifth brings out, for the first time, our new center, cane-handle control.

All the gear shifting is done by this convenient lever between the two front seats. It is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

No noise, no grinding, no reaching. Just a slight, easy motion.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, and one of the pedals also operates the clutch.

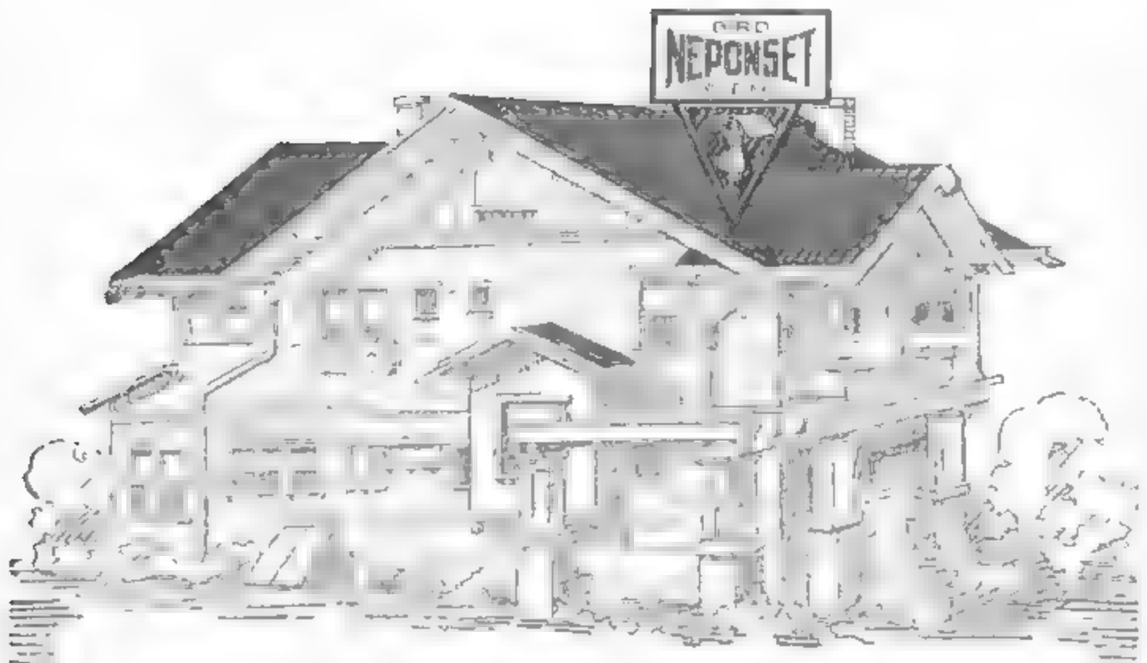
So there are no side levers to get in the way. The entrance in front, through either door, is as clear as the tonneau entrance.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits as he should sit, close to the cars which he passes and on the up side of the road. He sits where he can look back in making a turn.

The operation of this car is simplicity itself—as simple as an electric. Your wives and daughters can drive it. This center control is the best new feature brought out in any car this year.

Yet this is but one of the details which reveal this car's up-to-dateness. When you see them all you will say with me that Reo the Fifth comes pretty close to finality.

(44)



A Long Step Forward!

The firm which for 25 years has set up the big progress-marks in roofing history, now presents a really artistic roofing for residences—fire-resisting, and at a moderate price. The house shown above is roofed with

NEPONSET PROSLATE ROOFING

Look at it. Wouldn't you like a roof as attractive as that on your house? NEPONSET Proslate comes in distinctive red and green colors. It is a re-adaptation of the sturdy, long-life roofing materials which we have been making for years, combined with a colored surface. It is the biggest idea that has ever been launched in the roofing business. More attractive than shingles, and practically fire-proof—while shingles quickly catch fire, NEPONSET Proslate will make the ideal roof for your house. If you would know more—

Send for Our Booklet on Roofing

and the name of a NEPONSET dealer near you. He is reliable. Send postal today.

F. W. BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) **11 Neponset St., E. Walpole, Mass.**

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco
Canadian Plant Hamilton Ont

Remember that we are the makers of NEPONSET Paroid for nearly 15 years the acknowledged standard of high-grade roofing

Ex-Pres. Roosevelt Says—

"Good road-building makes in a nation those stable qualities which tell for permanent greatness." And Mr. Roosevelt is *right!* Good roads mean increased land values—the ability to "get there" easily, quickly and comfortably. But the roads must be *built right.* Ditches badly placed, and weak, leaky culverts, are simply money wasted. Save money by using American Ingot Iron Corrugated Culverts Heavy loads can't break them—frost can't crack them.

American Ingot Iron Culverts

(99.84 Per Cent Pure Iron)

are strong, durable and easy to transport and place. Leading railroads use them in place of concrete, brick, tile and stone. First cost low—upkeep nothing.

Culverts are not made of steel, but *American Ingot Iron—guaranteed 99.84% pure.* Steel, on account of its impurities, rusts and corrodes quickly. American Ingot Iron, due to its purity, resists rust for many years. This is why American Ingot Iron Culverts outlast steel culverts.

[illegible] on every section of [illegible] Culvert. These [illegible] to be obtained only from the manufacturers mentioned below.

Send for full particulars. The book, "Culverts," will pleasantly surprise you. Write to-day. We will receive it by return mail.

Address Nearest Manufacturer

Dixie Culvert & Metal Co., Little Rock, Ark.; Atlanta, Ga.
California Corrugated Culvert Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; West Berkeley, Cal., Reno, Nev.
Colorado Ingot Iron Pipe & Flume Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Delaware Metal Culvert Co., Clayton, Del.
Illinois Corrugated Metal Co., Bloomington, Ill.
W. O. O'Neall Company, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Princeton Sheet Metal Company, Princeton, Ind.
Fort Dodge Culvert Company, Fort Dodge, Iowa
Independence Corrugated Culvert Co., Independence, [illegible]
The Road Supply & Metal Co., Topeka, Kan.
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New England Metal Culvert Co., Palmer, Mass.
J. N. Spencer, Havre de Grace, Md.
Michigan Bridge & Pipe Company, Lansing, Mich.
Bark River Bridge & Culvert Co., Bark River, Mich.; Eau Claire, Wis.
Lyle Corrugated Culvert Company, Lyle, Minn., Minneapolis, Minn.
Corrugated Culvert Company, Moberly, Mo.
Montana Culvert Company, Missoula, Mont.
North Carolina Metal Culvert Co., Greensboro, N. C.
Northwestern Sheet & Iron Works, Wal[illegible], N. D.
North-East Metal Culvert Co., Nashua, N. H.
Pennsylvania Metal Culvert Co., Flemington, N. J.; Warren, Pa.
Economy Culvert Company, Auburn, N. Y.
Nebraska Culvert & Mfg. Co., Lincoln, Neb.; Wa[illegible]boo, Neb.
Ohio Corrugated Culvert Co., Middletown, Ohio
Oklahoma Corrugated Culvert Co., Shawnee, Okla.
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Sioux Falls Metal Culvert Co., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Atlas Metal Works, Dallas, Texas
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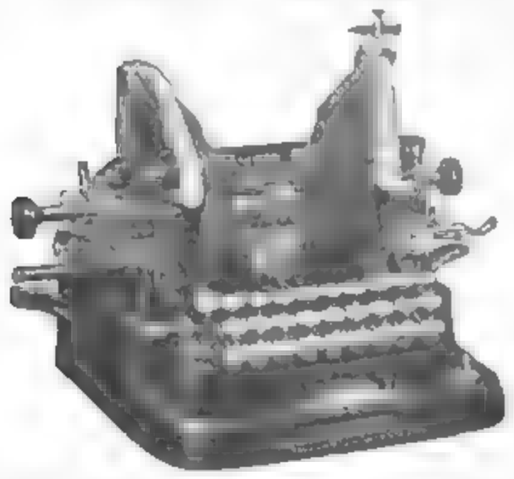
We've Doubled the Durability of The OLIVER!

Model 5 With Its Steel Coat-of-Mail Gives Utmost Limit of Service



Built into the new Model 5 Oliver Typewriter are many exclusive devices for saving time and effort. We have even improved the type itself—and all the world now knows PRINTYPE.

Lack of the refinements and added conveniences is a link in the "endless chain" of *completeness*. But equal in importance to these *combined* advantages is one that has scarcely been mentioned in print.

An improvement that actually adds years to the life of the machine.

To deliver to the purchaser not only the highest *working-efficiency* but to *hold* that efficiency at the highest point—for a long term of years—is the problem worked out in Model 5.

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

This Masterpiece Model is made with a steel coat-of-mail, which protects the important working parts from dust, dirt and damage from accident.

The mechanism works freely in a framework of solid metal without the vibration and rattle so characteristic of typewriters.

This wonderful [illegible] prevents [illegible] and practically eliminates [illegible].

It gives to The Oliver Typewriter that marvelous *staying power* for which it is justly famed.

Endurance Plus Speed

The speed possibilities of Model 5 keep pace with the most exacting demands. The light touch and easy action tempt the fingers to move swiftly. The smooth precision of the machine gives speed without conscious effort.

Speed Plus Versatility

Model 5 is as notable for its *versatility* as it is for speed and endurance. Its various devices, for special uses, are simple, responsive and *practical*.

The Vertical and Horizontal Line-ruling Device, the Tabulator, the Back Spacer, the Interchangeable Carriage, etc., widen the scope of its uses to the utmost practical limit.

Versatility Plus "Printype"

PRINTYPE, the beautiful new type face originated for The Oliver Typewriter, was designed exclusively for Model 5. The shaded letters of PRINTYPE give distinction and character to typewritten correspondence. PRINTYPE makes a typewritten letter as readable as the best printed magazine or book. Its attention value adds to the effectiveness of selling letters. It aids and rests the eyes.

To Purchasing Agents of Corporations

When placing your next order for typewriters, we suggest that you give special consideration to these important advantages of Model 5:

[illegible] Unparalleled speed [illegible] of [illegible] Beautiful and novel PRINTYPE [illegible] Strength—several hundred less parts than other standard typewriters.

[illegible] that have won for [illegible] Typewriter the name [illegible] the world's greatest [illegible] corporations appeal with equal force to the one who buys a machine for [illegible]. Make [illegible] investment that pays handsome dividends in service and satisfaction, year after year.

Art Catalog and Special Demonstration for the Asking

On request, we will forward a copy of the new catalog and a specimen letter written in PRINTYPE. A personal demonstration of the machine itself will place you under no obligation to purchase. Details of our 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan gladly given. A $5 cash payment brings this $100 machine—*you can pay the balance in pennies!*

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
844 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Each manikin was fitted with a peg and could thus be placed at any part of the stage. Those occupying the scene at the moment represented soldiers, sailors, señoritas and a few tourists. The grouping was exceedingly effective, and the whole, surveyed through half-closed eyes, gave a perfect illusion of the theater.

Major O'Sullivan, an enthusiastic devotee of the Muses as worshiped across the footlights, uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"Upon my word, so that's how it's done. Most interestin'—looks like the Philippines."

"Allee same Panama," said a bland voice at his elbow. "Mist' Lanee makee opoletta Panama. Plenty sing-song dance. You likee dlink?"

Without waiting for a reply, the intelligent Celestial slithered across to the buffet and carried to the center table a heavy tantalus containing three most inviting cut-glass carafes. Four tumblers were produced from thin air, and a siphon opaque with the cold rime of the icebox.

Mr. Phelps was pompously protesting that they desired nothing, but the Chinaman did not appear to understand such language. Major O'Sullivan started to protest, then checked himself and glanced at his watch. He was feeling rather ill at ease, and besides it was half-past four. Doctor Soper was rubbing his hands and examining the little actors and actresses, while Professor Pringle, having sighted a long row of closely filled bookshelves, was being lured in their direction with fatal persistence but bashful hesitation until, his eye being caught and held by a whole row of Greek plays in the original text, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, some tragedies of Æschylus and Euripides and about half a fathom of a beautiful edition of the comedies and satires of Aristophanes, he promptly became oblivious to time, place and the business in hand, and retired to a wicker lounging chair beside a port, to become absorbed and entirely lost to sight and sound.

Meanwhile the smiling Charlie had laid a box of cigarettes beside the tantalus, and smilingly indicated the contents of the three decanters with the tap of a fingernail that would cause the pupils of a manicure to dilate. "Ol' lye—velly stlong, no can get Amelica, velly good an' cost plenty dolla'. Velly, velly good. You tly." And with a positively Celestial smile Charlie had flitted off into the gloom beyond the portières.

Major O'Sullivan's keen military eye rested with appreciation on the different shades of amber reflected from the carafes. He tugged at his fierce mustache and looked at Mr. Phelps. The president of the Chimney Corner Association filled his chest and looked back. Both gentlemen then looked at the tantalus. Doctor Soper rubbed his hands, then broke the ice by taking a Turkish cigarette and lighting it in a perfectly natural manner.

"Since the object of our errand is to arrive at an amicable understanding," said he, "I see no reason why we should reject the hospitality offered us. These are excellent cigarettes. I happen to know that they are to be had only in London."

The faces of the other two lightened. Each man felt that he had never, until that moment, quite appreciated Doctor Soper. Between the major and the president there was that bond sometimes to be found between lawbreakers. Both gentlemen were in the habit of infringing daily, at exactly half-past four, on the laws and statutes of Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine. An accessory before and several times after the fact was the entirely respectable steward of the reading room.

"Soper is quite right," said the major.

Mr. Phelps slowly exhaled a large volume of carbon dioxide between his cheeks.

"The very last idea that could have entered my head in coming here this afternoon," said he, "was that of accepting any material entertainment from this vindictive individual who has caused us so much annoyance. But, as Doctor Soper has very justly observed, the whole object of our visit is an attempt to ——"

"Precisely," snapped Major O'Sullivan, "and it is nearly a quarter to five. Mr. Phelps, I believe you prefer the rye. Personally I happen to know something about this Bourbon. As the mess boy quite truthfully remarked, it is the very good stuff and not to be had for love or money. If it is the real thing, I am afraid that we have made a mistake in barring this man Lanier." He took the decanter from

"You're the man I want!"

PRESIDENT: "You're the man I want! And I want you to know why I chose you from among the 40 men who were after the job."

YOUNG MAN: "I would like to know, sir."

PRESIDENT: "There were several men with records just as good as yours, but—you are the cleanest cut man of the bunch. I want to have men like you around me, and I'm not ashamed to have your kind represent the house. My rule is, *clear the way for the man with the clear record and the clean look.* Remember that, young man, remember that, if you want to get ahead."

There you have it! Promotion to the "clean cut" man; the man with the clear skin. Is your skin clearer, cleaner and more wholesome than the average? Don't be content with soap-and-water cleanliness. Be "Pompeian clean." Discover for yourself how Pompeian Massage Cream makes a healthy, attractive skin because of its marvelous powers to cleanse the pores and exercise the facial muscles. Read test below. Get trial jar.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

AT 50,000 DEALERS. 50c, 75c and $1.00

WOMEN

Pompeian corrects the [illegible] and [illegible] Clip coupon!

"Don't envy a good [illegible] use Pompeian and have one."

MEN

Make yourself "the man he wants." Clip the coupon now!

This shows style of package sold by dealers, and size of trial jar.

Here is the test that has made millions of enthusiastic users of Pompeian. Get your face just as clean as old-time methods will permit. Then apply a pinch of Pompeian to your face. Rub it gently, but firmly. It disappears into the pores. Massage a moment longer. Out comes the Pompeian, and with it comes the hidden pore dirt. The darkened, dirt-laden cream astonishes you. That was the dirt which soap and water couldn't reach.

Make the test. If it doesn't convince you of the merit of Pompeian and its necessity as a complete cleanser of the face pores, then we have nothing more to say. A skin which is "Pompeian clean" means a clear, clean, fresh complexion. "Clear the way for the man with the clear record and the clean look. Remember that, young man. Use Pompeian." **All dealers. 50c, 75c and $1.00.** Magazines and Books for Library Slips. One in each package.

TRIAL JAR

Send for 6c (stamps or coin). Find out for yourself, now, why Pompeian is used and prized in a million homes where the value of a clear, fresh, healthy skin is appreciated. Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 40 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:— Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

City State

Notice who Smoke Them

The cigar with the reputation for sustained quality, and the quality for sustained reputation—

La Preferencia

"30 minutes in Havana"

The biggest selling 10c Cigar in the World

We have received so many letters regarding the Preferencia Cigar that it has been utterly impossible to keep pace with inquiries, but all letters are being answered as promptly as possible.

In the matter of the sale to individual smokers we desire to say that the offer in our first advertisement to ship an introductory box direct to the consumer was made for the purpose of acquainting the smoker with the cigar and to insure his future supply through his own dealer.

La Preferencia brand is sold in more places in the United States than any other cigar—and we refer our friends and customers to the retailer.

Only three shapes were mentioned in our first "Post" advertisement. This brand is made in a variety of sizes.

Preferencia quality is always the same

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY

111 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

the case, removed the glass stopper and scented the aroma of the contents. "It is. Doctor Soper, this will do you no harm. Permit me to fill your glass. Fancy the chap drinking stuff like this under our very noses!"

Doctor Soper rubbed his hands and fell to the suggestion of the major. Nobody thought of Professor Pringle, who was already deep in the Medea of Euripides.

Major O'Sullivan was explaining with a certain amount of warmth to Mr. Phelps that after all the Chimney Corner Association had a burden of unpaid obligation to Mr. Lanier, when there came an interruption. A rubber-shod foot paddled with catty lightness on the ladder, and before the visiting committee had realized it a slender, white-clad figure had glided past and seated itself at the piano.

Major O'Sullivan merely stared. Doctor Soper leaned forward, rubbing his hands. But Mr. Phelps, recognizing the playwright from a former and not entirely pleasant meeting, rose to his feet and inflated his chest.

"H'm!" He cleared his chest. "H'm—Ah ——"

A crash of chords from the piano drowned his speech. Another crash, then the opening of a gay, laughing theme, which had the same relation to the first melodious outburst as might a shower of blossoms to the ensuing perfume. There was a catchy lilt to the refrain that quickly sent their feet a-tapping. Even Professor Pringle wove his scansion to the meter. Doctor Soper found himself repeating:

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride to leave her home ——

And then suddenly the music broke off abruptly, and a young man with intent, dilated pupils and a very clear skin swung about on the piano stool and stared at them.

Mr. Phelps observed that the musician was immaculately dressed. Major O'Sullivan was more conscious of the wide forehead, dark eyes and peculiar droop of the head between the shoulders. It was a queer, questioning poise and the words that followed it were even more disturbing.

"Do you think it's got the right swing?"

Quite naturally there was no response. The guests were a bit upset, barring only Professor Pringle, who had started The Choëphori and was feeling sad.

"How do you like it? It's quite new, so you probably won't. Plague these reminiscent tunes! Charlie ——"

The Chinaman flitted out of the shadows like a white moth.

"Have you some champagne on the ice?" snapped Lanier.

"Hab got, sar."

"Then bring it and hurry!" Lanier looked with a sort of abstract intentness at Mr. Phelps, who happened to be nearest.

"I hope you will excuse me for keeping you waiting," he said with a sort of defensive irritation. "I was going over the lyrics of my new piece when you called, and all the while that I was touching up the words of a love song that air was bothering me. Did you ever notice that sometimes when you are intent on doing one thing the idea of another will strike you with more force, even, than if that were the one you were trying to concentrate upon? It's that way with my work; when I'm writing songs the music often strikes me—and the reverse. Once a tune I caught made its own words ——" he turned to the piano and began to finger the keys, staring at something that lurked in the shadows between the decks just over his head. Still staring, he began to play, modifying the theme as he proceeded and molding it into the semblance of a refrain. It was like a sculptor squeezing a mass of wax into the effigy of something that might ultimately be anything, yet unusual of its kind.

Meanwhile Mr. Phelps appeared to be taking a sort of exercise for the development of the lungs. Major O'Sullivan had started to say something, then thought better of it and was sitting back in his chair, staring at Lanier under his bushy, grizzled eyebrows. Doctor Soper was placidly smoking and waiting for somebody to say something, and Professor Pringle, after a rather vacant stare that lingered longest on the Chinaman, as the only person who appeared to have any concrete objectivity, even though a material one, had returned to his classics. He was skimming Hippolytus with the rapture sometimes to be found as a combination existing in the kiln-dried scholar, who

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WE want to know—and we want *you* to know—all about *your* floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive and how easy it is to end permanently all your floor troubles

ELASTICA is a floor varnish which will give you positive, satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this—

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
TRADE ELASTICA MARK
FLOOR FINISH

Look for the Trade Mark on the Can You Buy
Beware of Imitations

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, ELASTICA will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. ELASTICA can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth.

Send for Book 84

"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. Profusely illustrated, rich in suggestions for making and keeping floors beautiful. Also ask for a set of exquisitely colored post-cards showing handsome interiors, which will be sent with our compliments. Address

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

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Ask Your Dealer

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1 for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2 for interior use—Satinette White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Klearlone Stains and other Architectural Finishes

The Simplex Cecilian — The Fairfield Cecilian

The Cecilian Piano

that anyone can play

An Endorsement

The Farrand Co. near Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—Your phonograph shows the [illegible] Piano to be a wonderful instrument. [illegible] We are delighted with it in every way, and think it is the best [illegible] on the market. We have had [illegible] and have tried them all, and we are free to say that we think the Cecilian is the best [illegible] throughout. We are [illegible] it.

(Signed) E. L. FORD, Detroit, Feb. 10-12.

Write today for descriptive literature
Address Department D

THE FARRAND CO., Detroit, Michigan

Traveling

There is a delicious cup of bouillon ready at a moment's notice if you take with you a box of

"STEERO"

Reg U S Pat Off

Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

Just drop a Cube into a cup and add boiling water from the Thermos bottle. No cooking or seasoning needed. Appetizing at any time of day or night.

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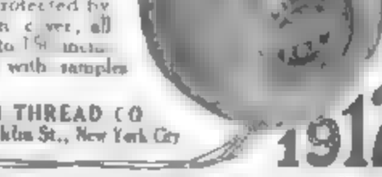


gets, as it would seem, a dual benefit, first in the academic perfection of the composition, and second in a sort of vicarious warmth while basking in the reflected passions of such a lady as Phædra may have been. Of all the people there, Professor Pringle was undoubtedly the happiest. Mrs. Wilmerding and other vexations were for the moment forgotten.

Lanier was playing with a sort of irritable intensity, a frown on his forehead and his beautifully cut features drawn into an expression of discontent. He was singing softly to himself as he played. Suddenly he swung about on the piano stool.

"The air is all right, isn't it?" said he, "and the words are good enough, but it needs something else—some sort of melodious interruption ——"

Without waiting for an answer he played over the same air, humming the words as before. It had a catchy lilt, and Mr. Phelps, whose old rye was beginning pleasantly to disseminate itself throughout his expansive system, found himself unconsciously humming in company. As already observed, Mr. Phelps was possessed of a fine baritone voice and was not without vocal pretensions. It was not infrequently that he regaled his friends with some few choice selections, Tosti's love songs being easily his favorites.

Wherefore, it is not surprising that, given one adult's dose of a celebrated rye and a tune that was destined to be ground from every hand-organ in the country within the next two or three years, Mr. Phelps felt moved to lend a certain amount of courteous support to the effort of Mr. Lanier. Even Major O'Sullivan so far relaxed in his curious scrutiny as to tap the measure with his foot.

Lanier was playing slowly, introducing slight variations at the intervals, but evidently dissatisfied. He was apparently on the point of turning from the instrument in disgust, when there came from the darkened recesses beyond the loud report of a popping champagne cork.

"Ah!" cried Lanier sharply, and as if by instinct one quick finger ran up the keys while his tongue clicked in perfect imitation of the gurgle proceeding from the neck of a bottle. So perfect was the imitation, coming just as it did, and so aptly it lent itself to that part of the song, that the major leaned forward, clapping his hands.

"Capital!" he cried. "There's a finishing touch for your song!"

Lanier swung about, his face eager and his eyes alight.

"Isn't it, though?" he cried. "What a chance for orchestration—that *t'luk—t'luk—t'luk—t'luk—*" he imitated the sound with tongue and keys, his eyes on the major and Mr. Phelps. "Wouldn't that make a hit? Charlie!"

"Light away, Mist' Lanee." The Chinaman, bearing a quart of vintage wine in a silver cooler, glided between the portières and across the room, setting his burden on the buffet.

"Get another bottle," snapped Lanier.

"S'ppose you dlink one piecy bottle——"

"Do as I say, confound you!" cried Lanier, so furiously that his visitors were startled

"All light," answered Charlie.

"Get a move on you!" the playwright shouted at him. "Don't wait to cool it. Bring it here."

Another quart was immediately forthcoming. With a sort of feverish impatience Lanier ripped off the seal and loosened the cork. Major O'Sullivan, observing the label, opened his eyes. The next instant Lanier had stepped to him and placed the bottle in his hands

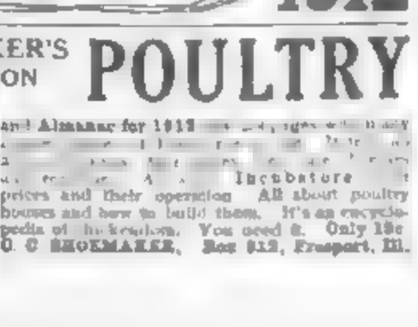
"When I come to the interval, let the cork go just as before, will you, please?" said he. "Then both of you make that *t'luk t'luk t'luk* sound. I want to see how it works in. Wouldn't wonder if it would be a corker."

"Or an uncorker," ventured the major, who was beginning to enter into the spirit of the thing.

"Good—might use that too. Now then, here goes——"

This time the song opened with a splendid swing, Lanier singing the words out in a rich baritone. As he neared the end of the stanza he looked back over his shoulder at the major. The song was of a farcical character and supposedly sung by the chief engineer at the banquet attending the opening of the Panama Canal.

Major O'Sullivan was tightly gripping the sizzling cork, his eyes fixed earnestly on Lanier. Mr. Phelps, carried away by the



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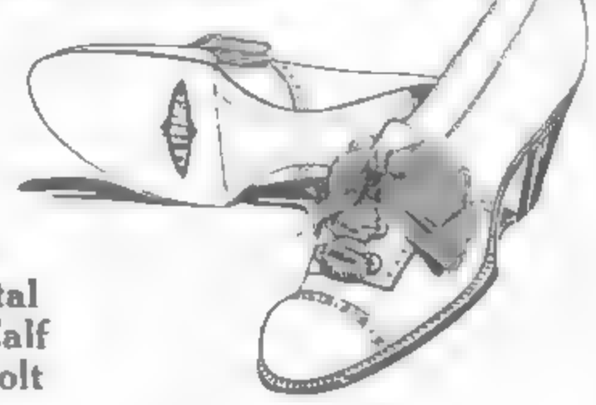

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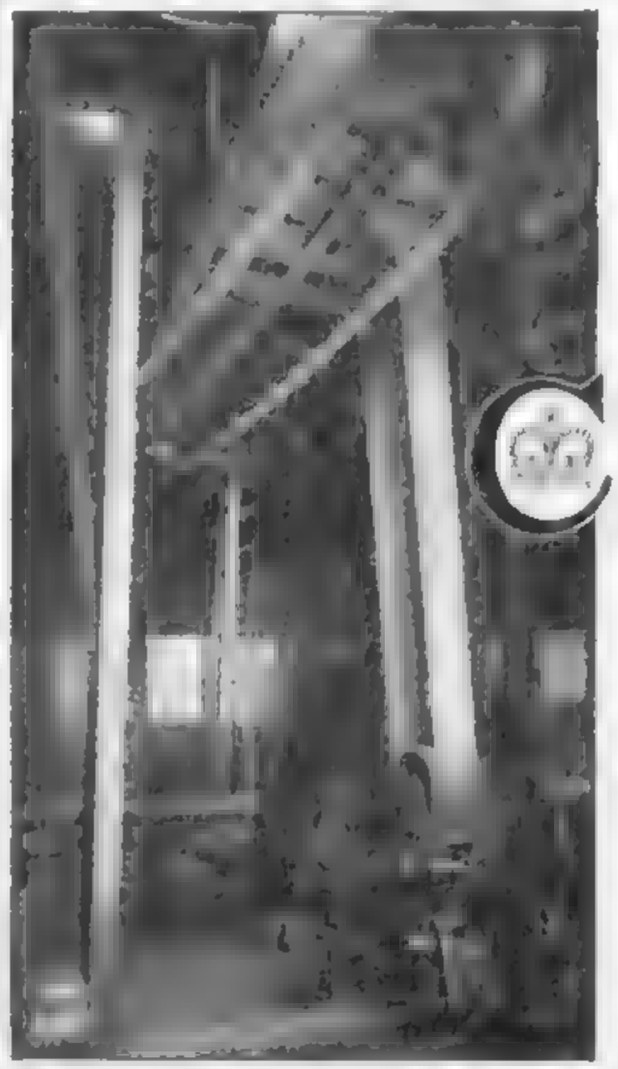

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rollicking air and the magnetism of the singer, had joined in the refrain, taking a tenor part. Doctor Soper was beating time with his lighted cigarette.

The verse neared its end, fortunately for the major, who was getting red in the face through his efforts to control the cork.

—We dam the waters as we may,
We do our little best,
Amber bubbles drown our troubles
Here's to East and West—

A nod at the major. Pop went the cork, then as Lanier tapped the keys—"*T'luk—t'luk—t'luk—t'luk*"

The playwright sprang from his stool, his face aglow.

"That'll do it," he cried. "The orchestration can make that great and a few dummy bottles and popguns in the wings. That's what the song wanted just that sort of catchy trick. Thanks awfully. Come, we can't let all this good fizz go to waste." He stepped to the buffet and brought over the cold bottle and some cut-glass tumblers.

"But, my dear sir——" began Mr. Phelps.

Lanier waved his hand. "It can't hurt you. It's very awful extra dry. You mix lots worse stuff in a champagne cup and think nothing of it. Let's have a friendly glass and forget the unpleasant features of our last meeting. I've acted a bit nasty, I'll admit. Well, all you've got to do is to put yourself in my place. It doesn't require any great effort of imagination."

Mr. Phelps was beginning to puff himself out preparatory to some sort of peroration when the major cut in.

"Look here, Mr. Lanier," said he, "what is your game, anyway? We've tried to make what amends we could for Mr. Wilmerding's error."

"Yes," Lanier assented, "it is quite true that you have done what you could. I think that I understand the situation. The trouble seems to be that I am opposed for membership by a very influential feminine contingent. It is rather hard on me, because I feel that I should not prove an objectionable member of the colony. I learned only today the true state of affairs."

"Who was your informant, may I ask?" said Mr. Phelps.

"I learned indirectly, through a letter from a friend who corresponds with one of your colony. This being the case, I do not feel justified in obstructing your view any longer. I will admit that what I did was the result of extreme irritation. However, it would not be decent of me to annoy the whole colony out of spite at my unfortunate unpopularity with two ladies."

"Then you mean to go away?" asked Doctor Soper.

"From your immediate neighborhood, yes. But I like the climate and surroundings, and am just now too busy with my new piece to go to the trouble of getting towed to some other locality. For the present, I will merely slip my cable, buoy it, and drop down with the tide and lie to a kedge anchor near the entrance to the inlet. In this way, I shall no longer obstruct your view." He reached for the cold bottle. "Let us wash away past unpleasantness with some of this special vintage. Permit me to fill your glasses."

Ignoring their protestations he poured out the liquid, sparkling amber. His guests, feeling perhaps that the successful accomplishment of their delicate mission warranted certain concessions on their part, allowed themselves to be coerced, after which libation they arose with the extreme dignity which might be expected to result from a combination of old whisky and vintage champagne, and made their courteous adieus. Lanier escorted them to the gangway, where they descended the accommodation ladder with studied care.

Halfway to the reading room Mr. Phelps, who had been humming softly to himself the Champagne Chorus, looked back. From the barge came the sound of hammering.

"Look," said Mr. Phelps triumphantly, "his deck-hand is tacking a piece of canvas over the name." He threw back his head and sang jovially:

Amber bubbles drown our troubles—
Here's to East and West——

"*T'luk—t'luk—t'luk—t'luk——*" joined in the major and Doctor Soper in chorus, at which Professor Pringle looked up in mild surprise from the copy of Hippolytus thrust upon him by his late host.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE INNER SECRETS OF A MANUFACTURER'S RISE

(Continued from Page 13)

modern layout and get down to sane finance. This plan we put through, but not in a hurry. The banks approved the conservative trend in our management and gave us time to work it out. The way to get round the banks is to have a sound proposition. Then we began to establish a reserve fund—not a surplus to put back into the business, but a separate thing. This brings me back to the subject of understudy products for a drygoods house, for my plan was copied directly from the policy of successful merchants I knew.

"One of these merchants always set apart a quarter or a half of his net profits. This money he invested in gilt-edged bonds and savings-bank deposits, and the fund thus created he never disturbed, except to use the securities as collateral for bank loans when he saw chances to make big extra profits.

"During a dull season, for instance, he saw a chance to buy a stock of merchandise at fifty cents on the dollar for cash. He took his reserve securities to his bank, put them up as collateral and borrowed a hundred thousand dollars. With this money he bought goods really worth two hundred thousand dollars—many of them quite foreign to his legitimate drygoods line. These goods were real understudies, playing the rôle of drygoods for the time being. This merchant knew that people had to live in hard times as well as in good, and he knew—as I had discovered long before that a lot of people had money stowed away and were looking for bargains in necessities at just such times of depression. So when his store equipment threatened him with the losses that come from idleness, he kept it working with his understudy products. He had the store building, the fixtures, the elevators all the facilities; he made them work at a profit all the time. Perhaps you've noticed that some men have this mysterious power of buying up bankrupt stocks for a song; and that other men have an equal facility for going broke whenever the wind shifts to the north. It isn't chance in either case.

"Well, I built up a comfortable reserve fund in my manufacturing business and it grew until it had five ciphers attached to it. Then we were often able to make money in big chunks with it. We were now using many iron and steel parts in our factory product, and some of them we could buy more cheaply than we could make them. It often happened that when foundries and machine shops were slack we were able to get very low prices by having the cash. We never touched our reserve fund directly, but followed the plan of the drygoods man."

When the Cat's Away

"Have you ever been hungry for real money? If so you know how big it looks sometimes even to foundries and machine shops.

"We always knew that we could meet the loans thus incurred, or renew them if we wished. The man who knows he can do this is ahead of the game every time. It is the sort of financing that makes an old man young and not a young man old.

"But business is a queer game, and the man who thinks he has mastered all its artful dodges frequently goes to California to spend the winter or up into the north woods for the summer. When he gets back he finds that some funny kink has tied his affairs into a reef knot. I never went away for more than a month at a time, and then I kept the telegraph wires and cables pretty lively. I always had a long-distance sight on Sam Green.

"Of course when a man gets ready to retire it's different. Then he can shed his harness and kick up his heels—provided he's got his own personal reserve salted away in securities that have no connection with his business. I know a nice old gentleman who retired after forty years devoted to building up a successful manufacturing house. But the trouble was that his money didn't retire when he did; it stayed right there in the business and dwindled away. What was left blew up last year in a puff of financial vapor, and today the old gentleman is trying to get a fresh start at seventy.

"I've known merchants—a lot of them—who boasted that they were making heaps of money and putting it all back into their business. Now I've always tried to look the truth in the face. It's sometimes agreeable to hoodwink yourself, but not profitable. When you make a thousand dollars in clean profit and put that thousand dollars back on your shelves in the form of merchandise, it's a sort of legerdemain to call it profit. When you go away for your four-months vacation something happens to that merchandise—perhaps your store takes fire and your insurance doesn't cover the loss, or you haven't bought wisely and can't sell the stuff, or somebody invents something better and you have to sacrifice at fifty cents on the dollar.

"Oh, yes! that thousand dollars is profit after a fashion. I know all the arguments. Yet when you get right down to the naked truth it isn't profit. In order to make it actual profit you've got to get it out of the business absolutely and into something as safe as a government bond.

"Business is a tolerably sure game when it's played by the man who knows; but let that man be laid up for six or eight months with typhoid, and who's going to play it then? On the other hand, a government bond will work for you whether you're off on a vacation or sick in bed. Not that I advocate taking all your profit out of your business. No, indeed! If I'd done that I never would have grown and got rich. But get out a part of it as you grow; that's the part you can honestly call profit."

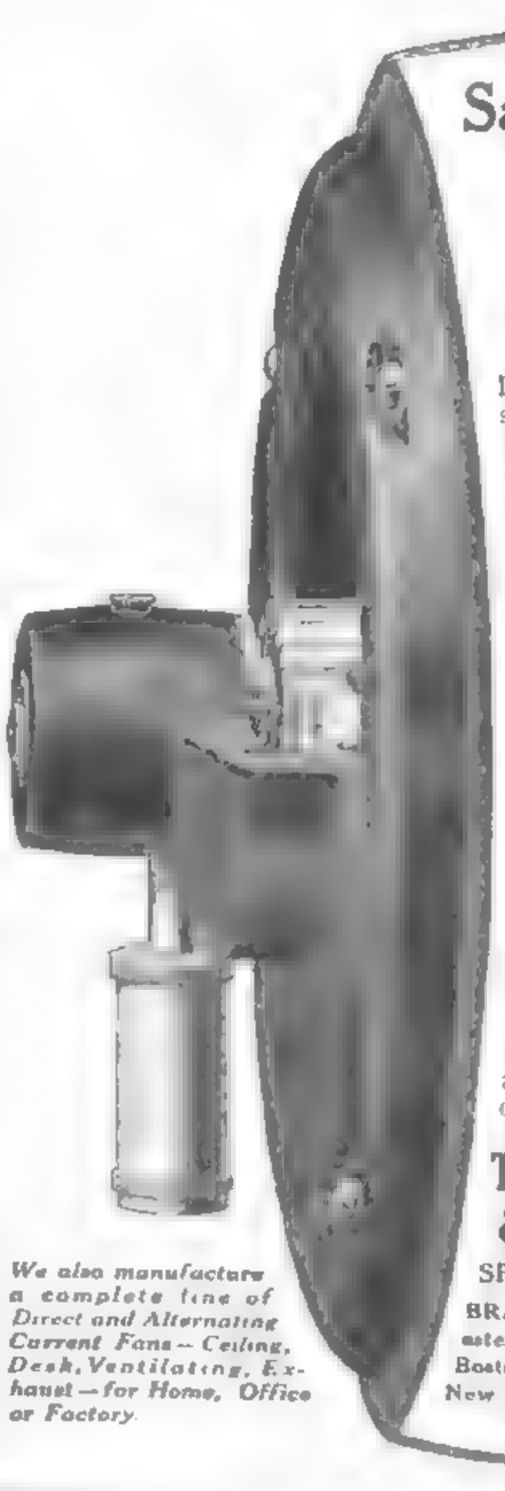
What Sam Green's Trip Cost Him

"I want to say a few words more about Sam Green, and that brings me to still another crisis. These crises keep coming; I expect them now. It's a pleasure to take off my hat to them, shake hands with them and then throw them out of the window.

"Sam Green went to Europe, intending to be gone only a few weeks, but when they got over there he and his wife decided to go on round the world and have a year or two of travel and leisure. It was a most natural thing that Green's business should begin to sag as soon as he was far enough away so that cable tolls began to cost two or three dollars a word. Green had always been the one personality in his concern. Of course he had a lot of able men under him, but there was nobody who approached him in power and virility. This was a weak point in his management. I had seen it all along and felt sure that something would come of it. It's all right for the head of a concern to be the top in reality, but he doesn't want to be a mountain-peak among a collection of sand-dunes. That's what Sam was. He developed his executives just so far, and there he held them. He got a profit from them, but not the full profit. His was the sort of business that begins to slide downhill the minute the spotlight upon it goes out.

"What happened was bound to happen anyway; only if Sam had been home the thing we did would have been harder to put over. There had been forces at work in my own organization for a long time that meant a revolution which nothing could stop. Sam might have taken advantage of it if he'd had the right sort of organization. In a word, we had been at work secretly on inventions and new ideas designed to put both Green's product and our own into oblivion. We were convinced that times were ripe for the burial of old methods and mechanisms. My ablest executives had studied conditions with the keenest analysis. I don't wish to reveal my identity, else I should tell the public exactly what we did. But I can illustrate it by referring to the typewriting machine—which we did not manufacture then and have not since. I cite it purely as a concrete example in line with my own methods. Everybody knows that a few years ago there was hardly a visible model on the market. Somebody conceived the idea that the times were ripe for a machine that had visible print. Now the old product is being steadily superseded by the new.

"Well, we did just that thing to Sam Green. It was bound to come, either from Green or from us. Now these revolutions in product are not so much matters of mere mechanical skill and inventive genius as they are matters of viewpoint. Sam didn't



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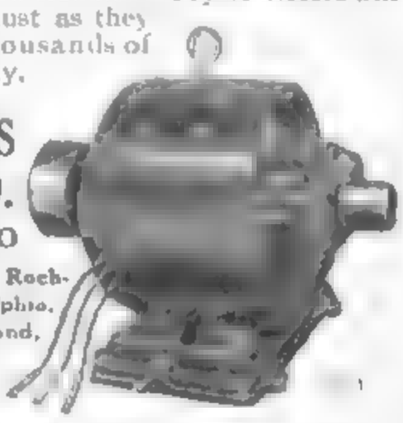

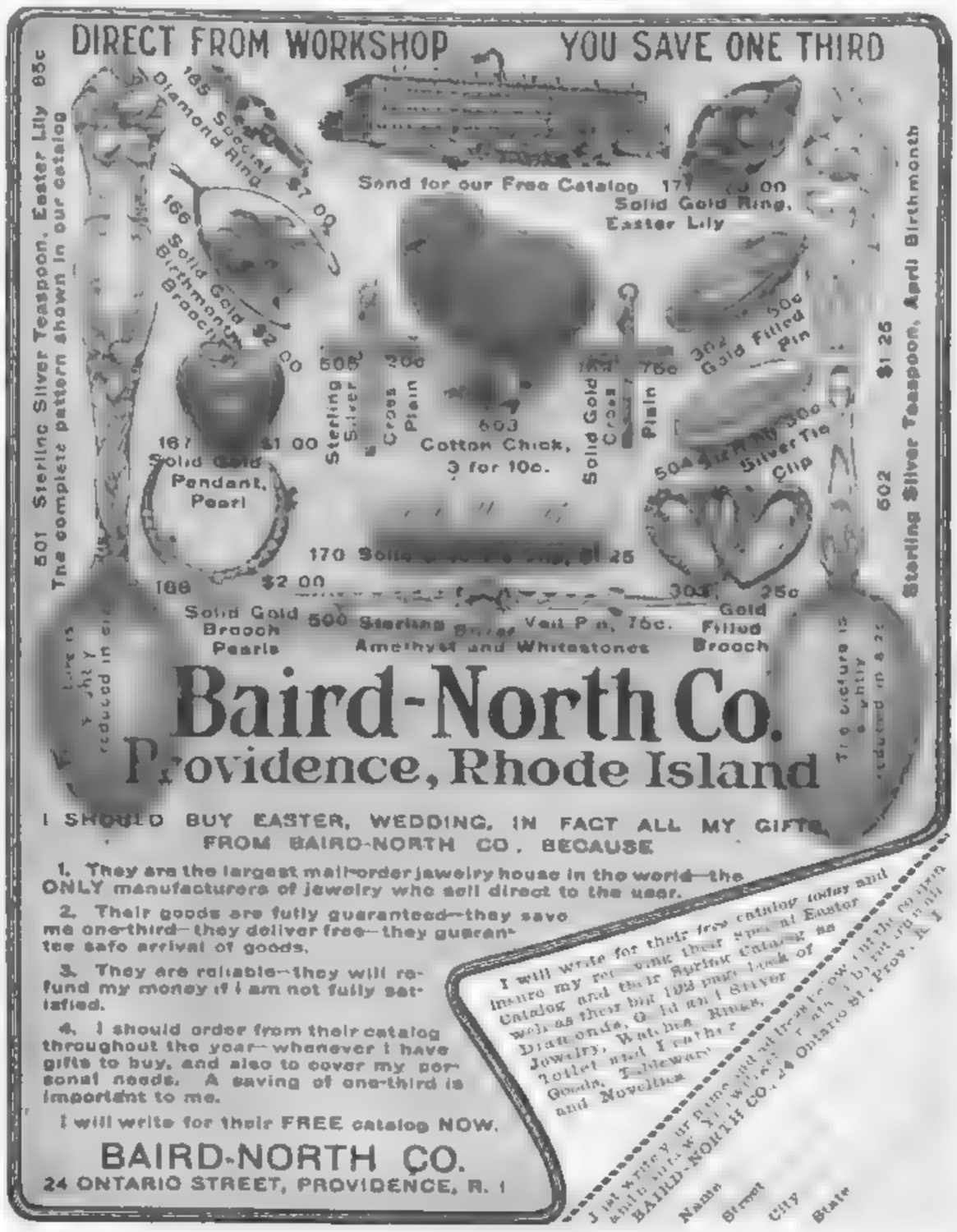
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HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

have that viewpoint; his organization didn't have it. His concern wasn't broad enough, or daring enough, or imaginative enough, to put behind it every tradition and strike out into the unknown. He had no Edisons among his executives; I had a whole group of them among mine. An Edison will not work for a man who holds him down to a sand-dune. I am only too anxious to concede that these men, rather than I myself, saw the signs of the times. They convinced me. It has always been my organization that has done the big things in my business. My own part has chiefly been to develop that organization and hold it together.

"We hadn't intended to spring the thing for a year or two, but while Green was in India we let it go. We got our first patents and started the ball rolling. For a long time we had been drawing in on our old stuff, while Sam had been expanding under the belief that he had us hoodooed. Sam didn't come home for six months, although of course he got wind of the thing. It was reasonable that he shouldn't get the viewpoint way off there on the other side of the world when he hadn't seen the indications while he was at home.

"If his organization had been paying one hundred per cent his men would have made him see the situation and got him home in a hurry. But Sam merely sneered by cable, and his concern sneered in person and went on turning out vast quantities of the old product. You've seen that happen before and since. You remember plenty of folks who said the visible typewriter was only a fad. Give them the good old machine that would stand up under real use! In the end Sam Green's concern went to the wall.

"There's only one thing more I'd like to say, and in a way it's most important of all: The chief underlying element in business—deeper than any of the principles I've spoken of—is the truth that the goods put out by a permanently successful house must be of real benefit to mankind. Sam Green went under because his goods ceased to be a benefit. My business lived because we kept abreast of the world's progress and saw that our products must adjust themselves to the generations."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

A Message From Edison to the Man Who Pays the Bills

(Concluded from Page 19)

Space does not permit me to give any further details of the very interesting talk I had with this most wonderful man. Furthermore, at the present time I am not convinced beyond doubt that this great solution so strongly emphasized by him is the correct one; but I do state with all my heart that this new phase of the subject upon which he dwells is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration. I will add, moreover, that the more one ponders on this question the nearer one is to being convinced that Mr. Edison has hold of a big principle, which can be applied with great advantage not only to manufacturing but also to capital, to railroads, and last but not least to labor. Carrying this theory to a final conclusion, one must accept as economically correct the principle of the minimum wage which is being preached at present by Professor Taussig, of Harvard University.

In fact, as Mr. Edison says, "we are all of one body—the manufacturer, the railroad company, the laborer and the consumer." Nothing can do real harm to any one of us that does not ultimately harm all of us—the crushing of the independent manufacturer, the restricting of railroad development, and the payment of low wages upon which body and soul cannot exist, all come under the same category and we all suffer thereby. In the same way any act for real good, whether it be by capital or labor, ultimately results in the good of all. We are all bound together with iron bands; we are all brothers, one of another; there are no family lines, state lines or national lines that God, the Ruler of us all, recognizes for a moment. Only as we each forget our selfish desires and keep in mind the final good of all concerned shall we reduce the cost of living and solve our great social and industrial problems.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for name in strap

The Buster

For Every Man

there is a Florsheim style—every foot can be fitted—every taste gratified.

Certain comfort and satisfactory service in The Florsheim Shoe.

Ask your shoeman for Florsheim "Natural Shape" shoes and oxfords, or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—sent free

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Cake Filling Made With

MAPLEINE

(The Flavor de Luxe)

is something so exquisitely good that only an actual trial can convey to you how really delicious and palatable it is.

Recipe for Filling—Two cups granulated sugar, three-quarters cup milk, piece of butter the size of a walnut, and one teaspoon of Mapleine.

Mix sugar, milk and butter together, boil for five minutes, take from fire and stir until thick. Then add the Mapleine, stirring it slowly.

Your grocer sells Mapleine; if not, send us 35c (in Canada 50c) for 2-oz. bottle

Mapleine Cook Book Mailed Free. Write Dept. E1.

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IN EVERY STYLE FOR EVERY HANDWRITING

Sample card of 12 "Ne plus ultra" pens and 2 good penholders sent for 10 cts.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

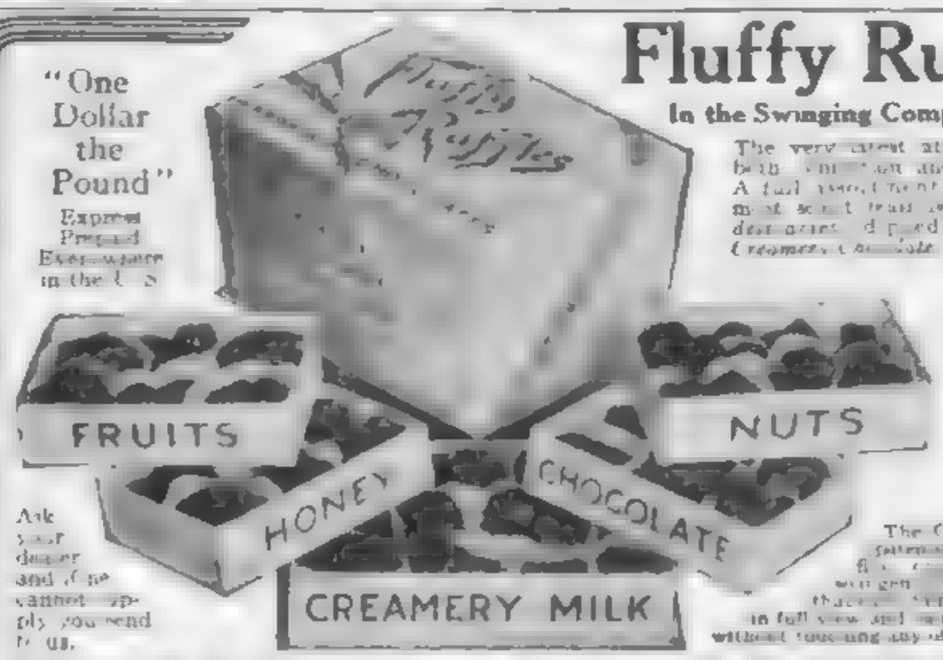
Fluffy Ruffles

In the Swinging Compartment Box

"One Dollar the Pound"

Express Prepaid Everywhere in the U. S.

The very latest attraction in both confection and package. A full assortment of rarest, most delicious fruit and nut-meat delicacies dipped in Ceylon Creamery Chocolate



One Two Three and Five Pound Boxes

Ask your dealer and if he cannot supply you send to us.

The Cabinet Box [illegible] with gen[illegible] arranged that every piece may be in full view and can be selected without touching any of the others.

Other brands of our World's Famous Chocolates at 80c, 90c and $1 the pound.

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Buy the Original

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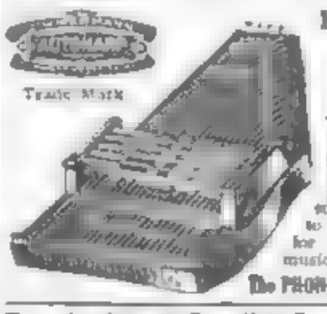

"The Nation's Favorite." None genuine [illegible] our trade mark. A musical instrument adapted [illegible] players. At all music stores or direct from us. "Easy to play, easy to buy." Send for free catalog. Up-to-date music folio, price 50c. postpaid.

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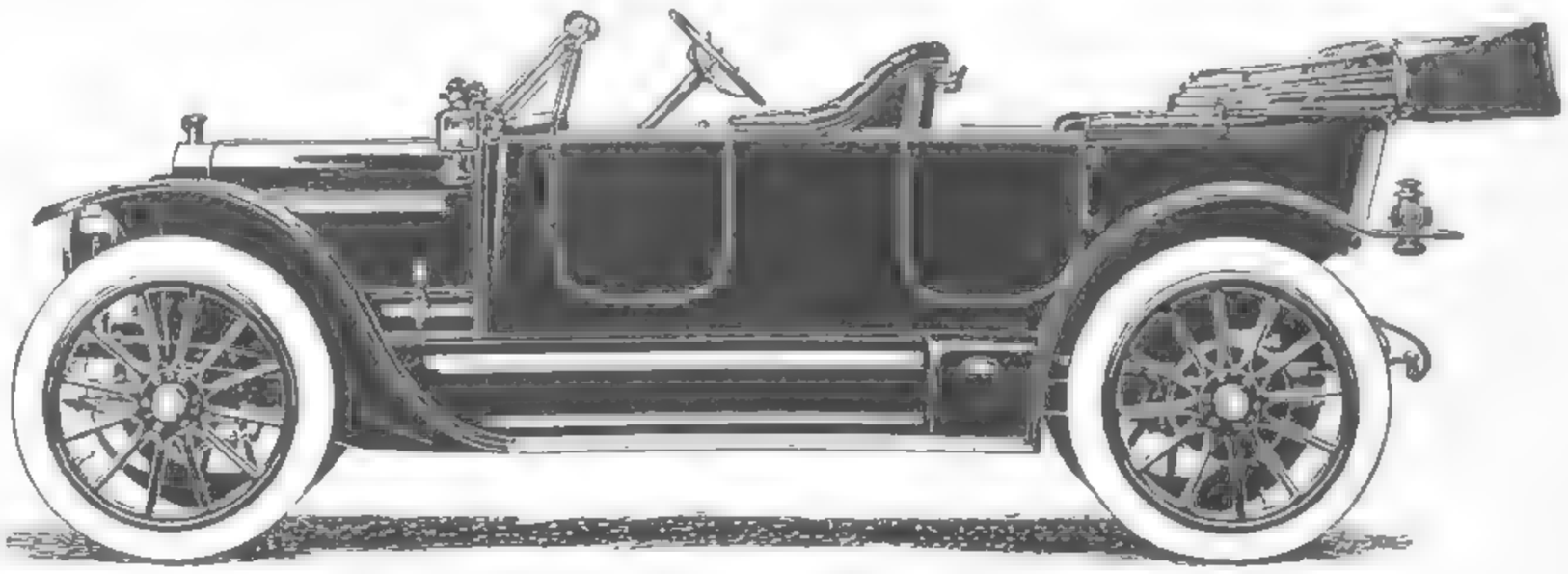
Save your clothes and furs! Air tight, dust proof, odorless [illegible] suitable for skirt, suit or overcoat. Sent prepaid upon receipt of 50 cts. INTERSTATE BAG CO., Walden, N. Y.

The Rambler Cross Country Has Made Good



The Rambler Cross Country—$1650

We Guarantee Every Rambler for Ten Thousand Miles

Subject to the conditions of our signed guarantee which we will give with each car

Ten thousand miles! Think what it means!

Step into the Rambler in New York and journey across four states to Chicago. Take your bearings and strike due west across seven states to the Golden Gate.

Run down the Coast to Los Angeles. Turn back over the mountains and on through eight hundred miles of desert to El Paso. Then on to New Orleans and back, by way of Atlanta, through eight states to the city of New York

Strike out again cross country for Chicago. Then drive your car straightway across the American continent to San Francisco. Yet you have not exhausted the ten thousand mile Rambler guarantee backed by a company of known stability.

We give this guarantee to prove to you our unbounded confidence in every single part that goes into every Rambler car.

The first Rambler Cross Country that left the factory made a three thousand mile test trip through nine states, over the mountains of Pennsylvania to New York, Albany, Boston and back to the factory.

Since then the fame of the Cross Country has spread, and its service has extended to every state in the Union, to every province of Canada, to Mexico, to Australia, South America, Europe and the Orient.

Everywhere this Rambler has gone its performance has strengthened our confidence in its ability to fulfill this guarantee. That is why we do not hesitate to give it.

Eleven years of success in motor car building has so established the stability of this company in manufacturing and financial resources as to make definitely known the responsibility back of this guarantee.

Such a car with this guarantee, backed by such a company whose liberal policy is so widely known, are the reasons why you should have a Rambler. A postal card will bring you a catalog at once.

Equipment —Bosch duplex ignition. Fine large, black and nickel headlights with gas tank. Black and nickel side and tail oil lamps; large tool box; tool roll with complete tool outfit. Roomy, folding robe rail; foot rest, jack, pump and tire kit. Top with envelope, $80—wind shield, $35 demountable wheel, less tire, with brackets and tools, $30—gas operated self-starter, $50.

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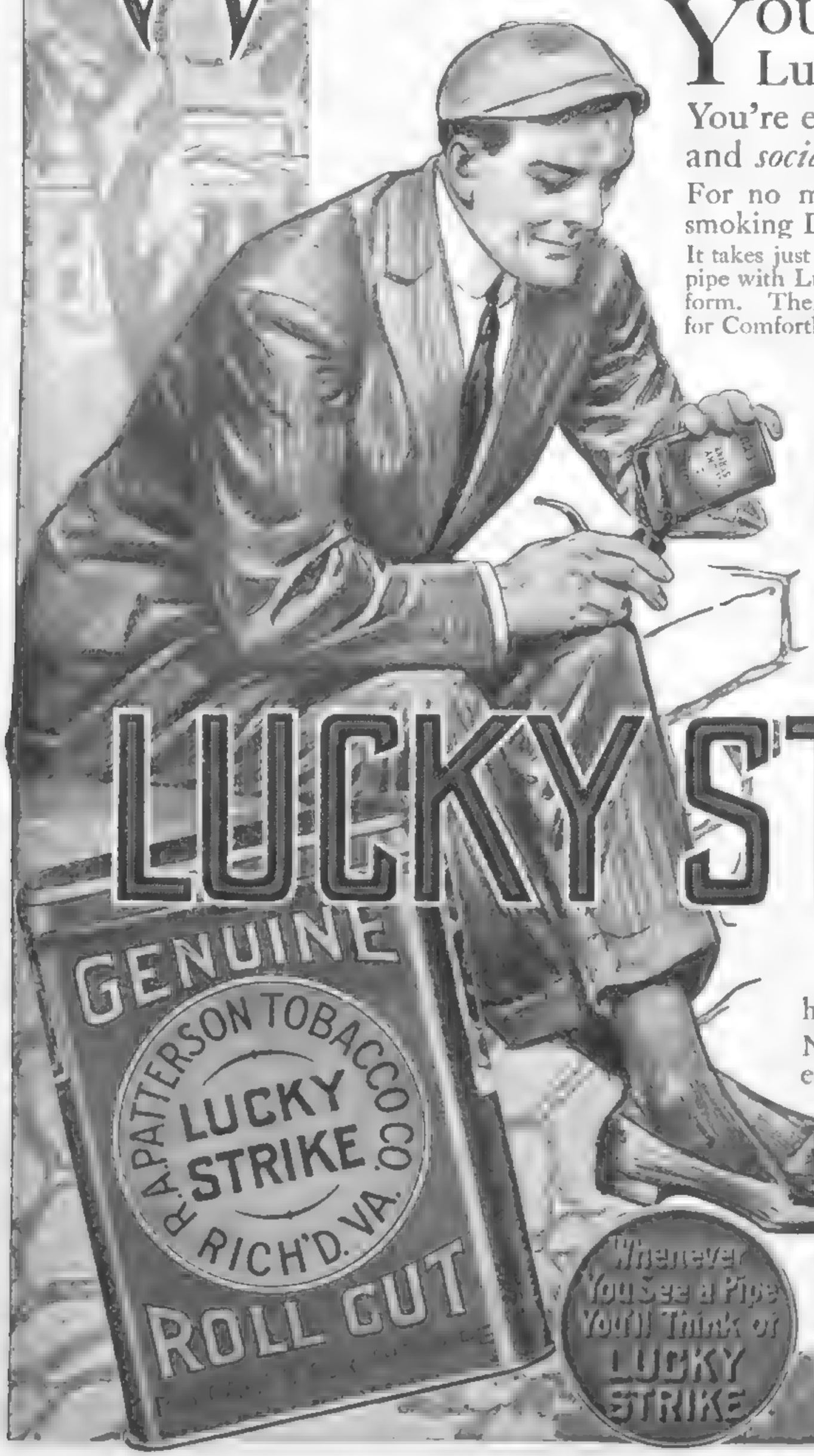
Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Sacramento, San Francisco

Where Three is Jolly Good Company



YOU, your pipe and your Lucky Strike.

You're equipped for *eloquent* silences and *sociable* solitude.

For no man could be lonesome while he's smoking Lucky Strike.

It takes just one *motion* and just one *moment* to fill your pipe with Lucky Strike Roll Cut—the new, *convenient* form. Then settle back, strike fire—and you're off for Comfortland.

Draw in big, cool, fragrant mouthfuls, and blow gray spirals while you *think*.

Lucky Strike Tobacco is time-tried and proved. It's the same good old smoke your grandfather enjoyed. Been on the market half-a-hundred years. It's the product of ripe experience.

Only the choicest Burley tobacco goes into Lucky Strike—and *no* tobacco that's not been aged for years. Then it's treated by the remarkable Patterson Process, discovered by Dr. R. A. Patterson, the founder of this business. And it is *still* our *secret*—no other manufacturer can employ it.

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO

has a flavor that's all its own.

No other tobacco can have the same exquisite aroma and fine smoking quality of Patterson Brands.

Lucky Strike Plug still leads in popular demand. Lucky Strike Roll Cut—*same* tobacco, different *form*—is growing in favor every day.

At All Dealers

10c

16-oz. package 90c

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co.
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Stock owned by the American Tobacco Company

Ask Your Dealer About "CREX"

If he be posted, he will tell you that the genuine "CREX" floor coverings are a boon to discriminating housekeepers—that from a sanitary viewpoint "CREX" products have no equal—that for constant cheerfulness, natural cleanliness and durability, they are in a distinct class by themselves.

Your dealer may also truthfully add that CREX coverings are ideal for the summer home—especially for the sleeping porch. They produce an effect of cheerfulness and hospitality. Rain and dampness do not affect them. They never curl.

[illegible] CREX coverings [illegible] to-day to CREX [illegible]

You cannot appreciate all the [illegible] advantages of CREX [illegible] you know the whole story. Write for our [illegible] booklet and [illegible] of pattern illustrations and [illegible]

All grass floor coverings are not "CREX" Look for the trade mark on every rug by dealers generally, at 50c to $20.00, according to size

CREX CARPET CO. 377 Broadway New York
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CREX
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TRADE MARK

"Bristol"
Steel Fly Rods

The Favorite steel rods for fishing for trout or bass with the fly. Light, pliant, strong. Have just the proper amount of flexibility for the expert fly [illegible] Are perfectly balanced [illegible] weighing [illegible] BRISTOL [illegible] tempered steel. CANNOT WARP. Handle mountings are nickel silver, and can not come off below the reel. BRISTOLS [illegible] many more improvements. Ask your dealer to show you a Bristol. Prices, ANTIQUE 1 KNUCKLE YEARS [illegible] Comes in three styles of handle—maple at $4.00, cocobolo at $5.00, cork at $5.50.

Ask to see BRISTOL [illegible] sold by [illegible] If your dealer can't supply you send [illegible] Catalog is mailed upon request.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Fish Stories [illegible] the best ever Chuck full [illegible] fishing experiences. Make you want to go [illegible] yourself. Free upon request. Send a postal.

The Horton Mfg. Co.
96 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.

10 CENTS A DAY

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To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter, "Mail your FREE OFFER."

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Attaches to any Electric Light Socket. Clamp [illegible] Revolving Shade and Swivel Joint [illegible] Ask your dealer or send [illegible] with 10 feet of cord $1.25. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Order today.

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[illegible] country are placing their savings with us. We are the oldest Savings Association in this State. Send for booklet and list of references East and West.
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CRAVEN

(Continued from Page 9)

The study was upstairs. Mr. Wolfe carefully closed the door before he sat down at his desk—a solid, heavy, sharp-cornered piece of furniture—and drew from a pigeonhole a handful of letters.

"I have been gratified to observe, Richard," he said with pompous approval, "that your delusion has died a natural death; but Doctor Worrall thought there could be no harm in showing you these."

He put the letters into my hands. They were sealed and unopened, and slightly soiled and worn as if they had passed through many hands. They were addressed to my friends in Glencoe; and on the face of each was stamped a purple hand pointing to Mr. Wolfe's card in the corner, with the words "Return to writer" running along the pointing finger.

I stared at them with whirling brain. Then the explanation flashed upon me. I laughed dizzily and pointed with a shaking hand.

"You sent them to Glencoe, Illinois!" I cried. "My town was Glencoe, Nebraska! I had no idea when I talked to you that day that I was in Illinois."

Mr. Wolfe frowned heavily at my renewed perversity.

"That's easily disposed of!" he retorted.

From the bunch of letters he selected one and laid it before me. It was the one addressed to Stewart, editor of the Herald. Across this some official had written: "Try Glencoe, Neb." It bore the Nebraska postmark and a second, smaller hand, pointing to Mr. Wolfe's name—and across one corner, stamped in purple letters, "Unknown."

I sunk my head in my hands. There was nothing to say! However, I said something. "That explains Miss Podmore!" I exclaimed aloud. "She was thinking of the other Glencoe!" But I was acutely aware that it explained nothing; it deepened a stupefying mystery. Stewart, the editor of Glencoe's only daily—six months ago the town's most active and conspicuous citizen—"unknown" there! I went home with Dora, doubting all things, bewildered, stunned!

Was I Craven? Were it not more rational to believe myself mad than all the world raving? Moreover, the unbroken, unchallenged assumption that I was Craven had subtly undermined my own sense of identity. If I were not mad now, in believing that I was not Craven, what would prevent me from soon becoming so, believing that I was? As I asked myself the question, I knew that Dora would. With her I was always sure of my own identity; remorse and dread kept consciousness awake. The one person for whose sake I had indued the personality of Craven was the one who held me inexorably to my own.

Seldom have I wanted anything more fiercely than I wanted that night to take the next train for Nebraska, to prove or disprove my sanity. The reasons I did not are sufficiently obvious. I was quite without a man's ordinary subterfuges. How could I allege a business errand when every one about me understood my business better than I did? Was it likely that a man physically feeble and mentally abnormal would be permitted by his family and physician to follow an impulse which to their minds clinched his insanity? And if I went by stealth or violence, to what possibly fatal misery should I leave Dora?

I did the next thing—I wrote. The inquiry was a delicate one, for I wished to avoid causing curiosity or suspicion of the truth. I wrote as Craven, inquiring for one Richard Trent, said to have been on the staff of a local paper. I described him rather fully and asked if he were supposed to have perished in the railroad tragedy I named. To make sure of the letter's coming to a certain and safe hand, I addressed it to the postmaster at Glencoe. I knew the man well.

Within a week my self-addressed envelope came back. It inclosed my own letter, indorsed, in a hasty scrawl: "Person described not known."

After that I could only wait and contemplate the net in which I was wound. Hitherto I had assumed that Nature's period to my waiting would be decisive; but suppose that were not true? Suppose the child died and Dora clung to me for comfort? Suppose she were left a permanent invalid? I had known such cases.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS
50¢ Attached
All Dealers

Just note that Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes

They Won't Slip

It not only prevents slipping—on wet sidewalks and [illegible] but makes [illegible] *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind. The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency.

There are no holes in the heels to track dirt and mud into the house. And they wear no more than the [illegible] kind.

A [illegible] reasons why you should [illegible] the name is easy to remember.

To The Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want. They properly want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

The Foster Rubber Co., 106 Federal St. Boston, Mass.
Canadian Office: Eastern Town ship Bank Bldg., Montreal.

FREE
Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

Faultless
PAJAMAS and NIGHT SHIRTS

THE *easy*, roomy fit and caressing "feel" of Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts invite the perfect relaxation which really rests the body. Their shapeliness and nicety of finish will increase your satisfaction in wearing them. Yet with all their superiority of materials, fit and workmanship they cost no more than the less desirable kind.

FAULTLESS "Lusterette" Pajamas

LUSTERETTE

are made of an exceptionally soft, rich and durable fabric which looks, feels and wears like silk. Very special value at $1.50.

Faultless Nightwear is made in all desirable fabrics and sold by the best stores everywhere. You will know the genuine by the Faultless label.

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Faultless SINCE 1881

The COZYDOZY Kind

GENUINE
"BULL"
DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

Nature's Smoke from Field to You

"Bull" Durham tobacco sticks close to Nature—it's as pure as the sunshine and air which grow it. It's pure because nothing has been added—no adulteration, no coloring—nothing artificial at all. It's just good tobacco—rich, mellow and fragrant.

—So good, so pure, that for more than 52 years, one after the other, it has been America's one favorite smoke!

"Bull" Durham is smoked by more men than all other high-grade Tobaccos combined!

Was there ever another record like this?

Think what it means as a proof of quality—as a proof of pure, mild, sweet smoke-goodness. Then, at the first dealer's you come to, buy a package—just to see what it is that pleases and holds so many good smokers.

If he sells tobacco, he sells "Bull" Durham.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

One thing only was certain. I could not go on living with Dora as I had lived when no physical frailty of mine or hers should stand between us. Suppose I proved myself mad and all my Trent-memories a lie! What then? Suppose I found Craven—rotting in his unknown grave? What then? What then?

"Dick," said Dora, "promise me—if I should die—you'll be very, very fond of the baby!"

"Die, Dora!" I exclaimed, shocked. "What makes you think of dying? You can't die!"

She shook her head at me, laughing with tear-bright eyes.

"Don't evade the question! Will you promise?"

"I'll do my best, Dora," I said at length. "I'll see that it has every care, every right —— I'll do my best. But you mustn't die!"

"I don't intend to," she said; "but—you can't always—tell!"

You can't always tell! While I chafed against the waiting, suddenly Nature set her terrible period. Death knocked at the door for Dora. Death and Craven, it seemed to me, were allies—were one. Craven's dead hand stretched from his grave to strike Dora down. An endless time I waited outside the room where Death and Craven fought for Dora—and endless times upon that.

At last they brought me Craven's child. I would not look at it—and they whispered—it was natural; the mother had suffered so! Dora, they told me, was barely living—beyond speech, beyond consciousness. They would not let me see her, lest I break the hair her life hung by.

A week of suspense went by—a week of noiseless footsteps and held breath. Then, one evening in the firelight, the old doctor told me that Dora was likely to live. I broke down and cried. He patted my shoulder embarrassedly and went away. I cried a long time in the firelight; and at the end of my tears I came upon a clear and certain sense that now Dora was really mine. It puzzles me still to account for it, because I was at the same time fully aware that in a few weeks I must take up the search which might part me from her.

During Dora's illness my anomalous position had fallen into the background of my thoughts. I had felt as her husband would have felt. As she slowly recovered, my situation returned upon me, but never with the old restless rage. I had somehow attained a calm and steadiness that surprised me, nor did I fear any evil greatly since Dora lived. Neither did I hate the child. I had expected to, but I couldn't. It was too small. I could fashion no hate within me that would stuck to anything so little. The baby was four weeks and three days old the day these events drew toward their conclusion. Dora reclined languidly in the wicker chair—large-eyed and thin and pallid—with the baby sleeping on her lap. I sat opposite her, wondering if it were time yet to speak of the Western trip I meant to make soon.

"Isn't she whitening out beautifully?" said Dora, gazing adoringly at her daughter. "Dick, she's got the funniest little birthmark! I'm afraid it will bother her when she wears evening dress. Look!"

She drew the garment away from the baby's throat and pointed to a spot below the left collarbone. There, on the rosy flesh of Craven's daughter, was an infinitesimal brown mole!

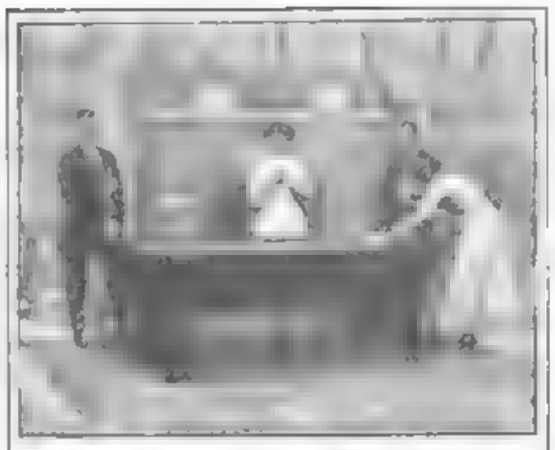
I bent and kissed it. I could not speak and I wanted to hide my face from Dora. I had never kissed the baby before and she was greatly pleased. I saw that, even through the bewildering emotion that possessed me. Nothing had moved me like this—that my mark should be stamped above the baby's heart! "This settles it!" I said to myself. "I am Craven—I am a madman, not a scoundrel!"

As it strangely happened that very day, not more than an hour later, I was called to the telephone. It was Mr. Wolfe's voice that came over the wire. Even in my perturbation I recognized an extraordinary note in it: it was shaken, astounded, almost apologetic.

"Will you come over to the house just as soon as you conveniently can, Richard?" said Mr. Wolfe. "Er—the most amazing thing has come up—the most amazing thing! Come over just as soon as you can!"

"I'll come immediately," I said, and hung up the receiver.

(Continued on Page 61)



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The Billiard and Pool Table Manufacturers of America, through their Home Manager, [illegible] the sentiment [illegible] prevails the instrument [illegible]

Clergymen, Physicians, Educators Advocate Home Billiards

The High [illegible] Billiard [illegible] Y. M. C. A. [illegible] Billiard Room [illegible] gymen, Physicians and Famous Educators are strong advocates of Billiards

Brunswick "Baby Grand" Home Billiard Table

This beautiful table is built of genuine Mahogany with richly inlaid design. Can be used in a room 11 feet 6 inches by 14 feet or larger

Combination Dining-Billiard Table

Can be instantly converted from Dining Table to Billiard Table. Simply remove the top—*your billiard table is ready!*

The Ideal Gift for Man or Boy

Nothing is surer to please "him" than a genuine Brunswick Home Billiard or Pocket Billiard Table

Over a Year to Pay

The Low Prices and Easy Terms bring these tables within easy reach of all. Send coupon or postal for catalog giving full information

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
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I am interested in your Home Billiard Tables. Please send free book
"Billiards—the Home Magnet"

Name _____
Street _____
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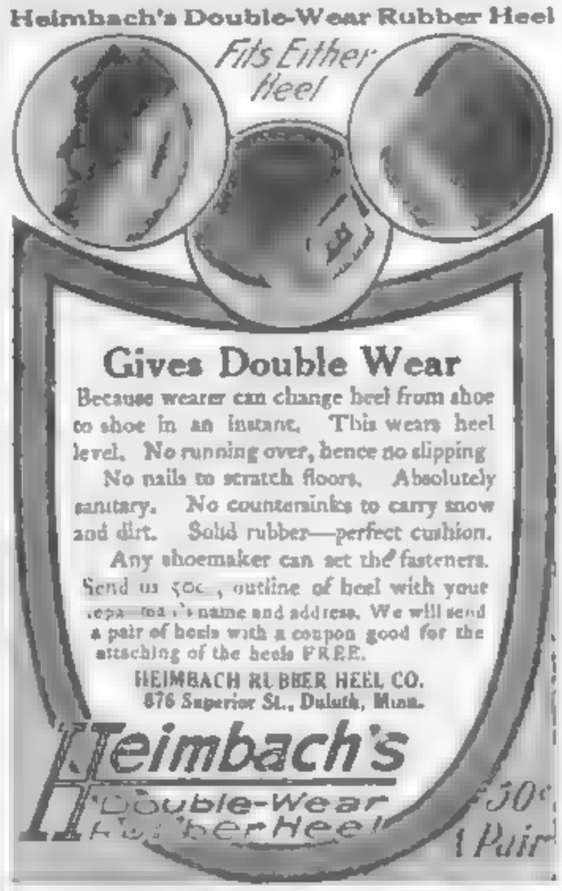
Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel



Gives Double Wear

Because wearer can change heel from shoe to shoe in an instant. This wears heel level. No running over, hence no slipping. No nails to scratch floors. Absolutely sanitary. No countersinks to carry snow and dirt. Solid rubber—perfect cushion. Any shoemaker can set the fasteners. Send us 50c., outline of heel with your dealer's name and address. We will send a pair of heels with a coupon good for the attaching of the heels FREE.

HEIMBACH RUBBER HEEL CO.
876 Superior St., Duluth, Minn.

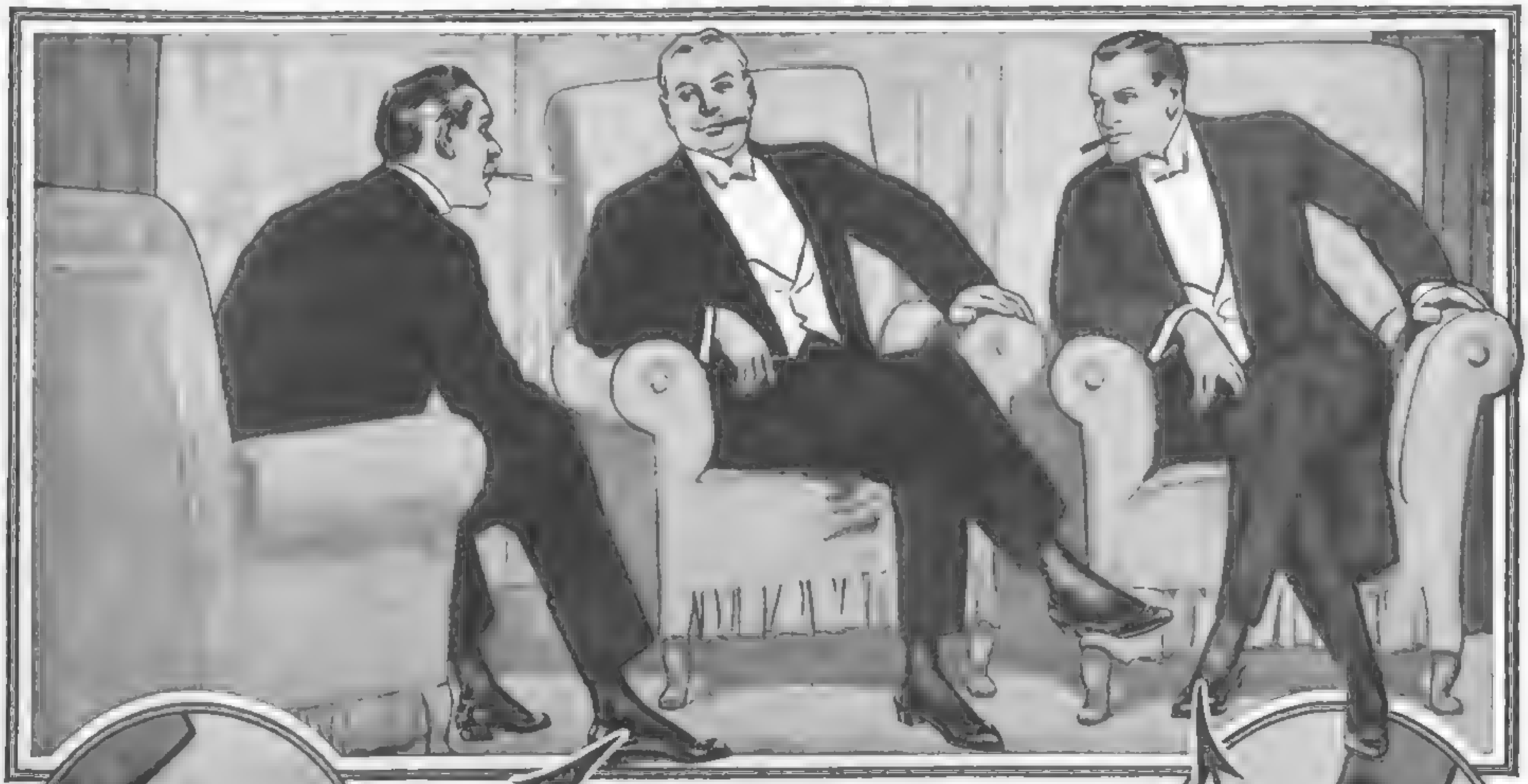
Heimbach's Double-Wear Rubber Heel 50¢ 1 Pair

After you have satisfied yourself that the
POPE MOTOR CYCLE
has no superior for all round use
Consider the PRICE $165
with imported Magneto
LIGHT SILENT
RELIABLE
CATALOG FREE. On Request
THE POPE MFG. CO. HARTFORD CONN. U.S.A.

THIS is Mr. Henry Sonneborn, the first clothing manufacturer in America. He is the man who has given to democratic America medium-priced clothing that embraces something more than mere materials cut in prevailing modes.

When he, a poor boy, started in 1849, serviceable clothing with style and fit, made of durable fabrics at a medium price, was unknown. He established a new standard for measuring the value of medium-priced clothes—the standard of service. To-day his plant, employing thousands of skilled workers, is the largest clothing factory in the world, with a record output of 50,000,000 suits and overcoats in 63 years of production.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., of which he is the founder, is one of Baltimore's cherished and most respected institutions. Their latest achievement, Styleplus Clothes selling at $17 the suit, is the consummated efforts of this entire organization bent on the production of the utmost in good clothes at a minimum price.



TWENTY years ago we commenced making and selling men's, women's and children's hosiery—

Under our "Comprehensive" Guarantee.

For twenty years we have instructed all merchants who sold Wayne Knit hosiery to say to those who bought them—

"These hose are not merely guaranteed to wear-

"Because wear is the first and most easily obtained quality in hose—

"Knit hose *thick* enough—*coarse* enough—and *wiry* enough, and they'll *wear* everlastingly."

A pair of hobnailed shoes will wear, you know.

Wayne Knit HOSIERY
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Mr. Merchant has been instructed to say—

"*In addition* to *wear*, Wayne Knit hose are guaranteed for *lightness*—for *sheerness*, for *fineness*, for style, for superior quality of material—for *fastness* of color, for hygienic dyes and above all for *fit* and restful *foot comfort*.

"Buy these hose and wear them *as long as you think* good hose should be *satisfactory*—not merely *wear*, for they're guaranteed by the Wayne Knitting Mills Comprehensive Guarantee, the guarantee that has stood back of these hosiery for 20 years."

We had a small plant twenty years ago.

Today, we are the largest manufacturers of full fashioned hosiery *in the world*.

Is there any more tangible evidence as to the wonderful superiority of our hose than this? Here's evidence that should appeal to every thinking man, woman and child.

Wayne Knit hosiery are superlatively good hose.

We knit them in hundreds of styles—in silk, lisle, soft cotton—full fashioned—or seamless.

We have a million dollar battery of full fashioned knitting machines—each of these machines cost $3000—each is almost human.

We have an organization of 2300 expert stocking makers.

Our hose are re-enforced at points of greatest wear—the toes—heels—and soles are knit with an additional thread of soft Sea Island Cotton to strengthen them—yet they're not hard and irritating, but soft and comfortable.

Our sheer hose for men and women are about the lightest and gauziest you ever saw. The colors are really beautiful—all fast and absolutely hygienic.

Our cool, well-fitting, comfortable Pony Stockings for children have been the standard children's hosiery for a great many years.

The same high quality materials, the same painstaking care is used to make them as we employ in making our adult lines. Heels and toes knit with four threads. Knees and soles double strength.

Be sure to ask your merchant to show them to you.

Wayne Knit Hose cling to foot and limb without wrinkles—keep feet cool and comfortable

Our reputation—Wayne Knit, the best hosiery value in the United States

For Men, Women, Children. Pure Silk, Lisle, Soft Cotton, Silk and Lisle. Priced from **25c** *to* **$2.50**

Wayne Knitting Mills, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

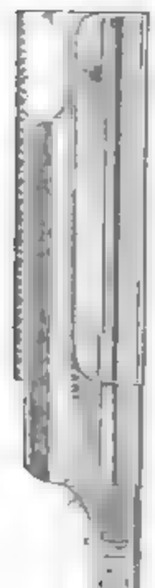
The Largest Knitting Mills of Full Fashioned Hosiery in the World

Wayne Knit HOSIERY
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Do you scrape your face? Does it smart and burn?

Your barber doesn't use a scraping razor. Ask him why. Then buy a

"Universal"



DIFFERENT in the superiority of its cutting principle—the diagonal draw cut—over any other method.

BETTER in that it does not tear but severs each hair closely.

DIFFERENT in its self-regulating safety guard which morning after morning automatically assumes the same adjustment, thereby always giving the same close, clean, comforting shave.

BETTER in its hollow ground, perfectly tempered blades of such infinite superiority as to hold their intense keenness almost indefinitely.

Everywhere $2.50
With Extra Blade

With "Universal" Strop $3.00. Complete Traveler's Set $5.00

Send for Razor Booklet.

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Say, Boys! Here's something brand new for those lively feet of yours. Excelsior "Boy Scouts" Camp Shoes are so light, snug and soft on your feet that they'll make you feel glad you're alive. Made of genuine Elk Leather—just like the big ball players wear. For running, jumping and all outdoor wear they can't be beat.

TRY THEM Be the first in your crowd to wear the famous "Boy Scouts" Shoes Good for every day for every use

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Big Boys' and Men's size, 6-10	3.00

If your dealer hasn't "Boy Scouts" Shoes write to us. We'll send you a style book and fit your feet direct. Every pair guaranteed.

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A "Swastika" Good Luck Charm goes with every pair. None genuine without it. Write right now if your dealer hasn't Excelsior "Boy Scouts" Shoes.

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(Continued from Page 58)

I was still too much absorbed in the miracle of the baby to care much about Mr. Wolfe's amazing thing. My mind hung near the breaking-point of wonder.

Mr. Wolfe and Doctor Worrall were waiting for me in the library; but they both stood back while a third person came forward to meet me. It was a woman—young, with a small, trim figure, prettily dressed, and with sparkling dark eyes. She stretched out both hands to me without speaking and her look demanded that I know her; but I did not—and yet I did!—or some one like her! The gay alertness of her look was familiar as breathing; and yet—I did not know her. She smiled with a sudden flash of her dark eyes.

"Enid!" I gasped. "Enid!"

Then the cup of wonder overflowed! I staggered to a chair beside the library table and sank upon it. All I felt was an overwhelming desire to sleep.

. . . . . .

I came to myself lying on the sofa. At first, as I sat up, I felt ashamed of making such a fuss; then, for a minute, I went under a wave of bitter and horrible regret. Not Craven then! The wife and child I loved so—not mine, after all! Now, to face the music!

I turned to Enid. I could not think what had so altered her looks. She might have passed through as devastating an illness as mine.

"Enid," I said, "you went to the armory dance with me?"

"Yes. Do you remember what happened next?"

I shook my head.

"Not after I left you on the porch."

"Well, you went on toward the railroad tracks. Do you remember that high culvert beyond the lumber yard?"

"Sure! The one Mackenzie said would make a good hiding-place for thieves' swag."

"Well, it was a hiding-place for thieves' swag! A gang of boys had hidden some stuff there. You know that tough lot—Sam Price and Joe Kurtz and Pete Lundberg—that set?" I nodded. "Well, they were sneaking off in the lumber. You stopped on the culvert and they thought you had discovered them. One of them threw a stone that hit you on the head—Sam Price told all this before he died. You fell down into the bottom of the culvert—on your head, Sam said. They thought you were dead and they were frightened almost to death themselves. They didn't dare let you stay there; so they put you into an empty freight car on the siding. Sam said one leg dangled broken when they lifted you, and that scared him more than all the rest. The car was taken off somewhere that night. The boys swore each other to secrecy and no one knew what had become of you until Sam died. He'd had it on his conscience, you know. Then Henry remembered reading in a Chicago paper, about the time you disappeared, of the finding of a young man bruised and unconscious in a freight car, who was taken to a hospital; but he never thought of connecting that with you. People supposed you'd just got tired of Glencoe and gone away. You hadn't been there very long, you know."

"But I don't get that about the hospital," I interrupted. "My train was wrecked, you know—the wreck where Craven was killed. Was he killed?"

They all looked at one another. Enid opened her lips to speak, glanced at the doctor and shut them again. He edged forward importantly.

"Perhaps you have said enough for the present, Mrs. Milsom."

"Mrs. Milsom!" I exclaimed. "Why does he call you that?"

"Because," she answered swiftly, "I married Henry."

This could delay me a moment, even in the quest for Craven.

"Good work!" I cried, grasping her hand parenthetically. "Congrats! Wasn't it sudden? . . . But Craven? You all know! I see you know. Was he killed? Is he dead?"

Again they looked at each other, those three unmysterious faces, charged now with the knowledge that was life or death, honor or dishonor, Heaven or hell, for me!

It was the woman who answered.

"He wasn't dead," she exclaimed with a little half-hysterical gasp, "fifteen minutes ago! He was here!"

"Craven was here? In this room?"

"Yes; while you were—asleep!"

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By the use of Vanadium Steel the weight of Ford Model T has been reduced to the minimum—60 pounds to the horse-power. At the same time it is the car that has no equal in the world for cheap maintenance and no rival in durability.

Ford branches and dealers in all cities, towns and villages are at your elbow with Ford Service for Ford Owners.

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The ONE chassis with different bodies.

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IN Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap we have caught the real fragrance of violets. Its odor immediately suggests the fragrance you catch when you open a box of fresh violets.

Hold it to the light and see what a pure translucent green it is. It is the shade of fresh violet leaves and *so clear you can see through it!*

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Send a 2c stamp today and receive your trial size cake by return mail. Your own dealer can supply you when you have used your sample cake. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. P, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

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The Howard Watch

THE U. S. Postal Mail Service is the backbone of the rapid delivery of letters in this country.

The Mail Trains are veritable "post-offices on wheels."

They collect mail from practically every post-office in the United States—and they sort this mail while traveling on express schedule—*HOWARD time.*

The whole American business system is built up on the saving of minutes.

The man who is unsuccessful is very likely one who is never sure what's o'clock.

It is the difference in temperament—in habit of mind—and in *watches.*

Now and for all, the HOWARD is the watch for the man whose time means money.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

"Here!" I cried. "Then he's here now! He's in the house. Call him in—I want to see him. I want to see him now!"

The unexplained look passed again from one face to another of the three.

"I want to see Craven!" I repeated passionately. "What's he hiding for? Why are you hiding him? I can look him in the face! You all know whether I've been square with him. Let him look me in the face! Where is he, I say?"

Half mad with pain and pride, I advanced furiously on the two men.

Enid laid her hand on my arm.

"Dick," she said, "that armory dance was twelve years ago!"

. . . . . .

I woke out of a second swooning lapse, and they told me that he who knew himself as Craven had spoken with my lips and looked out of my eyes a second time. They told me that, at my first loss of consciousness, he had cried out with horror at the actual mental presence of the wreck—which to him was still happening; that he had been told of me and all that had happened since the wreck, and was as passionately desirous of meeting me as I of meeting him. Even as they spoke, the irresistible drowsiness swept over me—and the scepter of life we held between us passed to Craven.

. . . . . .

These alternations of personality continued, growing shorter and shorter. The briefest and most baffling phase of my search for Craven had begun. It was as if each of us in our desperate eagerness to meet overleaped the other. Whenever I grew hot on Craven's trail he burst into the circle of consciousness and banished me; whenever he hung on the verge of perceiving me I thrust him out of existence. Then, in a phase of outward stupor, we came face to face.

I had vowed I would find Craven. At last, in the depths of being, I found him, and grappled with him for life or death. It was not in the least as if one man strove to regain lost portions of memory; it was two entirely different men enforcing irreconcilable claims. Death for one or both of us seemed the only solution and infinitely easier than continuing the painful combat—but which must die?

If Trent slew Craven would Trent not become in reality the thief and adulterer he had so agonized not to be? If Craven slew Trent he must sacrifice his passionate, secret desire to repossess a normal past. In each of them was a love of life not to be yielded, subtly sustained by the love of Dora. About Dora their fiercest fight raged. There, too, lay the seed of their ultimate reunion. When, at last, the image of what Dora was to Trent began to melt into the image of what she was to Craven, their reconciliation had begun.

I, who write these pages, am Craven. Craven's was the name and outer personality which, for obvious reasons, I adopted. In my inner self I am, to an equal degree, the man formed by the memories, impulses, emotions—the whole conscious life of Trent. There were weeks and months of readjustment before these two warring phases of consciousness settled down side by side. Gradually I pieced my whole past together; gradually I saw the characters of Trent and Craven blend together into one personality, no more contradictory than is humanly normal.

It was nearly a year later, and our daughter was toddling from my knee to her mother's outstretched hand, when I told Dora the whole story of Richard Trent.

She listened intently, asking a quiet question now and then. At the end she lifted her blue eyes to mine.

"I knew it, Dick! Not at first! Never all of it! But I saw you couldn't remember *anything!*—not until after Baby was born. Poor boy! You worried so!"

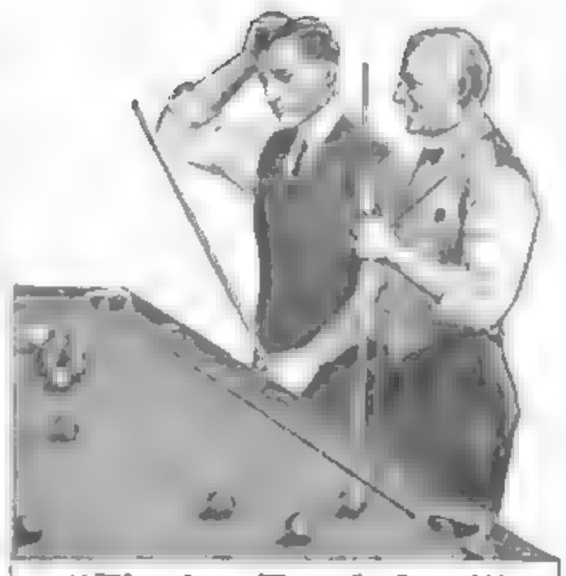
"Didn't you worry?" I asked. "Did it seem all right to you?"

"Well," she mused, "I had you anyway!" Suddenly she blushed and dimples played in the pinkiness of her cheeks. She raised sparkling, shy eyes to mine. "Do you know, Dick, you've fallen in love with me three separate times! And the best was the last. You've made desperate love to me since Baby was born."

Perhaps I reddened in my turn.

"That was so you would forgive me," I explained, "when you knew how I'd deceived you and pretended to be your husband when I was not."

"It wasn't exactly deceiving," murmured Dora. "And, Richard—truly—I always knew that you were you!"



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Burrowes Tables are scrupulously correct in every detail—angles, pockets, cushions, etc.—and adapted to the most expert play. Some of the leading professionals use them in home practice.

Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Tables may be set on dining-room or library table, or mounted on their own legs or folding stand.

$1.00 DOWN

The prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75 etc., and Tables are sold on easy terms of $1 or more down, and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment, we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for illustrated catalog giving [illegible] payment etc.

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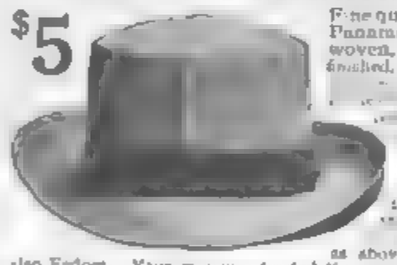

Fine quality genuine Panama. Closely woven, beautifully finished, and fi[illegible]

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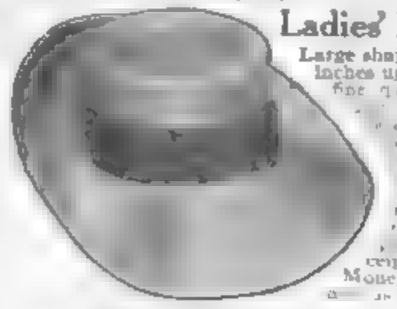

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THE YALE'S advanced and distinctive features for the new year furnish the basis for your judgment of a **real** 1912 motorcycle.

YALE construction shows more drop forgings than are in any other motorcycle.

You will find only in the YALE, all of these new and vital marks of a 1912 motorcycle:

2¼ in. Studded Tires, Eclipse Free Engine Clutch, Eccentric Yoke, Full High Forksides, Triple Anchored Handlebars, and Muffler Cut-Out.

Ask for detailed information about the four YALE 1912 models, ranging from 4 H.P. to 7 H.P. YALE Twin.

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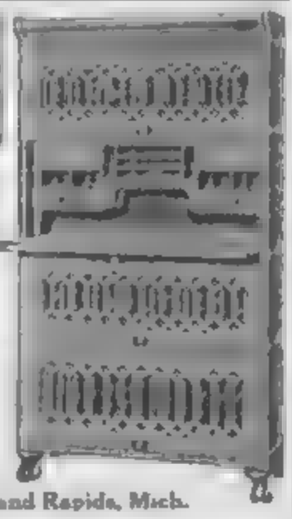

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it's always fair weather to the man who has found pipe joy via Prince Albert. Because here is one tobacco *without* a sting, and *with* delicious flavor and fragrant odor. Our word for it, "P. A." will upset every notion you ever had against pipe smoking.

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You can smoke a pipe; you will smoke a pipe

if you'll just follow the lead of an army of men who tried out Prince Albert and found it good and true.

Do you realize that the greatest Americans are pipe smokers; that *they know* the comfort, the satisfaction, the real joy that comes right out of a pipe —brimful of

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

If you have an old jimmy pipe hidden away somewhere, get it out; if you haven't, buy one, quick, and fire up a load of "P. A." Get the *personal experience;* know *yourself* that Prince Albert will not bite your tongue, *because it can't.* The sting is removed by a patented process!

Get the happy-days habit of smoking "P. A." in your old jimmy pipe after breakfast—or after lunch. And it's just great for an after-dinner smokesnooze!

Buy "P. A." anywhere—afloat or ashore—in 10c tins or 5c bags, or in pound and half-pound humidors. Buy it while you're pipe-hungry!

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WOMEN'S 75c (4 pairs guaranteed three months) MEN'S 50c

Discriminating men and women no longer regard silk hose as a luxury for "once-in-awhile" occasions. They now wear Phoenix Silk Hose exclusively, finding real economy in its everyday wear. Its richness, lustre and clinging texture meet their demand for elegance and refinement; the price and definite guarantee make its economy doubly apparent.

Women's No. 365 — 75c pair 4 pair box $3 — Guaranteed three months

Men's No. 284 — 50c pair—4 pair box $2 — Guaranteed three months

Made from finest pure-dye thread silk—no "loading" or injurious "weighting." No better quality silk in any hose at any price. Seamless; reinforced toes; high spliced heels; lisle garter tops.

Women's extra heavy, No. 370, $1 pair—4 pairs $4
Men's extra heavy, No. 281, 75c pair—4 pairs $3

At your dealer or direct on receipt of price and style number

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS — 206 Broadway
THE PHOENIX MUFFLER MAKERS — MILWAUKEE

BUSINESS—AND THE OTHER THING

(Continued from Page 17)

agreement, neither. You and Mr. Jacobs agreed—but I never. I see Parkinson on my own hook; and if it hadn't been for me he wouldn't be goin' to give you the contract."

There 'twas, out of the bag. I looked at Georgianna. Her pretty face went white. That contract meant all creation to her; but she stood up to the news like a major. She was plucky, that girl!

"Oh!" she says. "Oh! Then he has given you the contract? I—I congratulate you, Cap'n Snow."

"Don't congratulate me," says I. "The contract ain't been given yet, though this pup says it's goin' to be; but, as for me, if I'd known what was goin' on I'd have stopped it mighty quick! I'm honorable and decent, and so's Jacobs; and we don't take underhanded advantages."

'Dolph bust out from astern of the counter.

"You don't, hey!" says he. "I want to know! How about Jacobs' takin' her to ride and callin' on her, and pretendin' to be dead gone on her? What did he do that for? You know as well as I do. 'Twas so's to keep a watch on her, and not let Parkinson see her and be influenced into buyin' Eureka screens. You know it!"

My own face got red now, I cal'late.

"You—you ——" I begun. "You miser'ble liar ——"

"'Tain't a lie," says he. "I heard him tell you with my own ears. He said all he was beauin' her round for was just that. If that ain't a underhanded trick then I don't know what is!"

I wanted to say lots more; but, afore I could get my talkin' machinery to runnin', the Lentz girl herself spoke.

"Is that true, Cap'n Snow?" says she.

I was set back forty fathom.

"Well, miss," says I, "I—I ——"

"Is that true?" says she.

I got out my handkerchief and swabbed my forehead.

"Well, Miss Georgianna," says I, "I'll tell you. Jim Henry—Mr. Jacobs, I mean—did say somethin' like that; but—but —— Well, you wanted to be treated like a salesman, and—er—Mr. Jacobs would have kept his eye on a man, you know; and so—and so ——"

I stopped again. 'Twas the shoalest water ever I cruised in. All I could do was mop away with the handkerchief and look at Georgianna. And she—well, the color, and plenty of it, begun to come back to her cheeks. And how her brown eyes did flash!

"I see," she says, slow and so frosty I pretty nigh shivered. "I—see!"

"Well," says I, "'tain't anything I'm proud of, I will admit; but ——"

"One moment, if you please. You haven't actually got the contract yet?"

"No. As I told you, all I know is what this consarned fo'mast hand of mine says. For what he's done, I'm ashamed as I can be. As for Mr. Jacobs, I know he did keep to the letter of the agreement anyhow. For the rest —— Well, all's fair in love and war, they say—and there's precious little love in business."

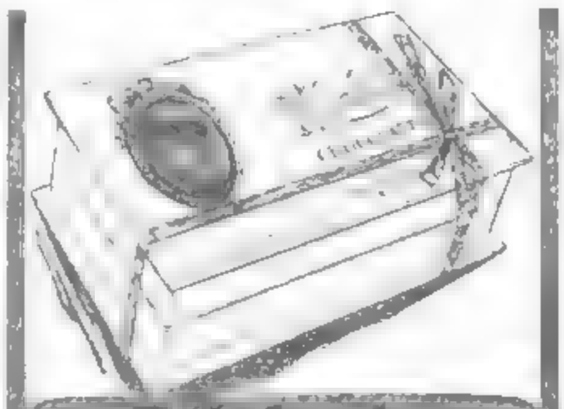
She looked at me with a queer little smile about the corners of her lips, though her eyes wa'n't smilin', by a consider'ble sight.

"Isn't there?" she says. "I—I wonder. Goodby, Cap'n Snow. You might tell Mr. Jacobs not to order those Nonesuch screens just yet."

Out she went; and for the next five minutes I had a real enjoyable time. I told 'Dolph Cahoon just what I thought of him—that took four of the minutes; durin' the other one I fired him and run him out of the office by the scruff of the neck.

Then Mary Blaisdell and me held officers' council, and that ended by our deedin' not to tell Jim Henry that the Lentz girl knew why he'd been so friendly with her. It wouldn't do any good and might make him feel bad. Besides, the contract was as good as got, 'cordin' to 'Dolph's yarn; and 'twa'n't likely he'd see Georgianna again anyway. When he come back I told him I'd fired Cahoon for bein' no good and sassy, and he agreed I'd done just right.

When I said good night to Jim he was chipper as could be; but next day he was blue as a whetstone—and the blueness



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seemed to strike in, so to speak. He didn't take any interest in anything—moped round, glum and ugly; and I couldn't get him to talk at all. If I mentioned the screen contract he shut up like a quahaug, and only once did he give an opinion about it. That opinion was a surprisin' one, though.

Alpheus Perkins was in the store, and says he:

"Say, Mr. Jacobs," he says, "is old Parkinson, the hotel man, cal'latin' to get married again? I see him out ridin' with a girl yesterday. That female screen drummer—that Georgianna Lentz, 'twas. She's a daisy, ain't she? I don't blame him much for takin' a shine to her."

Jim Henry didn't make any answer; but, knowin' what I did, I was a little surprised.

"Jim," says I, "that contract ——"

"D——n the contract!" says he, and cleared out and left us.

I was astonished, but I guessed 'twas a healthy plan to keep my hatches closed.

When I opened the mail a few mornin's later I found a letter with the West Ostable Hotel's name printed on the envelope. I figgered I knew what was inside. Thinks I: "Here's the acceptance of our bid!" But my figgers was on the wrong side of the ledger. Parkinson wrote just a few words, but they was enough. After considerin' the matter careful, he wrote, he had decided the Eureka to be a better screen than the Nonesuch; and, though our bid was a trifle lower, he should give the Eureka folks the contract.

"Well!" says I out loud. "Well, I'll—be—blessed!"

Jim Henry was settin' at his desk—we was all alone in the store—and he looked up.

"What are you askin' a blessin' over?" says he.

I handed him the letter. He read it through and set for a full minute without speakin'. Then he slammed it into the wastebasket and got up and started to go away.

"For thunder sakes!" I sung out. "What ails you? Ain't you goin' to say nothin' at all?"

"What is there to say?" he asked, gruff. "We're stung—and that's the end of it."

"But—but—don't you realize ——Why, our bid was the lowest! And yet the contract ——"

He whirled on me savage.

"Didn't I tell you," says he, "that I didn't give a durn about the contract?"

"You don't! You don't? Then who on airth does?"

"I don't know and I don't care!"

"You don't care! I swan to man! Why, 'twas you that swore you'd put the screens in that hotel or die tryin'. You said 'twas a matter of principle with you. And now that the Eureka folks have beat us by some shenanigan or other—for our bid was lower than theirs—you say you don't care! Have you gone looney? What do you care about?"

"Nothin'—much," says he, and flopped down in his chair again.

I stared at him. All at once I begun to see a light. You'd have thought anybody that wa'n't stone blind would have seen it afore—but I hadn't. You see, I cal'lated that I knew him from trunk to keelson, and so it never once occurred to me. I riz and walked over to him. Just as I done so, I heard the front door open and shut, but I figgered 'twas Mary comin' back, and didn't even look. I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Jim," says I, "I guess likely I understand. I declare I'm sorry! And yet I wouldn't wonder if ——"

I didn't go on. He wa'n't payin' any attention, but was lookin' over the top of his desk—lookin' with all the eyes in his head. I looked, too, and caught my breath with a jerk. The person who'd come in wa'n't Mary Blaisdell, but Georgianna Lentz.

She saw us and walked straight down to where we was. She was kind of pale and her eyes looked as if she'd been awake all night; but when she spoke 'twas right to the point—there wa'n't any hesitation about her.

"Cap'n Snow," says she, "have you heard from Mr. Parkinson?"

"Yes," says I, wonderin'; "we've heard. We don't understand exactly, but perhaps that ain't necessary. I cal'late all there is left for us to do is to offer congratulations and 'go 'way back and set down,' as the boys say. You've got the contract."

"Yes," she says; "it has been given to me. But ——"

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Jim Henry stood up. "You'll excuse me," he says, sharp. "I'm busy."

He started to go, but Georgianna stopped him.

"No," she says; "I want you both to hear what I've got to say. Mr. Parkinson gave me the contract yesterday; but I have decided not to take it."

We both looked at her.

"You—you've what?" says I. "Not take it? You want it, don't you?"

"Yes," she says, quiet but determined, "I want it—or I did want it very, very much. It meant so much to me—now—and might mean a great deal more in the future; but I can't take it."

This was too many for me. I looked at Jacobs. He didn't say a word.

"I can't take it," says Georgianna, "under the circumstances. I don't feel that I got it fairly. We agreed, you and I, that no personal influence should be brought to bear upon Mr. Parkinson; and I"—she blushed a little, but kept right on—"I have seen Mr. Parkinson several times durin' the past week!"

I thought of her bein' to ride with the hotel man, but I didn't say anything. Jim Henry, though, started again to go. And again she stopped him.

"Wait, please!" she went on. "I didn't go to him—you must understand that! But after what you, Cap'n Snow, and that Mr. Cahoon told me the other day I was hurt and angry. I felt that you had broken your agreement with me. So when Mr. Parkinson came to see me I didn't avoid him as I had been doin'. I—I accepted invitations for drives with him, and—and —— Oh, don't you see? I couldn't take the contract. I couldn't! What would you think of me? What would I think of myself? No, my mind is made up. I'm afraid"—with a half smile that had more tears than fun in it—"that my experiment in business hasn't been a success. I shall give it up and go back to stenography—or somethin'. There! Goodby. I'm sure that the Nonesuch screen will win now. Goodby!"

And now 'twas she that started to go and Jim Henry that stopped her.

"Wait!" says he, sharp. "There's somethin' here I don't understand. What do you mean by what the Cap'n and Cahoon told you the other day? Skipper, what have you been doin'?"

I wished there was a crack or a knothole handy for me to crawl into; but there wa'n't, so I braced up best I could.

"Why, Jim," says I, "I ain't told you the whole of that business I fired 'Dolph for. Seems he'd been seein' Parkinson on his own hook and pullin' wires for the Nonesuch. 'Twas a sneakin' mean trick, and I knew 'twould make you mad same as it done me; so I didn't tell you. 'Twas for that I bounced him."

Jim Henry's fists shut.

"The toad!" says he. "I wish I'd been there. Wait till I get my hands on him! I'll ——"

"But you mustn't," put in Georgianna. "I hope you don't think I care what such a creature as he might do. When I first come here he —— Oh, why can't people forget that I'm a girl!"

I could have answered that, but I didn't. Jacobs asked another question.

"Then, if it wa'n't 'Dolph, who was it?" says he. "Parkinson?"

"No!" with a flash of her eyes. "Certainly not. Mr. Parkinson is a gentleman; but—but I don't like him—that is, I don't dislike him exactly; but ——"

She was dreadful fussed up. Jim Henry was between her and the door, though, and he kept right on with his questions.

"Then what was the trouble?" he said, brisk.

I answered for her.

"Well, Jim," says I, "there was somethin' else. You see, 'Dolph got mad when I sailed into him, and he come back at me by tellin' what you said about your callin' on Miss Lentz here—and takin' her autoin' and such. How you said you was doin' it so's to keep a watch on her—that's all. I couldn't deny that you did say it, you know—because you did!"

Jim's face was a sight to see—a sort of combination of sheepishness and shame, mixed with another look, almost of joy—or as if he'd got the answer to a puzzle that had been troublin' him.

The Lentz girl spoke up quick.

"Of course," she says, "I understand now why you did it. Then I was—was—— Well, it did hurt me to think I hadn't seen through the scheme, and for a while I felt

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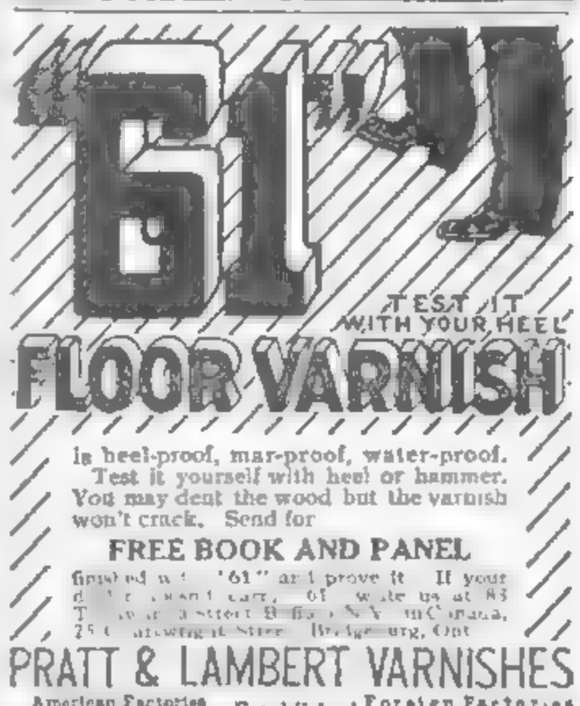

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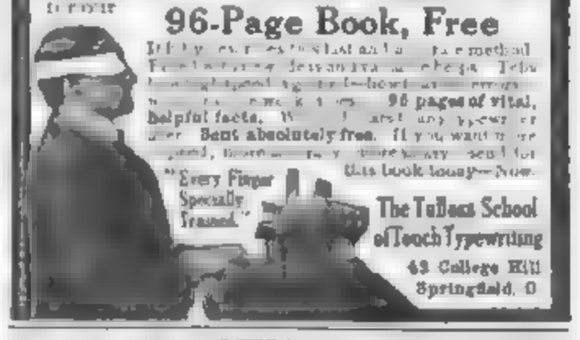

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that you hadn't been true to our agreement; but, now that I have had time to think, I understand. You promised to treat me exactly as if I were a man; and, as Cap'n Snow said, if I were a man you would have kept me in sight. It's all right! But"—with a sigh—"I realize that I'm not fitted for business—this kind of business. I don't blame you, though. Goodby. I must go!"

Lettin' her go, however, was the last thing Jim intended doin' just then. He stepped for'ard and caught her by the hand.

"Georgianna," says he, eager, "you know what you're sayin' isn't true. I did tell the Cap'n that yarn about watchin' you. He'd seen me with you and I had to tell him somethin'; but it was a lie—every word of it! You know it was."

She tried to pull her hand away, but he hung on to it as if 'twas the last life-preserver on a sinkin' ship. I cal'late he'd forgot I was on earth.

"You were keeping your promise," she said. "You were treatin' me as you would if I were a man! Please let me go, Mr. Jacobs; I have told you that I didn't blame you."

"Nonsense!" says he. "If I had done that I ought to be hung! A man! Treat you like a man! Do you suppose if you were a man I should ——"

That was the last word I heard. I was bound for the front platform, and makin' some headway for a craft of my age and build. I have got some sense and I know when three's a crowd!

I didn't go back until they called me. I give the pair of 'em one look and then I shook hands with 'em up to the elbows. Georgianna was blushin', and her eyes were damp but shinin' like masthead lights on a rainy night. As for Jim Henry Jacobs, he was one broad grin.

"Well," says I, after I'd said all the joyful things I could think of, "one thing ain't settled even yet—who's goin' to get that screen contract? There ain't any love in business, you know."

"Humph!" says Jim Henry. "I wonder!"

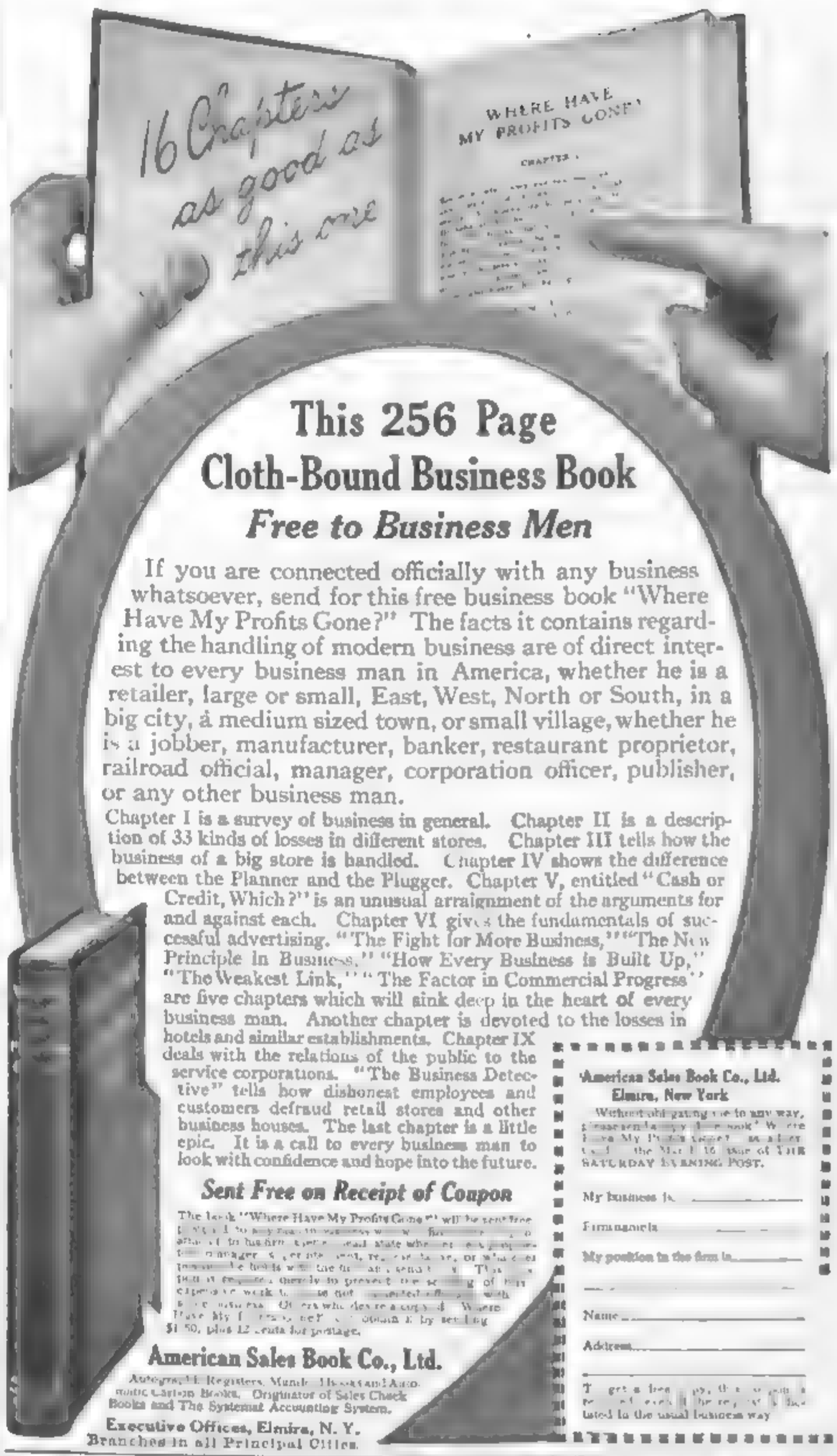
"Why," says I, "that's exactly what Georgianna here said t'other day—she wondered!"

True Charity

A SCORE of years ago a group of girls in New York organized the Sunbeam League of the Babies' Wards of the Post-Graduate Hospital. They agreed to support a bed by their subscriptions and to visit the wards regularly at specified hours. They aided and relieved the trained nurses; they amused the convalescent children, playing with them and trying to make them happy in their strange surroundings. Incidentally the several members of the Sunbeam League absorbed a great deal of information about the care and feeding of children and about the treatment of convalescents, which has been most useful to those of them who have since married and had families of their own.

A little earlier a group of ladies, also in New York, were shocked by the conditions under which the female employees of certain large department stores were forced to labor. These ladies organized the Consumers' League, which drew up a list of improved conditions with which they asked that the large stores should comply. As soon as a sufficient number of adhesions had been secured the Consumers' League published a White List, containing the names of all the houses that approached a proper standard in the treatment of their workpeople. Year by year this White List has lengthened, though the conditions of "a fair house" have been steadily made more stringent; and there is now scarcely a single important department store in New York that would not feel disgraced if it did not appear on the White List. From New York the idea of the Consumers' League has spread to nearly all the other large cities; and the movement has resulted in an immense amelioration of the conditions of thousands of working girls.

A little later two daughters of a New York publisher discovered that the blind were eager for work, and that, even when they were supported by charity, they greatly preferred to work for their own support if only the opportunity were provided. As a result of the earnest efforts of these two ladies the opportunity has been provided, and there are now scores and hundreds of the blind of both sexes no longer dependent upon alms, but earning their own living by the labor of their hands.



This 256 Page Cloth-Bound Business Book

Free to Business Men

If you are connected officially with any business whatsoever, send for this free business book "Where Have My Profits Gone?" The facts it contains regarding the handling of modern business are of direct interest to every business man in America, whether he is a retailer, large or small, East, West, North or South, in a big city, a medium sized town, or small village, whether he is a jobber, manufacturer, banker, restaurant proprietor, railroad official, manager, corporation officer, publisher, or any other business man.

Chapter I is a survey of business in general. Chapter II is a description of 33 kinds of losses in different stores. Chapter III tells how the business of a big store is handled. Chapter IV shows the difference between the Planner and the Plugger. Chapter V, entitled "Cash or Credit, Which?" is an unusual arraignment of the arguments for and against each. Chapter VI gives the fundamentals of successful advertising. "The Fight for More Business," "The New Principle in Business," "How Every Business is Built Up," "The Weakest Link," "The Factor in Commercial Progress" are five chapters which will sink deep in the heart of every business man. Another chapter is devoted to the losses in hotels and similar establishments. Chapter IX deals with the relations of the public to the service corporations. "The Business Detective" tells how dishonest employees and customers defraud retail stores and other business houses. The last chapter is a little epic. It is a call to every business man to look with confidence and hope into the future.

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The book "Where Have My Profits Gone?" will be sent free [illegible] to any business man who [illegible] to us his business connection, name and state whether he is proprietor, manager, superintendent, treasurer, or whatever official he holds with the firm. [illegible] Those who desire a copy of "Where Have My Profits Gone?" can obtain it by sending $1.50, plus 12 cents for postage.

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Without obligating me in any way, please send me your free book "Where Have My Profits Gone?" as advertised in the March 16 issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Address _____

To get a free copy, this coupon must be received before [illegible]. Mailed to the usual business way.

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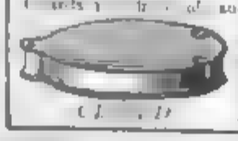
Carry a pocket telephone mouthpiece. Your private secretary at the phone may have [illegible] malignant diseases, more than [illegible] all of which are easily communicated. The only telephone [illegible] danger which is forbidden in many states.

Ever-ready Telephone Health Protector

[illegible] such dangers. It is compact, fits your pocket like a silver dollar. It is protected [illegible] The feeling of security [illegible]



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Everybody has "any number of things" occasionally [illegible] hammer, nail puller, crate opener and ice pick; and, besides, does a score of odd jobs that can't be catalogued.

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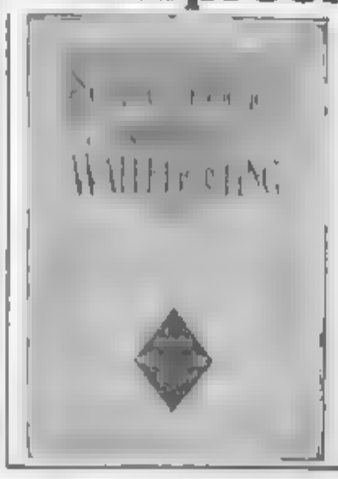

TELL in detail how to waterproof stucco, concrete and masonry for basements, foundations, standpipes, reservoirs, tunnels, etc.; how to dampproof and decorate exterior walls of concrete, masonry or brick, and interior surfaces of any material; how to stop dusting of concrete floors.

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401 Trussed Concrete Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

"The Car With a Thousand Less Parts"

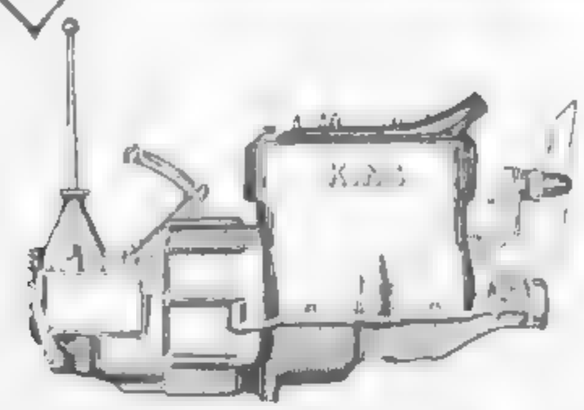
KING "36"

These Features Have Made the King "36" The Talk of the Automobile World

The engineering features of the King are not to be found in the ordinary American car. They represent the study and experience of America's pioneer automobile designer, Chas. B. King, after two years of close investigation in the leading automobile factories and centers of Europe.

The result is a designed car—with each part carefully adapted to its work—and every part refined and simplified to an extent not found in American cars, except, perhaps, in those selling at topmost prices.

These points of superiority are not visionary. You can understand their importance if you will read carefully our description of them below.



The Simple Extra Long-Stroke Motor

The King is known as "the car with a thousand less parts." It has fewer parts than any car in the world. This simplification has been achieved by a judicious combination of several members into single effective parts, wherever possible, as well as by the elimination of useless parts.

Much of this simplification is seen in the King Motor.

The four cylinders, measuring 3 13/16 bore by 5½ stroke, are cast en bloc, **guaranteed to develop 36 h. p.** Do you realize the importance of that extra long stroke? Designers of the leading high-priced European and American cars do. They know that this gives *steadiness of pull*, and great driving power.

Extra heavy, two-bearing crank shaft; very wide valve openings, with valves placed on angle in the head of the motor, opening directly into the cylinders—any man who has studied motor car construction can see the value of these points.

In looking at the King Motor, you will be struck by the fewness of exposed moving parts. Practically everything has been enclosed in the motor case, and the motor when running is remarkably free from noise. There is good reason for calling this car the "Silent King."

The King is the Easiest Riding Car in the World

That is a broad statement that we would hardly care to make, if we were not prepared to prove it.

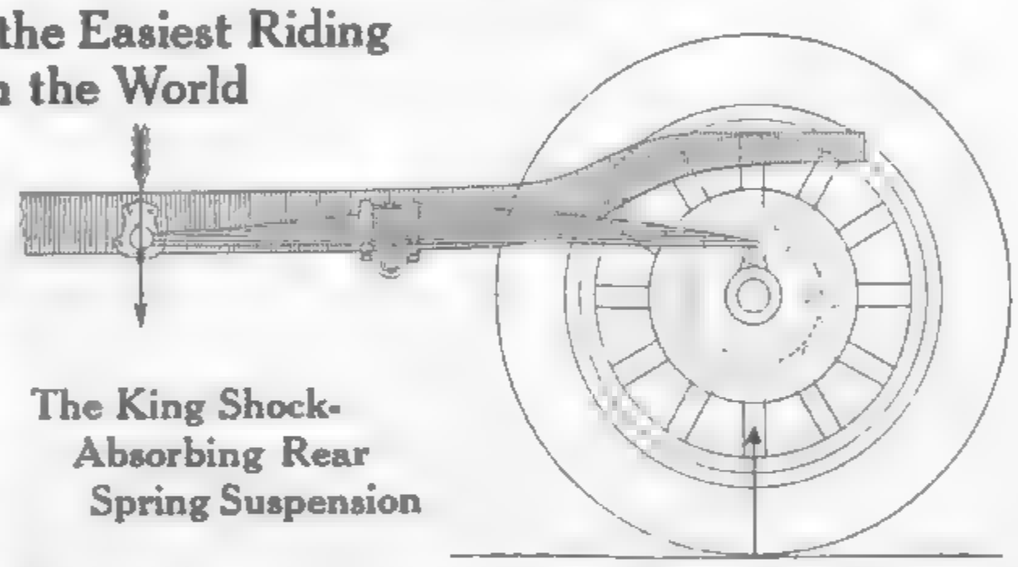
It is the result of our shock-absorbing, rear-spring suspension, a patented feature found only on the King.

In the illustration the arrows show the line of shock.

The spring is pivotally supported near its center, on the frame. Its forward end is also supported on the frame.

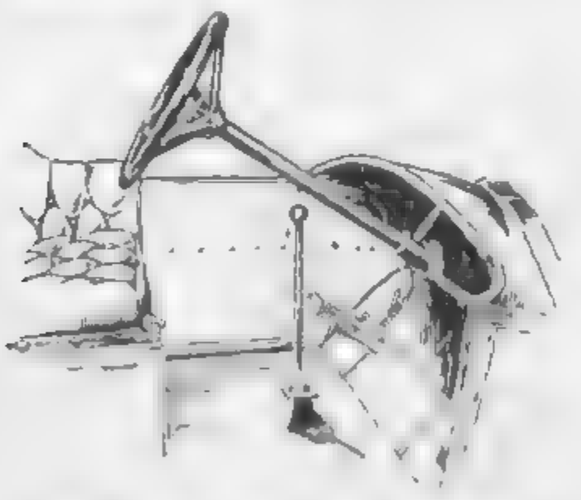
The rear end operates in shackles which are mounted on the rear axle

In passing over the rough spots of the road the shock, instead of being transferred to the occupants of the car seated above, to their great discomfort, is taken up by the lever action of the spring and thrown downward again.



The King Shock-Absorbing Rear Spring Suspension

This means not only increased comfort to the passengers, but longer life for car and tires.

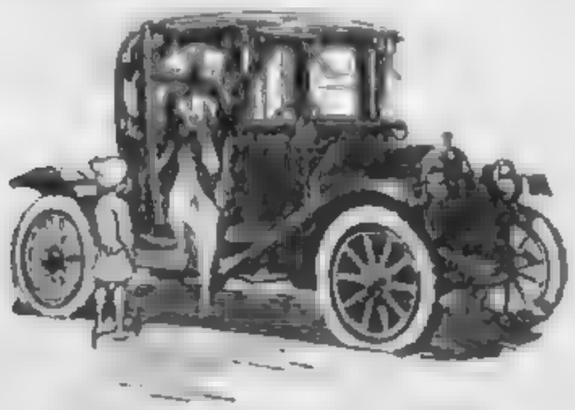


The Simplified King Control

The King is an easy car to drive. The steering post is placed to the left, a position which is rapidly becoming recognized as the only practical one.

A single hand lever placed in the center of the footboard controls three speeds forward and reverse. This lever is directly at the right hand of the driver, and takes up no room that could be used for anything else.

You can get in or out easily, and there are no levers on the outside to mar the fine, racy lines of the car.



Body Designed by Chas. B. King

The King Coupé is a car of elegant appointment, artistic in design, and of surpassing convenience and comfort, equipped completely, **$2165.**

Other King Features That Are Distinctive.

We have mentioned but a few of the points of design that are causing other American manufacturers to copy the King. Let us briefly mention a few more.

When you go to see the King car, as you surely should at the first opportunity, notice how low is its center of gravity. This means comfort, safety and racy appearance.

Note also the long, comfortable wheel base, and its snappy, stylish appearance—its air of completeness and refinement in every detail.

Go into its construction, and see how accessible and how simple is every mechanical feature.

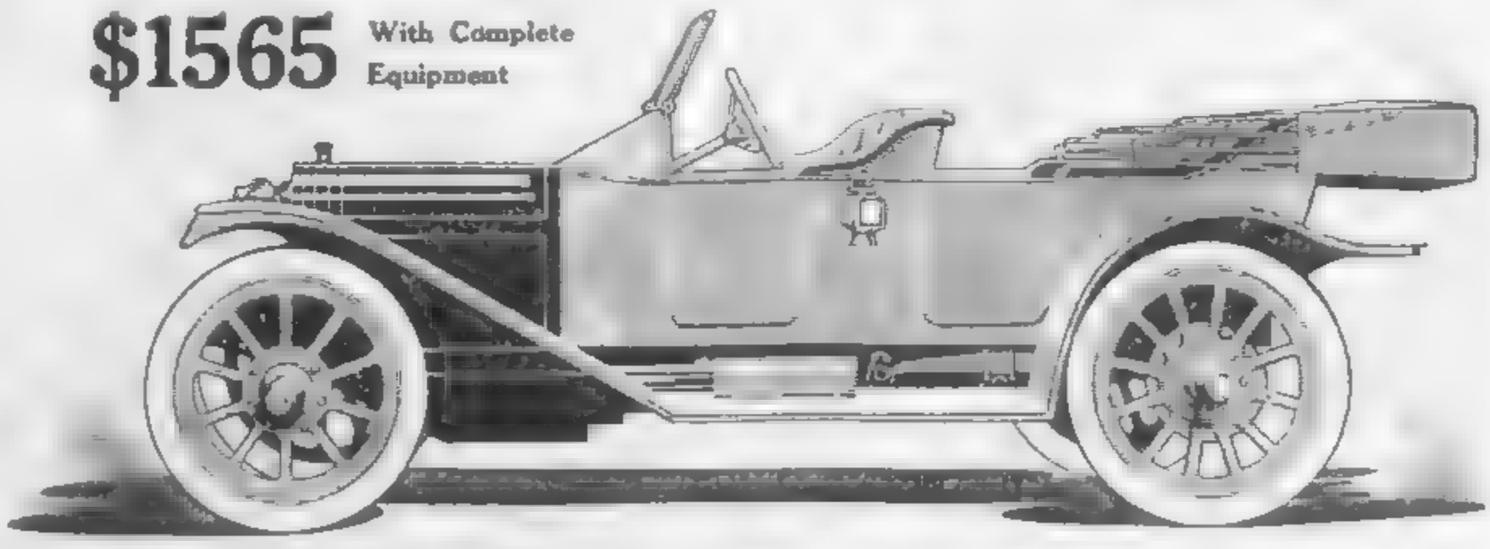
Have the man explain the thermo-syphon cooling system and our special system of lubrication.

Price of King Touring Car, with $300 worth of equipment $1565

A snappy roadster, with full equipment, at the same price.

SELF-STARTING

$1565 With Complete Equipment



A Word With the Automobile Dealer

Owing to the great demand for the first King cars, we have selected our dealers with great care. Moving into a new plant March 1st, with a capacity of 5,000 cars per year, so increases our manufacturing facilities for 1912 as to enable us to make a few more dealers a very attractive proposition and we are in a position to allot some excellent territory to those who can assure us of their ability to properly represent the King. Full details and information regarding available territory sent promptly on request.

KING MOTOR CAR CO., 1302 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE CAPSULE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Whar at?" To Old Reliable the vessel was a labyrinth of hiding-places.

"Come along; I'll show you. Don't sneak like that; walk straight." The Irishman went strolling across the open space and dived into a dark hatch. Like a big black child, Old Reliable followed his new Moses.

Leaning over the rail, Lykoff and the Bloodhound looked down upon this lower deck. They saw Old Reliable and Guinea Ryan together. The Bloodhound hurried forward and berated his colleague.

"Must I take the negro?" his subordinate asked.

"No; he is perhaps an American citizen. Watch him; and we'll deal with him—the other way."

Lykoff returned to his novel; he could learn nothing; he dared hold no communication with either Guinea or the negro.

Far below, in the third-class sleeping spaces, Old Reliable eyed those bunks ranged against the walls and running in double rows down the middle—iron beds, one above the other—with scanty mattresses. The odor was not pleasant.

"See there!" Guinea whispered, and pointed. "A man that had any sense could crawl back in that corner. They must take us for suckers! We ain't going to be strangled—and maybe get three fingers chopped off."

"I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em!" Old Reliable mumbled and shook his head.

Ryan climbed back to the deck. A black face followed him, an earnest, troubled black face, with scary eyes—all of which was immediately reported to the Bloodhound.

Peasants from Russia, Greece, Rumania, were piling their plunder on the deck. Few of them smiled. Children went stolidly about their work. Zack sniffed at their dirty bedding and evil-odored bundles that came up from the hold. "Huh! Dem things don't smell like no jewraniums—nigger as I is, dey makes me sick."

A sudden desire possessed Zack to be near the Colonel—where he could touch him with his hand when the crisis came. Guinea cut him off at the steps with a caution: "Keep your mouth shut!"

Zack nodded. "I ain't heerd nuthin'."

With a heavy heart Old Reliable began climbing the steps to the first deck—"where the Cunnel was at."

It was an almost windless day—blue, immeasurable, unflecked on sea or sky. The Colonel's finger pointed straight ahead. "Look, Zack; yonder is the land of Egypt."

Zack could see something—something like a dusty fog that lay flat against the sea—but not his idea of mysterious Africa. The barbaric glamour did not appeal to Zack.

Then from somewhere—Zack hadn't heard it before—there came the "Put-put-put" of a tugboat; he saw its blunt nose, like an alligator, rushing straight at them—flying a yellow flag. Zack choked; his breath stopped.

"Zack," the Colonel said, and the negro jumped; "Zack, is the baggage ready?"

"Yas, suh; ready, suh."

"Get it up and keep close to me."

"Yas, suh."

Lykoff listened with satisfaction. He had this advantage over the Bloodhound, who understood no English. Suddenly he went sick. Zack pulled something from his vest pocket and dropped the capsule! Lykoff had almost sprung forward when Zack picked it up again and the Russian smiled inwardly. The black must be an accomplished diplomat; his face never betrayed him. Nobody could have suspected that capsule. The fact was, Zack had forgot about it. Blindly he stumbled down the saloon steps. Everything below rattled in confusion. Porter and stewards jostled each other, dumping trunks into the main passage—black-whiskered Russians, who would be glad to chop his fingers. He got through safe to the Colonel's cabin and came back, panting like a lizard, with the bags.

That yellow flag was coming with all speed. Things began to happen exactly as Guinea had foretold. Zack shivered behind the Colonel. The ugly little boat bulged ahead. He could make out white faces, brown faces, yellow faces—all kinds of faces—looking straight at him. The Olga dropped anchor and lowered a shaky flight of steps to the water. From the prow of the quarantine boat a brown-skinned giant reached out with a long stick that had hooks on the end. That must be to snatch folks off the rail and pull 'em down into the boat! The giant lowered his hook, grappled the Olga's steps and made fast alongside. A slimmish white man, with a face like suncracked leather, marched up the steps. Cold blue eyes glinted underneath his helmet—Zack saw no mercy. This man took his stand at the head of those steps on a little platform overhanging the sea. Then he beckoned for his file of mulatto soldiers, with red caps. It was just as Guinea said.

Two other white men came up—in white clothes and white helmets. That terrible Russian captain didn't even try to stop them; it appeared to Zack that the man was bluffed. He took off his hat to that little fat fellow and gave him a lot of papers. While they were reading those papers Zack made a sneak to the other side of the ship. Guinea was right again. Two barges had been made fast to the Olga; a long stepladder reached down to their decks. A soldier stood guard on the top platform. Zack was almost scared to look for the fumigating box—there they were, right there, two of them, made of boards, exactly big enough to stand a man up inside and smother him.

First-cabin white folks assembled in the smoking room. That fat doctor was calling names from a paper. Every time he spoke somebody stuck out a tongue and let him feel a pulse. Zack didn't see any fingers whacked off, but folks looked mighty skittish.

That thin-legged sergeant crossed over to the other side and took his stand at the head of the steps. He shouted something to his yellow soldiers. They scattered along the lower deck and began shoving folks toward the stairway.

The sergeant thrashed his own legs with a rawhide whip. Once in a while he tapped a fellow over the back to keep them hustling. Some of the steerage passengers came voluntarily; some had to be toted bodily. The sergeant counted every one and checked them on a paper.

Zack caught a whiff from the bucket which a soldier carried; it smelled like carbolic. "Huh! Ain't gwine to let 'em squirt none o' dat down my throat." He saw Guinea Ryan cross the lower deck with a bundle and disappear down the hatchway. Old Reliable endured the strain to the last limit of negro nature, then he ducked. Fright got into his legs—his knees wabbled backward and forward, outward and inward; but he succeeded in dodging past the Colonel without breaking into a run. Having got down the main staircase he doubled a corner and there was nothing to hold him until he reached that open space. He tried to saunter carelessly across the lower deck; at the hatchway he dropped out of sight, like bucket into a well.

The sergeant went on counting and shoving, and swearing and waiting. His barges filled with an indiscriminate mass. "One-fifteen," he counted—"should be one-nineteen."

"One-sixteen," corrected Guinea Ryan. "Check me off, Danny; but I won't take your barge today." Guinea smiled and produced his health certificate.

"Hello, Guinea!" laughed the sergeant. "Couldn't stay out of Egypt? Haven't been gone a week. Get along into the barge—all third-class health certificates canceled."

"What's the bloody row?"

"Orders changed; cholera everywhere. Promenade along, down the steps."

Guinea had seen too much of the Far East to argue with a British sergeant about his orders. "Hard luck, Guinea," laughed Danny. "Now we've got to smoke out the hideaways—only three today." The boilermaker grinned and said nothing. He wormed himself into a position on the barge where he could witness what happened to Old Reliable.

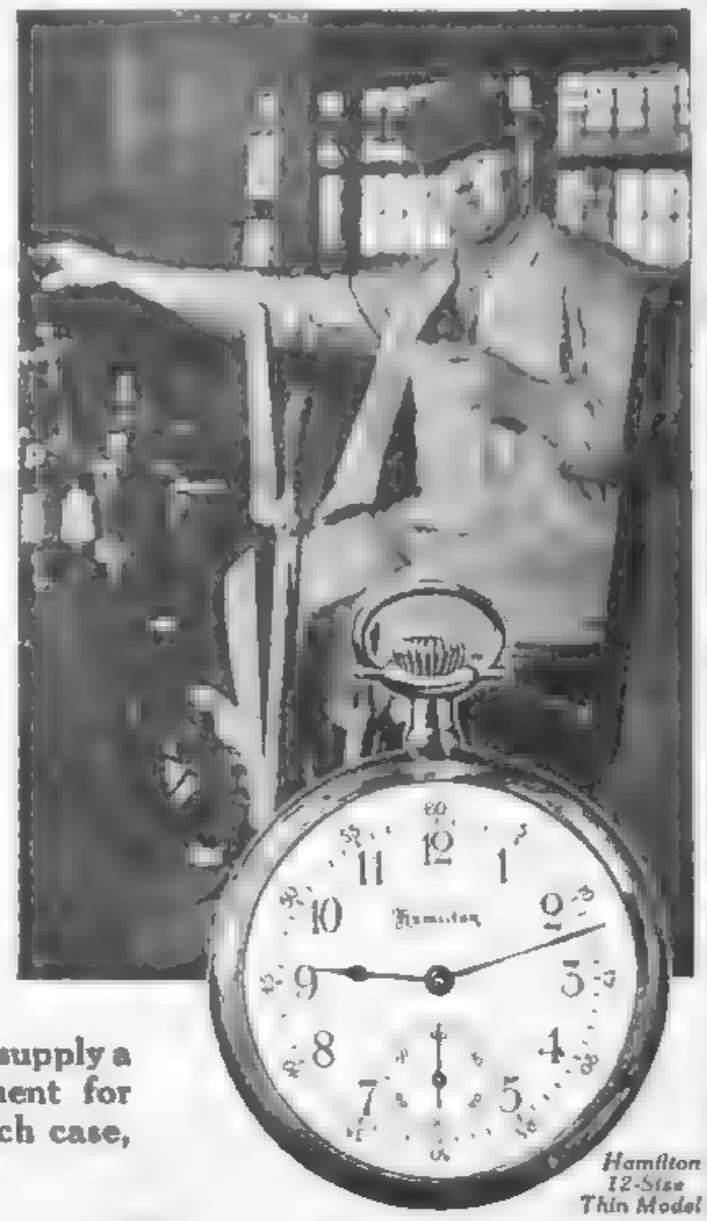
Colonel Spottiswoode had waited inside the smoking-room door. Catching a few words of English, he looked out, glad to speak his own language with somebody. "Well, sergeant, I see you are on troublesome duty."

Danny tipped his helmet. "Beastly nuisance, sir! They hide to get out of the fumigation. Can't keep these Russians clean," nodding toward the muckheaps of men and women on the barges.

Lykoff leaned against the stair-rail in the smoking room. He could look below and

The Hamilton Watch

The Railroad Timekeeper of America



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Ruby Mfg. Co., 200 Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.

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Great-grandmother kept her dining table covered, for there were gaps between the leaves. Today, even the dividing pedestal can look like a solid pillar, because a Tyden Lock closes the gap and keeps the table from sagging, or pulling apart.

Another lever will press together the halves of the top, or lock in one, two or three leaves. At the same time it automatically centers the enlarged top over the pedestal, relieving the strain on the slides and adding strength and durability to the table.

The pleasure taken in polished oak, or rich mahogany is not qualified, nor the pride in showing it to guests destroyed by disfiguring, sectional gaps when one gets a Tyden Lock. The modern dining table, its improvements, and some helpful suggestions for dining-room service given in "Tables Beautiful," are well worth the study of anyone contemplating the purchase of a table. This booklet is free. Ask for Tyden Locked Tables at your dealer's.

Tyden Lock Advertising Bureau
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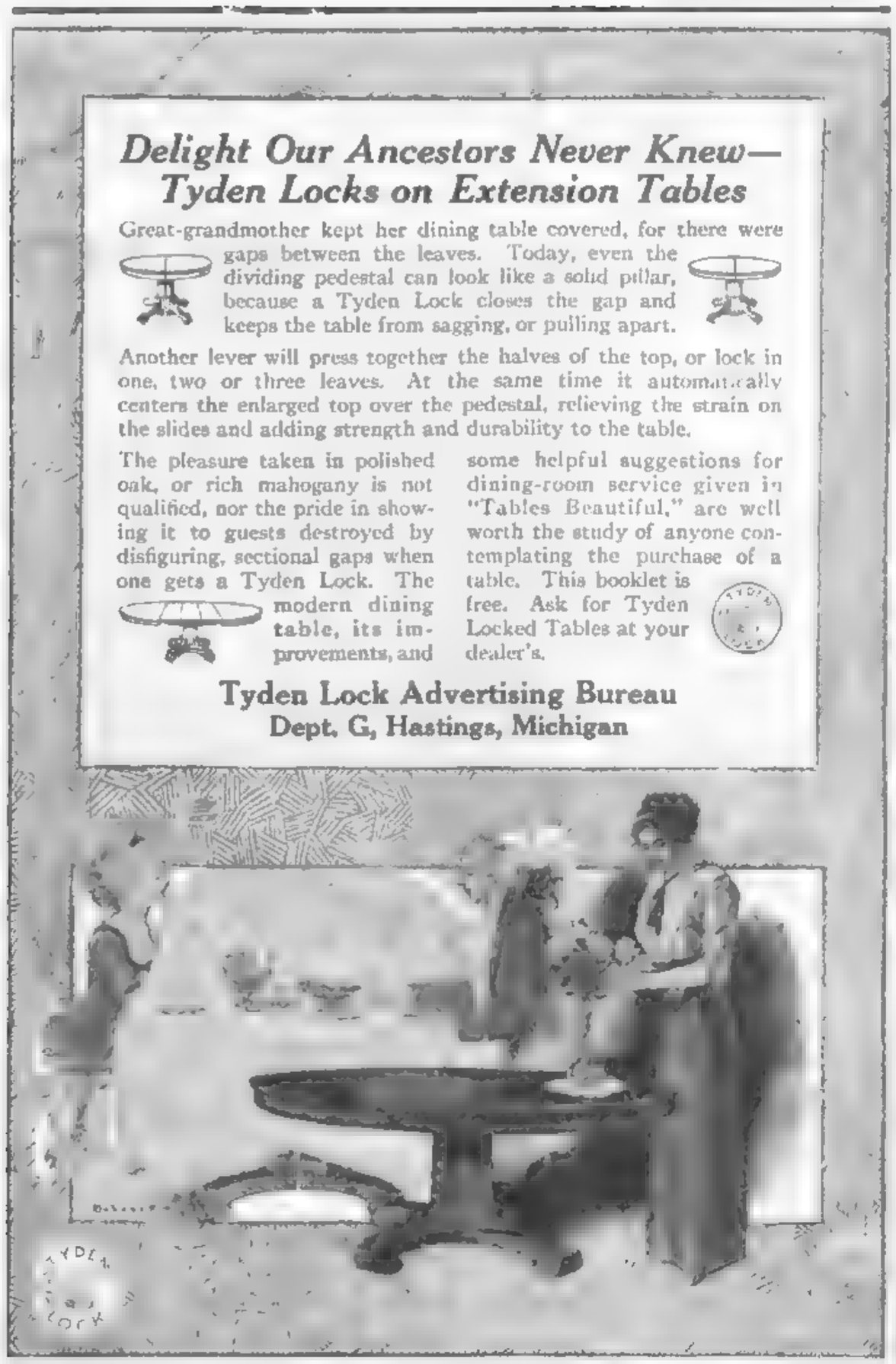

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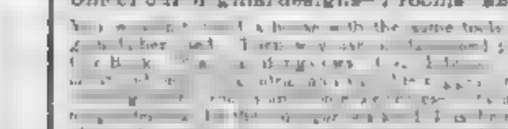

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DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 832 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

out of either door. Not a muscle of his face suggested his anxiety: "Where is that black man?"

The Dutch doctor began stammering over another name which sounded like "Zack Foster." Colonel Spottiswoode hurried in and found the doctor's pudgy finger pointing to Old Reliable's name. "Zack was here a minute ago." He leaned over the stair-rail and called: "Zack! Oh, Zack!" No answer. He shouted out of the port door—ran to the starboard side and called. No answer: no Zack. "It's just like that nigger to go off when we need him."

Lykoff saw all, heard all, understood all. He was absorbed in cutting the end from a fresh cigar. Zack was not in the cabin or the saloon. The Colonel hurried to the forward deck and did not hear an uproar that broke out amidships.

Sergeant Danny had accounted for the last hideaway. He was standing on the shaky platform checking up his list. "That's all of 'em," he remarked, and was about to give orders for the barge to cast off. Suddenly he heard a yell from his Gippies—not a casual, accidental yell, but a business yell. He ran back to the railing which overlooked the lower deck.

"Lemme 'lone, you yaller niggers! Turn me loose. I been black all my born days—ax de Cunnel. Lemme go! Lemme go!" Six stalwart Gippies jerked Zack into the open. "Whar's my hat an' my gripsack?" The Gippies did not smile—this was their daily job and had lost its humor.

Sergeant Danny shouted a curt order; his Gippies hoisted Zack up the stairway and rushed him along the narrow deck. He grabbed the rail. A Gippy whacked him over the knuckles; he suddenly remembered how Guinea lost three fingers—and stuck both hands in his pockets. Zack might just as well have argued with a sandstorm. The sergeant nodded; four men shoved him out on the wobbly platform. He caught on with both hands, for fear of tumbling into the sea. A Gippy cast his gripsack into the barge; Zack saw his hat go sailing after. "Turn me loose, yaller nigger! I kin walk." The steps shook mightily as Zack climbed down. The sergeant nodded; the tugboat cast off her lines. Zack stood bareheaded, gazing up at the Olga's rail. He saw the Colonel struggling through the crowd, trying to reach the sergeant. "Here I is, Cunnel! Here I is! Stop dis boat. Stop 'er!"

The Bloodhound leaned over the Olga's rail. He smiled to himself and gave the negro no further thought. Lykoff turned away from the hubbub and looked bored.

Sergeant Danny had turned to his gasoline launch when Colonel Spottiswoode shouted: "Sergeant! Oh, sergeant! One moment, please. That negro is my servant—he's a first-cabin passenger."

The sergeant's face lighted up. "That accounts for it; I had one too many."

"He belongs up here with me."

"Why was he hiding in the steerage?"

"Nobody knows about a negro. Can't you stop your boat and put him off?"

"Sorry, sir; he's been with those suspects and I hardly know what to do with him. I'll send him to your hotel, sir, if you like."

"But I don't know where I am going to stop."

The distance was fast widening between the barge and the ship; the gasoline tooted her whistle impatiently. "It's late, sir," apologized the sergeant; "and we've got all these people to fumigate. Here's my address. Send a carriage for him."

Zack kept shouting until the sergeant descended to the launch and Colonel Spottiswoode went back into the cabin. "Luck's agin me!" He collapsed on his gripsack and commenced smoothing out the broadbrimmed hat.

. . . . . .

The Olga grated against the stone wharf, tied fore and aft. Swarms of porters clambered aboard. Passengers commenced filing down the narrow gangway. Two British officers, with their servants, met the Colonel and relieved him of all custom-house annoyances. Lykoff had a small satchel in his hand and was watching for his heavier baggage, which never appeared. He had almost decided to go ashore without his trunks when Gargarin took the satchel from him.

"I'll take charge of this—and of you!"

"Very good," assented Lykoff.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Using the Wrong Blade?

There *is* a difference. The **Gem Damaskeene Blade** is unlike any other you have tried before, and as you use blade after blade you marvel at the unvarying quality—the Damaskeene process has put these blades in a class by themselves.

Try a Gem Damaskeene Blade with our compliments.

Write us, stating make of the safety razor you're using, and we will send you Free, a blade that will probably fit your razor perfectly. They fit most standard safety razors, but give best results in a **Gem Junior** frame.

Set of 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, 35 cents

Gem Junior Safety Razor, with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, $1.00—sold everywhere

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50% Off on World-Famed Bicycle

Write today—before a Retail Dealer takes on the America line in your community. We will let you have [illegible] at same price as dealer has to pay for the [illegible] cycle. Just as soon as we close with a dealer this offer will positively be withdrawn. Now you can save half. Later, everybody must pay full retail price.

The "America"

Truss Frame and Coaster Brake Diamond

represent 20 years of leadership in highest grade bicycle success in United States. Double-strength Truss Frame (our exclusive construction), Hygienic Spring Fork (we have exclusive rights to use this fork for whole United States). Ten year guaranty [illegible] against accidents. Write today [illegible] Catalog and our Money-Saving Proposition in FULL. Address (6)

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That's the way I ship my Right Incubator, Hot Water System, Double Walled, Triple Top, Copper Tank, Self Regulating with the Electric Alarm Bell attachment. You examine it before paying balance. Made in three sizes. Others claim best, I *prove* the Right is. Send name for catalog.

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Box D 64, QUINCY, ILL.

Ask My Price

I also want to tell you WHY the RELIABLE is the SAFEST BUY and SUREST HATCH, and to send you my big new book on [illegible]. I claim for the RELIABLE INCUBATOR AT ANY PRICE. Every machine backed by an iron-clad guarantee.

J. W. Myers, Pres. Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box B-4, Quincy, Ill.

130 EGG INCUBATOR $7.25. A high-grade hatcher [illegible]

Mankato Incubator Co., Box 844, Mankato, Minn.

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"Visible [illegible] makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅓ rate.

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid [illegible] Both for $10

[illegible], copper [illegible] Redwood—best construction. Guaranteed. Order direct or write for Free catalog.

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

You can always count on right results when you use Acme Quality Paints and Finishes

Enough chalk and water brushed on the outside of your house would give it a white appearance. Wouldn't cost much, either, at the outset. But the question is, how long would it last? What good would it do? Inferior paint is in the chalk-and-water class because it is a mighty poor investment from any standpoint — doesn't spread evenly — soon cracks and blisters. Paint should be protective as well as decorative. Acme Quality Paint is both. It will reduce your painting problems to a minimum.

Acme Quality Enamel
Imagine a bedroom all finished in snowy white or some delicate tint. Acme Quality Enamel will do it — gives a hard, smooth surface that will not crack or fade.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac
stains and varnishes at one application. Exact colors and effects of expensive woods — mahogany, oak, cherry, walnut, rosewood — easily produced. Durable and lustrous.

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish
gives a hard, lustreless, washable finish to the walls, ceilings and woodwork. In white or attractive colors. May be applied over burlap or canvas as well as on plaster. Easily cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. Ready for use. Flows smooth and even — does not show laps.

Your house, your barn, your fences, are all the worse for the winter's wear. You'll find dull, shabby places on your walls and floors, dents and scratches on your furniture. Acme paints will cover these defects and give your property a new lease on life. There's a kind for every requirement — stains, varnishes, enamels and a variety of other finishes for floors, walls, inside woodwork and the furniture of each room — special paint for the floors and woodwork of porches — special enamels for window screens, porch furniture, etc.

Acme Quality House Paint
holds its fine appearance season after season because of its non-fading properties. Every shade made specially to avoid chemical reaction and insure durability and beauty. Extensive facilities make every step in its preparation an exact science and insure absolute uniformity.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes stand for extreme economy because of their remarkable surface-covering capacity and durability. They are easy to apply — flow readily, spread evenly and dry quickly. Insist upon having the genuine. The trade mark is your guide. It is likewise your assurance that the outcome will be all you can possibly desire.

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

will be mailed to you free, postpaid, on request. Handsomely illustrated in colors. Gives complete information about painting. You will find this book indispensable when any kind of painting is to be done.

No doubt your dealer sells Acme Quality Paints. Tell him what kind of surfaces you wish to cover. If he cannot supply you, let us know and we will see that your requirements are promptly and completely met.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.

There are sound substantial reasons for the pre-eminent position of the Cadillac

What is the source of that mysterious enthusiasm which makes everyone speak in superlative terms of the Cadillac?

What peculiar qualities does it possess, which impel the public to dismiss impatiently the suggestion that other cars are "as good as the Cadillac"?

What advantages does the Cadillac owner enjoy, day by day, which convince him that his is incontestably the better car?

Why do Cadillac dealers everywhere encounter a lively disposition to compare the Cadillac with the costliest cars; but not with cars of like or half-way higher price?

On what basis can we explain the phenomena, encountered everywhere, of men reverting to the Cadillac, from cars costing two, and three times as much money?

The Primal Cause of Cadillac Efficiency

The subject is a big one; it cannot be compassed in a brief advertisement.

But the source of Cadillac satisfaction can be indicated.

We can trace the cause; and we can partially picture the effect.

Let us take, merely as an example, separating it from all the rest—one, big, little fact.

Every Cadillac piston and every Cadillac cylinder is interchangeable with every other Cadillac piston and every other Cadillac cylinder.

More than 400 essentially accurate dimensions in Cadillac parts are measured down to one one-thousandth of an inch.

Johannson of Eskelstuna, Sweden, is the inventor of the most wonderful system of limit gauges for infinitesimally fine measurements the world has ever seen—gauges which are accurate to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch.

The Cadillac Company is, and has been for years, the world's foremost exponent of its own; and of the Johannson system.

Cadillac adherence to unexampled accuracy ante-dates the Johannson discovery. It goes back forty years to its inception—ten years, in its application to the Cadillac car.

So here you have the primal cause—the source of that world-wide, mysterious, Cadillac enthusiasm—the despair of cars which may look like, but are not like the Cadillac; because they have not wrapped up in them the fervor and the life time devotion inspired by an ideal.

Effects which follow the Primal Cause

And now as to the effect.

How is the inherent difference of the Cadillac expressed in its outward behavior—how does it differ and how does it surpass?

In a hundred ways; some of them intangible, but ever-present; many of them intensely practical—things you can see and feel and know.

The first fruit of fine measurement and perfect alignment is, of course, the reduction of friction to the closest possible approach to a theoretical zero.

Friction is the worst and most relentless enemy to efficient service in a motor car.

The defeat of this relentless enemy can be accomplished by no other weapon known to motor car manufacture than the most scrupulous and properly applied standardization.

Once accomplished, it carries in its train two other splendid victories.

Wear, tear and repair are the evil offsprings of friction.

And when friction is reduced to a minimum, their capacity for discomfort and danger, and damage is almost totally nullified.

At one and the same time, and from the same source, another splendid benefit is conferred upon the car.

Elimination of friction means extraordinary ease of operation.

It achieves that luxurious evenness which is supposed to be one of the chief characteristics in cars of the highest price; and the cardinal quality for which men are willing to pay that high price.

These extraordinary requisitions—reduction of wear, tear and repair, and running qualities of velvety smoothness—are the distinguished characteristics of a frictionless car.

You have them in the Cadillac, because the Cadillac is the world's foremost exponent of anti-friction methods of measurements.

Advantages you may enjoy and Disadvantages you may escape.

The presence or the absence of the qualities described herein—qualities traceable to properly applied standardization and the resulting correct alignment; qualities traceable to skillful design and advanced manufacturing methods and the results of scientific research and development, explain:—

Why the owner of one car has to crank and crank his engine to get it started while the Cadillac owner gets into his car, presses a button, disengages the clutch and his engine starts.

Why the owner of one car, even with a so-called "self-starter," can start the engine only some of the time while the Cadillac electric cranking device is fully as efficient and fully as dependable as every other part of the Cadillac car.

Why the owner of one car must get out—often in the rain and mud—open his lamps, fumble for matches, turn on and regulate the gas and light up while the Cadillac owner without delay or annoyance simply closes the switches and the electric lamps are lighted.

Why one car starts with a jerk and a lunge while the Cadillac can be started off with the smoothness of an ocean liner.

Why in one car about all the driver's strength is required to operate the clutch and brakes while with the Cadillac, slight foot pressure is all that is necessary.

Why in one car the change of gears is accompanied by a crash and a grind while with the Cadillac the change can be made so that it is scarcely perceptible.

Why one car is difficult to keep in the road while the Cadillac seems almost to steer itself.

Why in one car with a steering gear which has no provision for taking up wear, lost motion develops making steering uncertain and unsafe while in the Cadillac steering gear the adjustments provided are more adequate than will probably be required.

Why one car rides hard and stiff, the springs seem unyielding and the car is less comfortable to ride in over a paved street than is the Cadillac over an ordinary road.

Why one car may run quietly and smoothly when new but soon becomes noisy and shakes and rattles while the Cadillac often after years of service runs as smoothly as when new.

Why one car runs all right on level roads but when it comes to sand and hills it has not the power to make the pulls while the Cadillac has an abundance of power for all reasonable requirements and with its standardization, the correct alignment and the substantial construction, the maximum of that power is delivered at the rear wheels.

Why one car shows only 8 or 10 miles on a gallon of gasoline while the Cadillac averages 60 to 80 per cent greater mileage.

Why one car after a few months begins to evidence a loss of power while Cadillacs frequently show an improvement.

Why in one car the engine overheats and the water boils while with Cadillac construction and the Cadillac cooling system the causes of over-heating are practically eliminated.

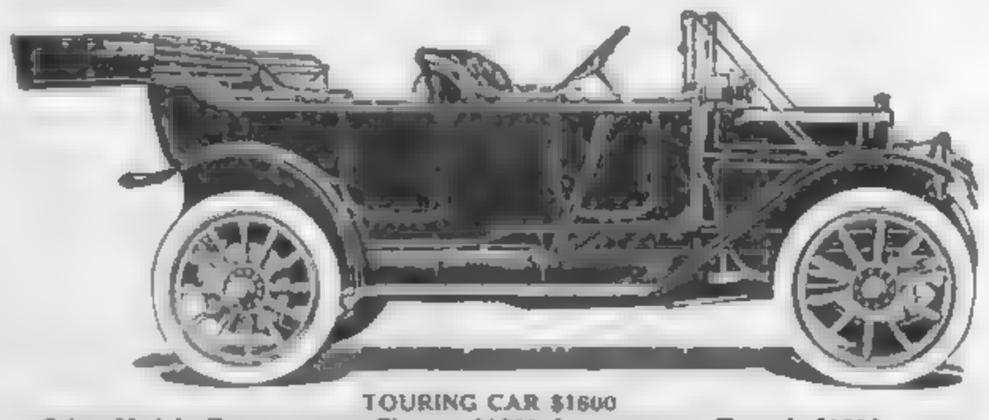
Why one car emits volumes of smoke and it becomes necessary to clean the engine and especially the spark plugs every few weeks, while the Cadillac with its efficient lubricating system and the accurate fit of the cylinders, pistons and rings emits no smoke at all and frequently runs for a year or more without even having a spark plug removed.

Why the oil consumption of one car is from two to four times that of the Cadillac.

Why the owner of one car must be continually tinkering with his car to keep it going while many Cadillac owners rarely open their tool kits.

Why one car after a few months' use depreciates in selling value to half of its original cost or less while depreciation in the Cadillac is reduced to an absolute minimum.

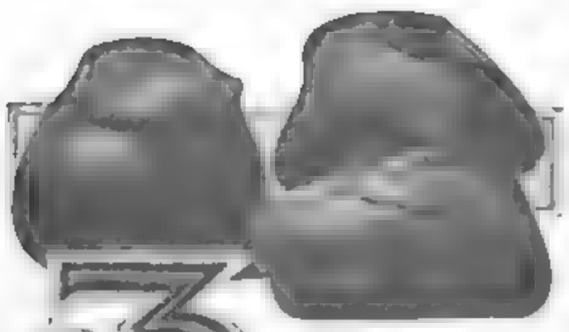
So many "Whys" indeed, which evidence the pre-eminence of the Cadillac that we cannot here cite even a tenth part of them.



TOURING CAR $1600

Other Models: Four passenger Phaeton $1800, four passenger Torpedo $1900, two passenger Roadster $1800, four passenger Coupé $2250, seven passenger Limousine $3250.

Cadillac Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.



93 of the Fruitiest, Most Delicious Bites FREE

to Acquaint You With

ACME CHOCOLATES

Just try *Acmes*—the chocolates with the fresh fruit flavors. The genuine fruit is enveloped in the cream, then dipped in chocolate. The juice of the fruit partly dissolves the cream and when you bite into it—Um-m-m!

Choicest fruits and the purest highest grade chocolate and sugar, together with infinite care and cleanliness, have given these confections a flavor and palatability probably never equaled—a flavor and delicacy rarely *suggested* even in the highest priced, best known chocolates made. Our liberal FREE offer of Acme Chocolates is the proof of this unusual claim.

A Trinity of Purity to Make You Acquainted

Send us your name and address on a postal card, also that of your dealer. By return mail we will send you free, with no obligations, the most delicious proof of quality ever offered by a candy maker. Will you let us? Write at once

DEALERS: Write for our Special Offer.

THE CEDAR RAPIDS CANDY CO.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa (1)

Have Your Own Steel Fireproof Garage

Any Man Can Set It Up

$72.50

Have your own Garage—make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly Garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, F. O. B. Cincinnati, on receipt of $72.50. Any man can set it up, ready for use, in a few hours. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Absolutely Fireproof, Weatherproof, Indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request. (65)

EDWARDS MFG. CO., 648-650 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

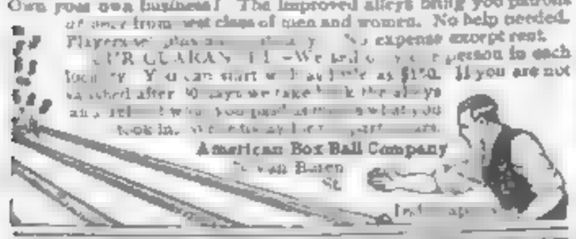
A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powdrpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather-proof, fire-proof and durable for outside or inside painting. It is the cement principle applied to paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufr., 79 North St., Adams, N. Y. and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today.

MAKE BIG MONEY NOW

Write us for actual cases of men who have started Box Ball Alleys—Barbers, Clerks, Street Car Employes, and others in many kinds of employment who are now making $100 to $600 a month profit from this clean, fascinating game. One man with 4 alleys made clear $680 in 30 days. Own your own business! The improved alleys bring you patrons of every class of men and women. No help needed. Players wait their turn. No expense except rent. [illegible] PER CLEARANCE—We send complete outfit and one person to each locality. You can start with as little as $150. If you are not satisfied after 90 days we take back the alleys and refund [illegible] you paid us, less what you took in. Write today for particulars.



American Box Ball Company
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SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System written with only nine characters. No positions — no [illegible] — no shading — no word signs — no [illegible] notes. Speedily practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study. Superior to Pitmanic in every way. Easier to learn, write, read. Chicago Correspondence Schools, 931 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

THE CITIZEN IN COURT

(Continued from Page 14)

he likes by what are called "false pretenses," provided those false pretenses do not relate to some present or past matter. If they relate to a future transaction they do not come within the law. And in certain jurisdictions the criminal has only to kill his victim and successfully hide the body, destroy it or sink it in the sea, and he cannot be punished unless some one actually saw him commit the murder or do some act that would naturally result in the death of his victim. The circumstantial evidence may be overwhelming, but if these two things are absent the criminal cannot be punished.

On the other extreme, one is often surprised at what appears to be extraordinary severity in the criminal law. A man receives a penal sentence for stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's window or ten years for taking a few coins from a pedestrian. The explanation does not lie in the amount of the loss.

In the first case, the point is that the person has broken into the baker's window in the nighttime—and that is burglary. The serious element here is the "breaking," with intent to steal. The law is very comprehensive in its definition of this word. Breaking has been held to include the lifting of a latch or the unfastening of a hook, and the like.

In the second instance, the crime is robbery; and the serious element here is not the value of the article taken from the person. It is what the law calls "putting in fear." Consequently one accomplishes all the elements of this crime by merely putting a person in fear and taking something of value from him, no matter how slight. When one compares the light sentence of an embezzler with the long sentence of a burglar or highway robber he must understand the elements of the crimes in order to make an intelligent comment. The law holds human life and safety of the greatest value—and the crimes of burglary and robbery threaten human life and safety; embezzlement does not.

Enemies of the People

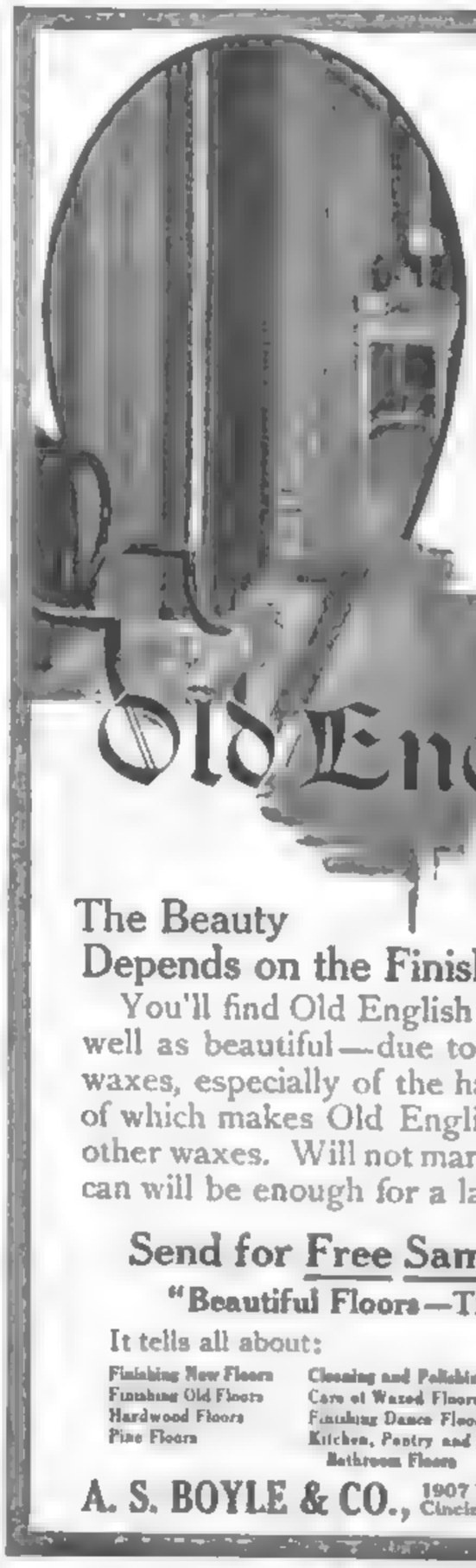
The citizen, however, should remember that there are certain rights of which he is not deprived by the law. In surrendering the maintenance of order the citizen has retained the right to defend his house against attempts to enter it forcibly and the right to defend himself when his life is jeoparded—and he is not required to go first to any court or authority for permission to do so. He must always remember, however, that, though the state permits him this right, it retains the right to review his act and determine whether or not he was justified in what he did. He cannot do an unnecessary or wanton violence under these privileges. If he does he will be punished.

When the citizen comes into court as a juror, witness, or the like, he is constantly confronted with certain aspects of the law that seem difficult for him to understand, and that often lead him to conclude that its administration is strangely impracticable. He observes that a prisoner charged with crime has the right to refuse to make any explanation. He is astonished at this. The prisoner is primarily the one who really knows whether or not he is guilty. Yet the law, making every effort in all other directions to learn this fact, permits the person who is in possession of it to remain silent. This seems to the citizen to be precisely the reverse of a practical way of getting at the thing. If the man is innocent he ought to be ready and willing to make his explanation; and if he is guilty he ought to be forced to make it.

It must be admitted that, as our system of justice now stands, it is a fair question whether this ancient privilege of the law has not outlived its usefulness. One can readily see what an enormous benefit to society it would be if persons involved in criminal conspiracies could be questioned. Recent notorious criminal cases have brought this question very sharply to public attention. If a criminal thought to have accomplices could be interrogated the people would be spared enormous trouble and expense, and every guilty person might speedily be brought to justice. It must be remembered that the criminal is the enemy of society—

The Beauty of Your Floors and Woodwork Depends on their Finish

Old English Floor Wax will put a finish on your floors, furniture and woodwork that will be soft and rich and lustrous—the kind of effect that has been acknowledged as good taste for ages. You never tire of it.



Old English Floor Wax

The Beauty Depends on the Finish

You'll find Old English finish exceptionally durable as well as beautiful—due to the large proportion of solid waxes, especially of the hard, imported, costly wax—all of which makes Old English outlast and go farther than other waxes. Will not mar nor scratch. Try it—a 50-cent can will be enough for a large room. It is easy to apply.

Send for Free Sample and Our Book

"Beautiful Floors—Their Finish and Care"

It tells all about:

Finishing New Floors	Cleaning and Polishing	Finishing Furniture
Finishing Old Floors	Care of Waxed Floors	Interior Woodwork
Hardwood Floors	Finishing Dance Floors	Stopping Cracks
Pine Floors	Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors	Removing Varnish, etc.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1907 West 8th St. Cincinnati, Ohio

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
1907 W. 8th St.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Send Booklet and Free [illegible] to try Old English at home

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CYCLONE LAWN FENCE

Cyclone Fence
Is Artistic, Practical, Durable.
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Cyclone Fence Co., Dept. 42
Waukegan, Ill.

From the Peanut Fields of Virginia To the Orange Groves of Florida

Turn the 6 Stop Overs to your credit by the S. A. L. Ry. You can be independent raising fruit and vegetables. Land cheap, easy terms. Ideal climate, plenty of water. Two to three crops a year. Net $500 to $1000 per acre in Manatee County, on the West Coast of Florida. Booklet free. J. A. PRIDE, Gen. Ind. Agt. Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 512, Norfolk, Va.

This sock *stays* silky!

You'll soon be wearing oxfords and your socks will *show!* Buy socks that *look* nice as long as they *wear.* If you've had trouble with socks that lose their good looks the moment they get in the tub, try this handsome Iron Clad No. 398. Its smooth, silky finish *stays*—you can't wash out *its* lustre

Iron Clad No. 398—25c

Is a seamless sock that *fits*—soft and comfortable on the foot. Heels and toes are of the *strongest* texture ever put into socks—you'd be surprised how easy you are on socks when you wear this 398

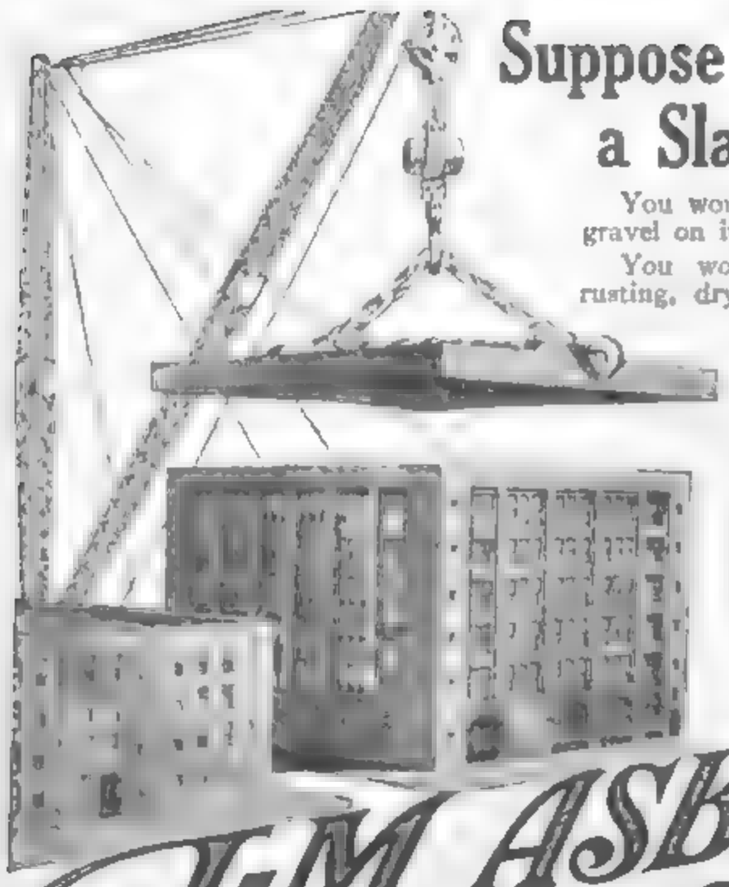
[illegible] the most newest colors [illegible] Golden Tan, Medium Weight [illegible] Black Lisle Lisle Top [illegible] Heels [illegible] Navy Blue New Cedar Wine Red and Black. Sizes 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½

25c is all you pay for this splendid Hose. We want you to [illegible] at our risk and expense, and we [illegible] Direct and *Prepay* the [illegible] to get them to you. Write today, stating colors and size desired.

Iron Clad

[illegible] our catalog—a beautiful book of hose styles, [illegible] Sent FREE. Write

Cooper Wells & Co., 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.



Suppose Your Roof was a Slab of Stone!

You wouldn't think of putting paint or gravel on it to water-proof and preserve it.

You wouldn't worry about it rotting, rusting, drying out, melting or deteriorating in any way.

And you wouldn't be alarmed if sparks or burning embers from a fire next door fell on your roof.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is practically such a *stone* roofing. It consists of layer on layer of Asbestos (stone) Felt securely cemented together with Trinidad Lake Asphalt—two *indestructible* minerals.

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

is practically indestructible. This is proven by the fact that it is still in good condition on many buildings where it has been in service for more than a quarter century without paint, gravel or repairs.

It has withstood the fierce flames of a plumber's blow-torch for nearly an hour without injury or without the boards to which it was nailed being even scorched.

Half a century of roofing experience and our positive guarantee of satisfaction are behind J-M Asbestos Roofing.

This roofing is suitable for all kinds of buildings in any climate.

Your dealer sells J-M Asbestos Roofing—if not send your order to our nearest Branch.

Sample of Asbestos Rock, FREE

We want to send you a sample of the odd rock from which this roofing is made. Simply write our nearest house on a postal and ask for a piece of crude Asbestos and Book No. 1149.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Manufacturers of Asbestos and Magnesia Products — THE ASBESTOS MARK — Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Electrical Supplies, Etc.

Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle

For Canada:—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ont. Montreal, Que. Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B. C.

1574

hence, unless there is some benefit to society in it, why permit him to stand dumb? And to the citizen, it seems difficult to realize how any injury to innocent persons could result from forcing a person to take the witness stand in his own behalf! Other nations, quite as enlightened as our worthy selves, do not grant their criminals this tender consideration.

It should be borne in mind that the law is primarily for the benefit of law-abiding persons and not the violators of it; and the average man may be right when he believes that a practical administration of justice demands the abolition of this ancient privilege.

He observes that the examination of witnesses in the trial of a cause follows a cut-and-dried method, which sometimes seems to him to go in a roundabout way to get at the truth. A great deal of care seems to be exercised to exclude from the witness' testimony any expression of his opinion. He is directed to give the fact only. In a great number of instances, however, the fact, after all, is merely the opinion of the witness, and the distinction becomes an attenuated refinement. The opinion of the witness is taken upon some of the most important facts of life—namely, the reputation of a man and the chastity of a woman; and why not to a certain practical extent in other matters?

Another thing which seems absurd to the average man is the method of examination of an expert witness. It is not permissible to ask the expert for his opinion directly upon the testimony in the case. He must be asked a hypothetical question of a supposed case which includes the elements of the testimony in the actual case. Now, to the layman, this is a distinction without a difference. It appears to be a childish subterfuge that does not, in fact, affect anybody. These matters, however, the citizen seems willing to leave to the machinery of the law to reform or correct as it may deem judicious.

The Crow That Jurors Pick

However, there are some aspects of the administration of justice of which he feels he has a right to complain. One of these things is the manner in which he is treated as a juror in capital cases. As the procedure now is in most jurisdictions, to be drawn as a juror in a case of the higher crimes means that one is locked up with eleven men, in the custody of an officer, for an indeterminate period. He is thereby sentenced to a term of close confinement with a number of other persons. In many respects the discomforts are greater than those attending a regular penal sentence; and if one were to choose between them upon the point of hardship and discomfort many men would accept the penal sentence rather than the jury service. It would seem that the courts must reform this procedure. The citizen demands that he be trusted, that he be permitted to go about his affairs, and that he be treated as though he were responsible. He maintains that the way to secure a high standard of honor and a high sense of responsibility is not to assume that one is dishonorable; but that it is by trusting to the honor and integrity of men that the high standard is gained. And it must be admitted that an answer to this argument is hard to find.

The citizen also complains of the manner in which he is treated as a witness. Because he happens to observe a crime or witness a controversy, he is often treated in a court of justice as though he were a felon. His personal history and affairs are intimately inquired into, though they have no relation to the subject-matter in controversy; but they are dragged in under the excuse of testing his credibility, and the like. He also complains that those engaged in the administration of justice, when he appears before them, violate his personal dignity and his self-respect in the conduct of their proceedings. He resents this. He asserts that he would permit no other institution of his Government thus to treat him when he is innocent of wrong and comes before it for the public good. He demands a reform along these lines. He would leave the legal profession to make it if it will—if not he will take a hand himself. And surely, in the vague clamor that has arisen for a revision of judicial procedure, for a recall of judges, and the like, there is something for the legal profession seriously to consider. One must beware how he forces his brother to reform him. Has not Tacitus said: "With more than brotherly hate!"

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

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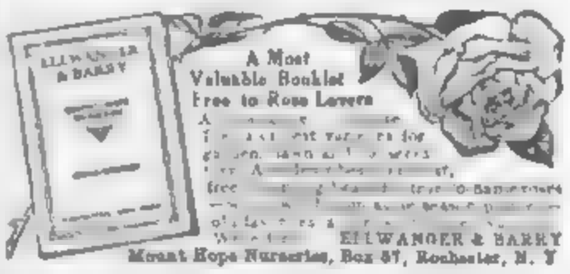
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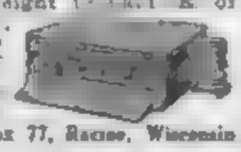

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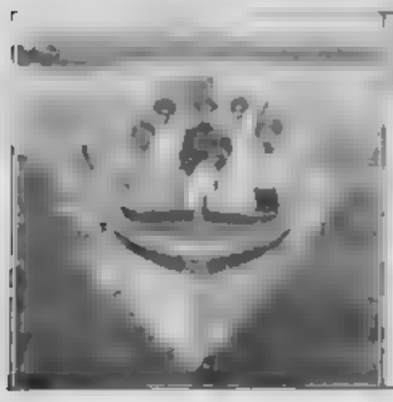

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Three Immensely Important Facts

concerning the much-talked-of

United States TIRES

The first fact—and the biggest

UNITED STATES TIRES are made as no other tires in the world are made

The co-operative method employed in their manufacture is unique in automobile tire manufacturing.

Here is the method

In four of the largest and best-equipped tire factories in the world there are at work today four corps of tire Specialists, each of which formerly made a brand of tires which ranked among the world's *best* tires—Continental, G & J Hartford and Morgan & Wright.

Each body of men formerly put into the tire of its particular manufacture enough of quality, enough of strength, enough of actual *wear* to cause the tire to become a *front-rank* tire—a tire that easily competed with all other single-factory tires.

Now—

In the same factories today these same tire Specialists are at work building tires not only as good as *they* know how, but—and mark this—as good as their knowledge, plus the knowledge of *three additional corps of tire-experts*, can make them

Or, to put it another way—

It is precisely as if the motorist, desiring an *ideal* tire, should contract with four leading tire manufacturers to build a tire that would actually combine every element of strength and every secret of manufacture known to the four companies.

It is *inconceivable* that such a method of tire manufacturing should not produce a grade of tires that is *distinctly* better than could possibly have been produced by any one of the factories working single-handed.

The motorist who is also a manufacturer will *instantly* recognize this advantage

It has been said that this co-operative system (employed *only* in the making of United States Tires) is nothing short of revolutionary in the history of tire-making; that it represents an *ability* to give *big tire value* to the motorist that has never before been *approached*.

America's Predominant Tires

(any style)

at no greater cost than other kinds

But far more important to us—as well as to you—is the fact that motorists in every part of the country—on city boulevards and mountain roads—are getting from this *new method* of manufacture a quantity and quality of tire service that is the best possible proof of the *superiority* of the method.

Tests tell, and the service-test to which you can put United States Tires this spring and summer will demonstrate clearly to you that four immense factories, *working as a unit*, can produce a motor tire for you that is as unique in its service qualities as it is in its method of manufacture.

We frankly admit that we are proud to be the manufacturers of tires made as United States Tires are made

The second fact

YOU can buy United States Tires in any *style* you prefer.

Three styles of fastening—Dunlop (straight side), Quick Detachable and Clincher, and five different treads—Plain, Bailey, Nobby, Chain, Type Course and Steel Stud

The United States line is *exceptionally* complete, and no motorist is compelled to seek elsewhere for this or that style to suit his particular fancy.

Thus the motorist who clearly recognizes our claim to his patronage on the basis of *manufacturing methods* is enabled to take advantage of our tires *regardless of personal choice* in the matter of fastening or tread.

If you are convinced that a certain style of fastening or tread can best serve your purpose, you can not only get it in a United States Tire, but—what is even more important—you can get it in a tire made as only United States Tires are made.

The third fact

UNITED STATES TIRES cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds.

This cost-no-more fact is responsible for a *big* increase in sales during the past year.

The opportunity to secure *extra value without extra cost* has naturally appealed to motorists who are wedded to no tire but the most *economical* tire it is possible to buy.

There is every indication that the spring season will witness thousands of motorists putting on one, two or more United States Tires for the *first* time—motorists who are convinced that, *at the same price* tires made by our co-operative method most certainly *should* give exceptionally large mileage returns for their investment.

Knowing as thoroly as we do what our four-factory method of manufacture means in the production of superior grade tires, we frankly invite every motorist who, without prejudice, is looking for a *full* return on his tire expenditure, to use United States Tires as either partial or *exclusive* equipment during 1912.

NOTE—Membership in our Service Bureau is open to all motorists irrespective of the kind of tires they are using. The present enrollment is nearly 18,000. A complete Instruction Book on "How to keep down your Tire Expense" (48 pp) furnished to each member, and additional information on the subject is supplied from time to time. No charge. Merely send name, address and name of car.

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Making a clean comfortable shave a certainty

The New Torrey Honing Strop has put comfortable, pleasant shaving within reach of all.

Even though you could never strop your razor with an ordinary strop, you can do it now—put a perfect edge on it—with this New Torrey Strop.

The virtue is all in the strop itself—the method is so simple anyone can do it.

The discovery of a wonderful new sharpening preparation by the head of our firm has made this possible.

This preparation is worked into the sharpening surface of the New Torrey Honing Strop and will not require renewal even after many years of use.

The finishing side of the strop is made of carefully selected and prepared leather.

Just draw your razor up and down the finishing side of a New Torrey Strop before and after shaving—once a week give it one or two strokes on the sharpening side—and your razor will shave you perfectly without a pull or a smart.

Get one of these wonderful New Torrey Honing Strops from your dealer and enjoy a cool, smooth, close shave, every day, in perfect comfort and without the slightest irritation of the skin.

Your dealer should sell these strops—if he doesn't, write to us direct. Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write to us at once for our special proposition.

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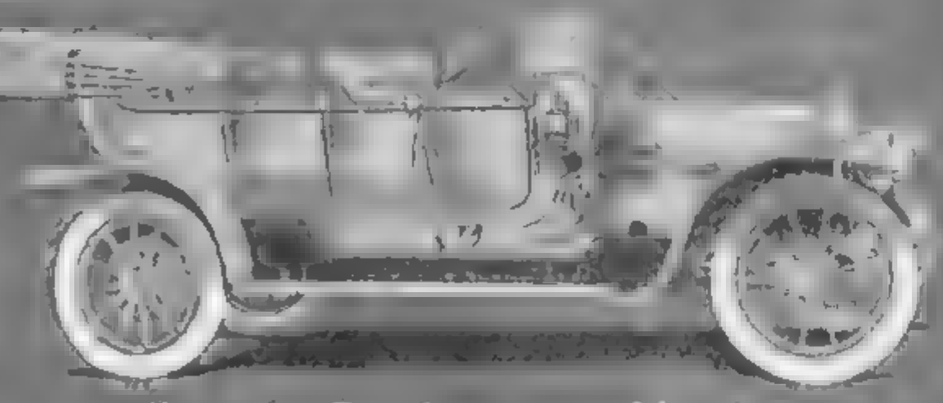

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 21)

has riven such a face with the thunderbolt of tears was far from his intentions.

"Er—yes, of course, Miss Percey. You may count upon me for tombstones as long as the quarry holds out," he exclaimed; "but the fact is, I am thinking of a few benevolences myself, and I was just wondering if you ladies will support me in mine if I do what I can to help you."

"Nothing will afford us greater pleasure, Mr. Bone!" she assured him, making good with a smile scalloped inside with two rows of perfectly white teeth.

"It's a bargain then?"

They clasped hands facetiously, and Mildred withdrew, smiling.

Soon after this Bone found a card upon his desk upon which were printed certain scriptures designed to arouse and stimulate the faculty of benevolence—such as "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "Feed my sheep," and so forth. At length the old sheep herself appeared. As he entered the office one morning after a short absence at the post-office he beheld Mrs. Martin seated at his desk. Her knees were far apart, her skirts spread out setting-hen fashion, her broad black belt supported a bright steel buckle in front. She had on a shallow black hat somewhat awry upon her head, and beneath it she wore the indomitable expression of one who knows she is about to do right and has prayed without ceasing for guidance—at your expense.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Bone.

"Good morning, Jim," she conceded.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Jim, I am here in a good cause, and I want you to pay attention to me," she began.

"And what else?" he inquired.

"What else what?" She looked up.

"What else do you want me to pay besides attention?"

"Oh, I see the Lord has prepared your heart!" she exclaimed.

He did not admit it, but merely dropped his head lower, which increased his disagreeable horned expression.

"It's the missionary society. We are thirty dollars behind with the Bible woman's fund, and not another cent can I get out of this town for it. And if we don't pay it our Bible women in Korea will starve to death. I have prayed over it and I believe the Lord has directed me to come to you."

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Martin. I'll contribute the thirty dollars, provided you agree to give me your support and the support of the church as far as you can influence its membership in my work in this town."

"What is the nature of it?" she demanded, thinking this a good chance to solve the mystery that continued to surround the Bone Building.

"It's redemptive, same as yours," he replied.

She hesitated. Mr. Bone clamped his jaws, lifted his head, and offered to dismiss the subject with a plain gesture.

"Well, if you are sure it's redemptive, I promise!" she consented.

"I am sure!" He grinned energetically as he sat down to write the check for her.

"Jim, are you sure you know what redemptive work is?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"Well, I never thought I did till I came back here," he answered, laughing; "but now I know I know what it is. You can trust me."

Thus he went on bribing and tying the citizens of Ruckersville, male and female, hand and heart and foot. He subscribed to their festivals, to the organ fund, to the fund Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was raising for the Colonial Dames, and even to a far-off band of King's Daughters to which Leonora Bell belonged. One of the few women who did not approach him in this sweet mendicant rôle was Sylvia Story. Either Sylvia did not care for benevolence and belonged to none of these organizations, or she was one of those women who do not need to ask.

Still, it was a fact that Bone had advanced old Clark Story a thousand dollars upon the cobalt expectations in his cow pasture; and that in consequence of this sudden good fortune Sylvia went to Atlanta once a week that autumn, where she took vocal lessons from Berilli, the most famous teacher in the South at that time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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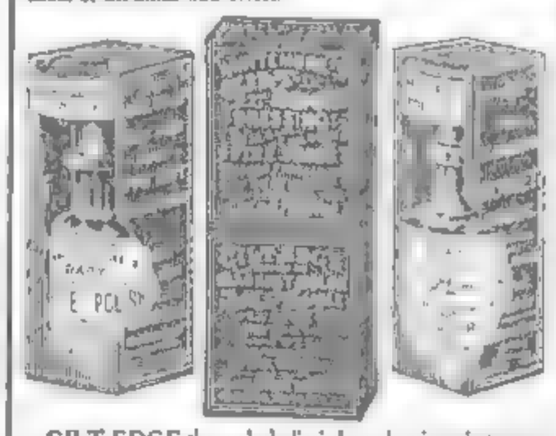

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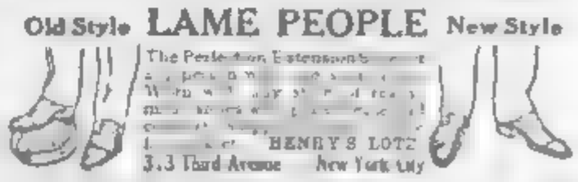

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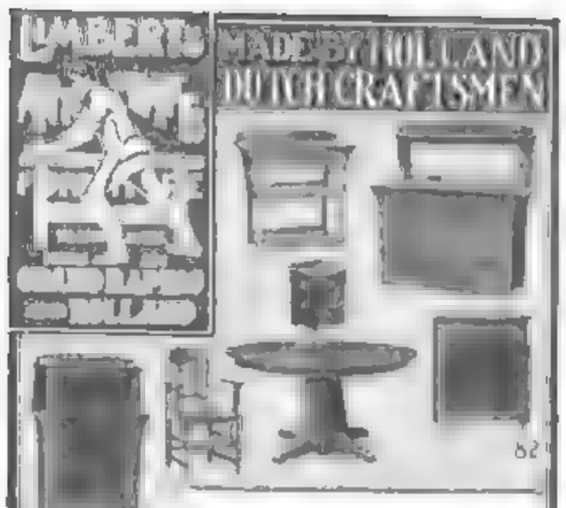

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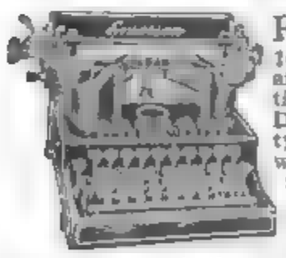

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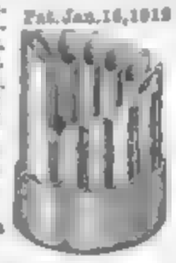

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THE SUFFRAGE IN MILLERSTOWN

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Except drink in them!" said Lizzie with a new quickness of thought.

Steiner would bring them good roads.

"But he is a bad man!" said Lizzie. "It is better to have bad roads. Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?" she asked.

"No!" shouted Alpheus. "Get up!"

It was half-past four when the children came home from school. Alpheus, the oldest, was twelve; Lizzie, who was next to the baby, was five; they were the most obedient children that ever lived. Their mother had risen now to a sitting posture. Seeing her, they hurried up the lane.

"You are to go to your Aunt Sally," she said. "You can go to your Aunt Sally till six o'clock."

The children stared at her and at each other; then they trotted off. Only little Alpheus looked back.

"Why do you sit on the cellar door, mom?" he called.

"Because I like it," said Lizzie.

From the earth beneath came a reproving voice.

"Ain't you ashamed, mom, to lie to children! Ain't you ashamed?"

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?" asked Lizzie with the same deadly monotony.

"No!" yelled Alpheus "I won't."

After a long time the clock in the kitchen struck five. The sound reached the cellar. In an hour the polls would close.

"That was six o'clock," said Alpheus.

"It was five," corrected Lizzie.

It seemed to Lizzie, shivering without, and to Alpheus, shivering within, that hours passed before there was another sound. Then Lizzie spoke once more:

"Will you promise not to vote for Steiner?"

To her amazement Alpheus returned a prompt "Yes."

"W-what?" faltered Lizzie.

"I said 'Yes,'" repeated Alpheus. To Alpheus' shame, be it said, Alpheus did not tell the truth. An expedient had occurred to him. If he could only get to the polls in time!

For all her weight and stiffness, Lizzie almost sprang from the door. It was at once lifted and Alpheus thrust up his head. Then he bounced out.

"You dare not make a man promise something when you have him penned up!" he shouted. "It says so in the law. I am going to vote. I——"

Alpheus paused. Up the lane came the children.

"What time is it?" Alpheus demanded furiously of his wife.

"It struck six already," she said heavily; "I thought I would give you another chance to do right, Alpheus."

"What!" began Alpheus—then paused.

Seeing the wild-looking creature before him, Alpheus was suddenly appalled. The recollection of his wrongs, of Steiner's probable rage, of his own little, unshepherded political flock, vanished from his mind; he saw instead those wild, window-smashing Londoners.

"Mom," said Alpheus, "are you going to parade like—like those others? Will you vote, mom?"

Solemnly Lizzie returned his gaze. She was stiff and sore in body and mind; she was a stranger to herself.

"I do not know yet what I will do," said she ominously.

Alpheus was distracted with fright. It would have made no difference to him now if Steiner had been plunged into the sea. He tried to take Lizzie's unwilling hand; he called to the children to "Come quick to mom!" Then he rushed into the kitchen.

"See, mom!" he cried. "Here is the baby—the little baby, mom! It cries for you, mom! See!"

Thankful for the fierce screams with which the baby resented being torn from his bed in the midst of sleep, Alpheus bore him forth and placed him in his mother's arms. Then, as the amazed and terrified children surrounded her, Lizzie returned for the time at least—to woman's sphere. With a loudness which inspired a like demonstration from all her frightened offspring and made Alpheus declare that hereafter he would do everything she liked and nothing she did not like—with a heartiness that branded victory as a not unmixed satisfaction—poor Lizzie wept.

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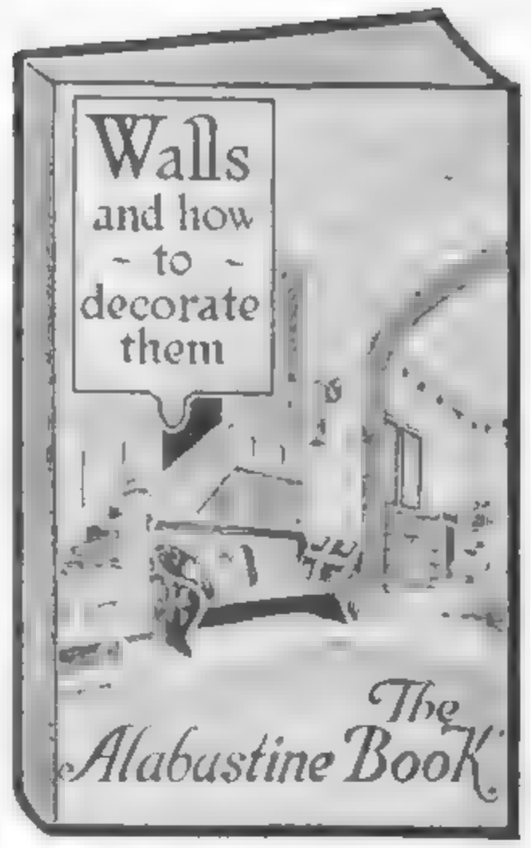

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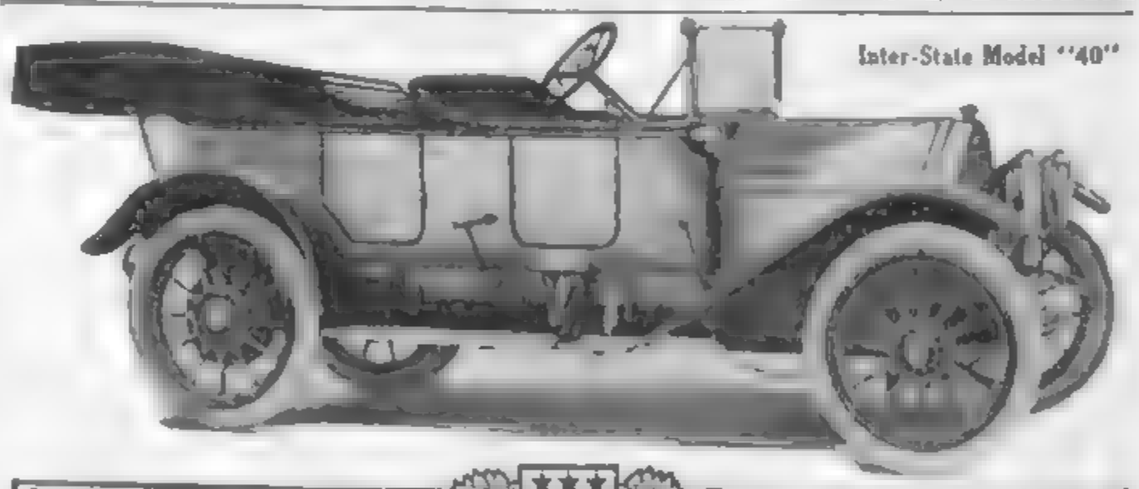

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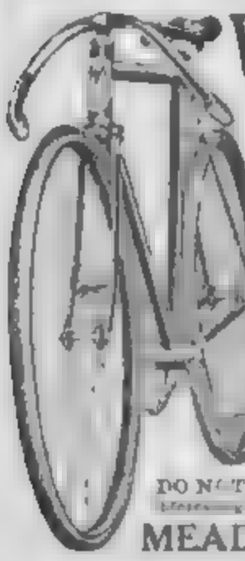

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Substitutes for Wood

ONE of the standing problems in the Office of Wood Utilization is that of substitution. It is the hidden rock that has crippled more than one lumbering enterprise and has at times threatened the safety of almost the entire trade. And the principal peril of this rock of disaster is that it is always shifting its position. Consequently the Office of Wood Utilization is kept constantly busy recharting the trade situation so that lumbermen and manufacturers in wood may steer clear of Substitute Rock.

"Substitution of other materials for wood," says Mr. Sackett, "has made startling and sensational advances, especially in the last five years. You can hardly turn to a large industry that does not show the inroads of a substitute for wood. Very likely the cry that our forests are going fast is in a measure responsible for this wholesale substitution. Looking at this matter from an entirely economic and practical viewpoint, without any special prejudice in favor of wood, I am as yet unable to decide whether the benefits of this wholesale substitution outweigh its bad features or not; but this I do know: substitution is the skeleton in the closet of practically every lumberman and wood-manufacturer in the country. It is the secret peril of the entire wood-using trade.

"Only a few years ago, during the late panic, the whole talk of the lumber trade was pitched to this key: 'Just wait until the railroads begin to hand out orders again and then we'll come back into our own all right and make up for lost time.' The railroads, however, did not come back into the market again for lumber—at least not in the old sense of the term. The car shop that formerly used eighty million feet of wood came back for only ten million at most. The substitute had entered its appearance. The old-style Pullman car contained twenty thousand feet of wood; the present type contains only four hundred feet.

"Previous to the panic, it had been the policy of the railroads running west of Chicago to use timber in their bridges as well as in their depots, station platforms and wherever it could be used. They were expected to come back into the market for these, but they did not. Instead, they built concrete bridges, stations and culverts. In their platforms they used brick and cinders. The same change has been going on in the country districts. An old retail lumberman told me that he used always to sell the highway commissioners of his section timbers and lumber for the bridges and culverts of their territory; but suddenly they changed the policy of construction to concrete, and in self-defense he was forced to buy two brickyards.

"Small boats were formerly built entirely of wood; now they are very largely made of galvanized iron and steel. The same substitution is going on in agricultural-implement manufacture. The makers are using metal in the place of wood wherever they can. The reason they give for this is that the kinds of wood they need are becoming very scarce and dear. Wagon manufacturers are also making iron wheels and gearing to an increasing extent.

"Oddly enough, this problem of substitution is, to a very large extent, a question of advertising. How many wholesale lumbermen advertise in the popular magazines and periodicals? Not a single lumbering firm! One lumber association in the South, however, was shrewd enough to attempt to increase the use of its product by means of advertising directly to the consumer. What was the result? Why, the experiment was an immense success; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the use of this particular wood was multiplied by the publicity it received. On the other hand, all the building substitutes are floated by liberal advertising campaigns. There is not a patent roofing, building paper, stucco or plaster that is not sold almost exclusively on an advertising basis. Undoubtedly the lumbering interests must go into the advertising field if they are going to maintain a successful war against the encroachments of the building substitutes. Another way of meeting the assaults of the substitute is to find increased uses for each particular wood. Here is where the Office of Wood Utilization can be of greatest service and it is pushing this work as rapidly as possible."

Farm Investments

are claiming the attention of people of means in all vocations. The advantages of investing the savings of the salaried position in the land need not be urged. The good farm, rightly managed, continues and increases in value from year to year and forms a permanent asset, subject to fewer of the fluctuations of business and commerce than city real estate, stocks or bonds.

How May a Reasonable Income On Investments Be Assured?

The business of directing a farm to assure the largest net profit, as well as to conserve the fertility and provide for the upkeep of improvements, is the serious problem now confronting those who invest in farms. The problems of farm management, whether the owner resides upon the place or operates it through a hired manager or tenant, are the most critical problems now confronting American agriculture. The owner who lives at a distance from his farm is seriously handicapped and often sacrifices a part of his income by his being removed from his business enterprise. There are conspicuous examples, however, of farms that are run by proxy with excellent results, and without deterioration of the soil.

The Country Gentleman

will present articles dealing with the various aspects of farm management as a business enterprise. The editors wish to learn of those who have made investments in farms or farm lands, and who have operated them profitably for a term of years. Articles and photographs dealing with such experiences are desired, and, when available, will be paid for at current rates. Address all communications to

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The Country Gentleman
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MAGAZINE MEN AND WOMEN

Snap-Shots of Authors and Artists at Work

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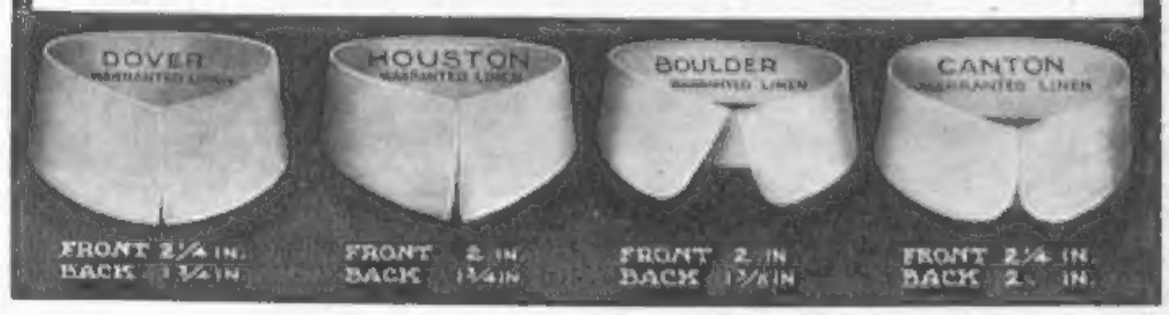

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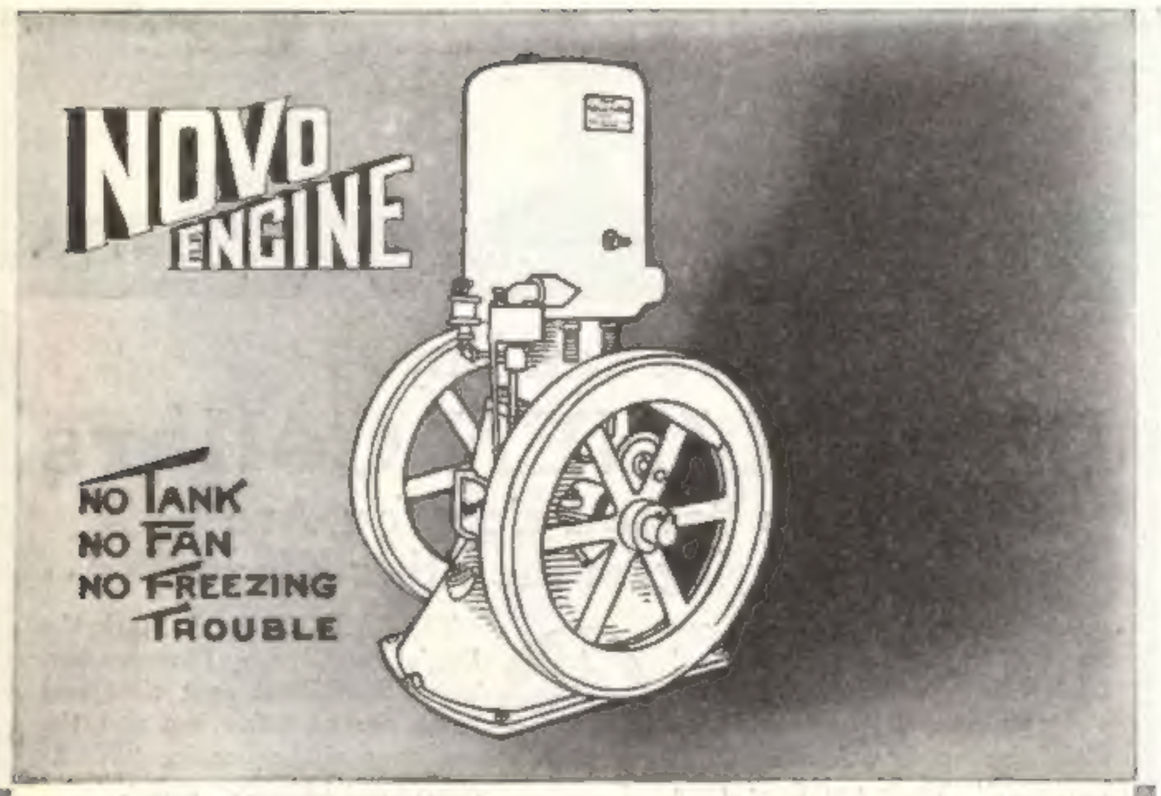

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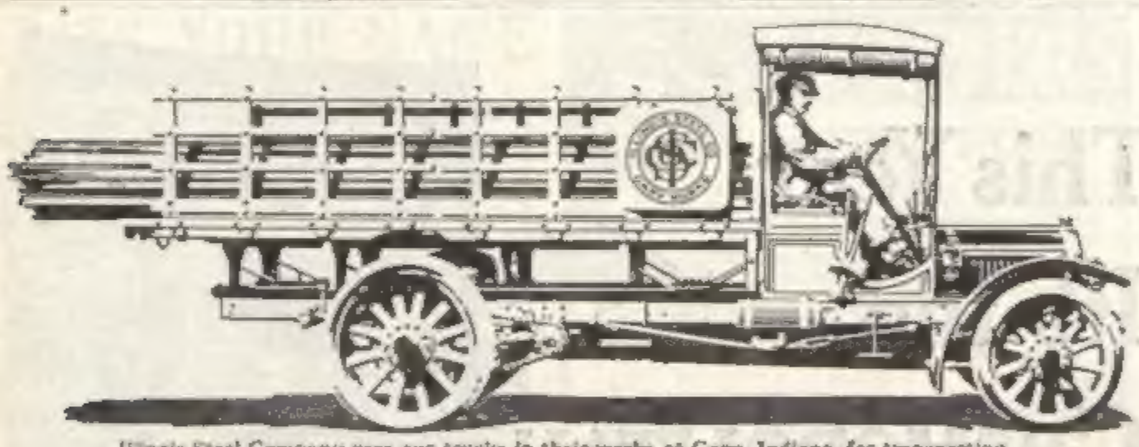

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Final Score

THE Hon. Lemuel P. Padgett, of Tennessee, is chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives. Naturally the Navy men desire to remain in the good graces of Mr. Padgett, and naturally they are nice to him. The Navy League gave a dinner the other night, and Chairman Padgett was one of the very particular guests of honor. Captain Ward, now retired, was placed next to the statesman and assigned to see that Mr. Padgett was not bored by the proceedings.

Captain Ward was affable and attentive. He told stories and did his best to entertain Padgett. Finally, as the dinner was nearing its close, the great feature—moving pictures showing the football game between the Army and Navy at Philadelphia last fall—was introduced. Ward used to be a football player when he was at Annapolis. He was much interested and as the films unrolled commented on the game to Padgett. Padgett sat moodily in his chair.

Dalton kicked his famous goal and the Navy men all yelled. Ward, who had been growing more and more enthusiastic, leaned over to Padgett and shouted: "And, just think of it, the final score was three to zero!"

"Huh!" replied Padgett. "It was six below down at my home town yesterday!"

The Correct Designation

A TEN-TWENTY-THIRTY company was making a long road jump. The members were scattered all through the train, according to Harry Miner, the lithograph manufacturer. The conductor found the manager, who handed him the tickets for the whole outfit and left the conductor to pick out the actors and actresses for himself.

Asleep, curled up in a plush seat of the smoker, the conductor came on an elderly person in a fur-trimmed overcoat and tan gaiters. He shook him by the shoulder until the sleeper opened his eyes.

"Belong to the troupe, I s'pose?" said the conductor.

The traveler was wideawake instantly. "No, sir!" he snorted indignantly—"coterie, sir; coterie!"

A Foul Advantage

JAY BRADY, manager of the Colonial Theater in Chicago, had a darky stagehand working for him who fancied himself a boxer. A match was arranged between the ambitious scene-shifter and a semiprofessional fighter, also a negro.

For a joke, Jay agreed to act as second of the Colonial's champion. Everything went well in the first round; but in the second the semiprofessional dealt his adversary a terrific blow on the side of the head. As the stagehand staggered back against the ropes he yelled out:

"Mistah Brady! Mistah Brady, you kin claim a foul on dat! Dat nigger done hit me a deliberit brain blow!"

The Latin of It

THERE is in a certain Florida city a lady librarian with a fondness for Latin phrases that sometimes require more than a knowledge of Latin to fathom. Recently a visitor to the library inquired pleasantly how she had spent her vacation, to which the lady librarian replied idly: "Oh, I just took a little jaunt up to New York via train and came home vice versa."

"You returned—how?" gasped the visitor.

"Vice versa," repeated the lady librarian blandly. "By steamer, don't you know."

Legislature Ethics

A CERTAIN saloonkeeper years ago was elected to the legislature of a Southern state at a time when there was important legislation pending. He accepted a thousand dollars for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round, offering him two thousand. The temptation was strong, but the new member shook his head.

"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twicet on wan proposition!"

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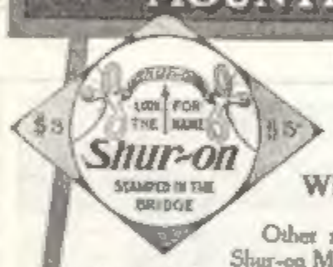

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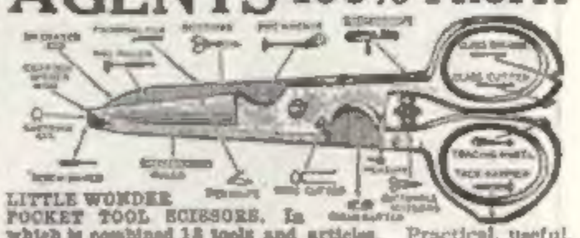

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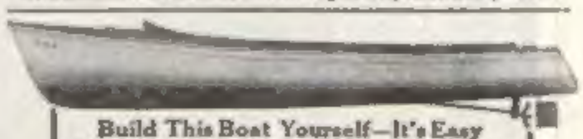

Build This Boat Yourself—It's Easy
Save ⅓ Boat Builder's Price

Knock down frame with full sized patterns to finish by, only $25. 23 footer—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Complete instructions. Write for 72-page Boat Book fully illustrated. Address

Brooks Mfg. Co., 8403 East Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

AGENTS BIG PROFITS selling our wonderful sign letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Resembles finest gold leaf. Easily applied. Every firm wants them. Samples free. Metallic Sign Co., 423 E. Clark St., Chicago

YOU want a guarantee of wear with your hose—naturally. But you want something else, too—perfect fit, permanent finish and color, and the correct modish touch of refinement. Your dealer now offers you these qualities, in the highest state of perfection yet attained, in this season's

Everwear TRADE MARK Guaranteed Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

FIT PERFECTLY—Everwear hose is *knit* to size and shape—not stretched. It fits snugly around foot, ankle and limb—not only when you get it, but *always*.

ABSOLUTELY PERMANENT—The lustre and color are *in* the Everwear yarns—not just surface-applied. Repeated trips to the laundry leave Everwear hose bright, glossy and as elastic as when new.

RESIST WEAR—The Improved Everwear Hose minimizes wear to the least possible degree. This slight degree is taken care of by the Everwear Guarantee of specific service.

RIGIDLY GUARANTEED—All Everwear hose, purchased by the box, is guaranteed not to develop rips or holes for a specific period. (See price list below.) If any pairs ever need darning within the specified time, you will receive new pairs in their place absolutely *free*.

MEN'S PURE THREAD SILK—If you want a good weight, durable, pure thread silk hose, this season's Everwear will certainly appeal to you. Soft, sheer, glove-fitting—with High Spliced Heel for oxford wear—it is the best all-around hose investment you can make.

WHITE SILK HOSE for WOMEN—That's Dame Fashion's decree for the summer of 1912. Ask your dealer to show you the latest Everwear white silks, with High Spliced Heel, Double Sole, Double Toe and Garter Top. You'll say they are the most uniform, closely-woven, altogether tastiest creations you have ever seen at the price.

Pure Thread Silk

MEN'S—per pair . . . **50¢**

WOMEN'S—per pair . . . **75¢**

The New Everwear Silk for Men

High Spliced Heel. A gentle taper from heel thickness to regular thickness. Withstands the chafe of your oxford, but is not visible. Note also double toe and heel.

The New Everwear Silk for Women

Women's High Spliced Heel built on same principle and for same purpose as men's shown above. Other features: double toe, sole and heel—double garter top, not shown.

FOR MEN (In black, white and all seasonable colors sizes 9 to 12)

Light and medium weight cotton
Box 6 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 6 mos.
Gauze weight silk lisle (a new style)
Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
Medium weight silk lisle
Box 6 pair, Price $3.00, Gtd. 6 mos.
Fine cashmere Box 6 pair, Price $2.00, Gtd. 6 mos.
Light weight pure thread silk
Box 3 pair Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.

FOR WOMEN (In black, white and tan, sizes 8 to 11)

Light and medium weight cotton
Box 6 pair, Price $2.00, Gtd. 6 mos.
Light and medium weight silk lisle
Box 6 pair, Price $3.00, Gtd. 6 mos.
Light weight pure thread silk
Box 3 pair, Price $2.25, Gtd. 3 mos.

FOR CHILDREN (Sizes 5 to 7½)

Tan, white or black, medium weight cotton . . Box 4 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
Black and tan, heavy weight, double knee . . Box 4 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
Black, fine cashmere . . . . . Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
White, black and tan, fine silk lisle . . . . . Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.

(Sizes 8 to 11)

Tan, white or black, medium weight cotton, Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
Black and tan, heavy weight, double knee, Box 3 pair, Price $1.00, Gtd. 3 mos.
Black, fine cashmere, ... Box 3 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.
White, black and tan, fine silk lisle
Box 3 pair, Price $1.50, Gtd. 3 mos.

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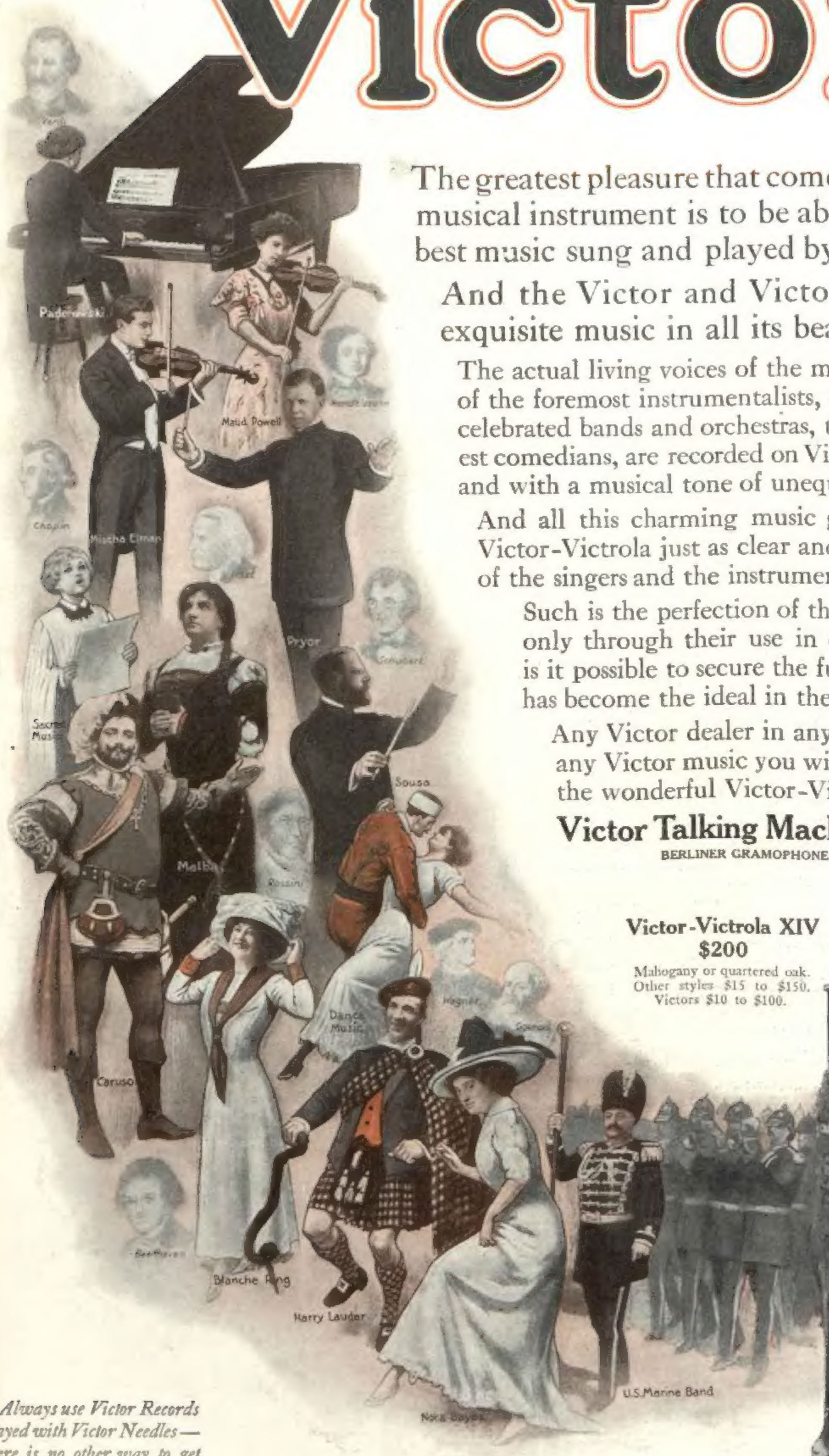
Ask Your Dealer

Everwear hosiery is sold at the prices given above. Call and have your dealer show you this season's beautiful display. If not at your dealer's, we will send any of those listed above express prepaid upon receipt of price. State size, weight and color.

Everwear Hosiery Co.
Dept. 11
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

A Specific Guarantee with each box

Victor



The greatest pleasure that comes from the possession of any musical instrument is to be able to hear at will the world's best music sung and played by the world's greatest artists.

And the Victor and Victor-Victrola bring you this exquisite music in all its beauty.

The actual living voices of the most famous singers, the superb art of the foremost instrumentalists, the entrancing music of the most celebrated bands and orchestras, the delightful humor of the cleverest comedians, are recorded on Victor Records absolutely true to life and with a musical tone of unequaled sweetness and purity.

And all this charming music gently floats from the Victor and Victor-Victrola just as clear and natural as it comes from the lips of the singers and the instruments of the musicians.

Such is the perfection of the Victor and Victor-Victrola, and only through their use in combination with Victor Records is it possible to secure the full, rich musical Victor tone which has become the ideal in the world of music.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any Victor music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

BERLINER GRAMOPHONE CO., MONTREAL, Canadian Distributors

Victor-Victrola XIV
$200

Mahogany or quartered oak.
Other styles $15 to $150.
Victors $10 to $100.

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles — there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100
(Can be repointed and used eight times.)